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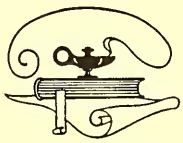

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minor bird

THE MINOR BIRD

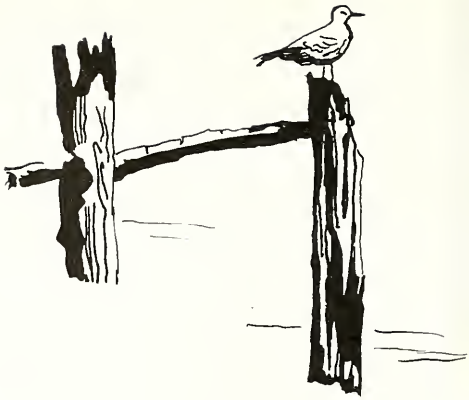
Volume 20, No. 1

Winter Issue, 1958

"And of course there must
be something wrong in
wanting to silence any song."

A Minor Bird

— by Robert Frost



ABOUT THE COVER

This cover was done by Brenda Hogue, a Junior, especially for Minor Bird.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Confrontation 6

Poem 7

You Are the Wagon 8

Aunt Sara and the Purple Cricket 10

Hands 16

In the Pain of a Summer Night 18

The Time of the Geek 19

Book Review 20

Perhaps 22

On Looking Up 23

Yes, But 23

Book Review 24

The Simple Life 26

The Man Who Died 30

Poem 32

Forgotten Songs 34

Victory 36

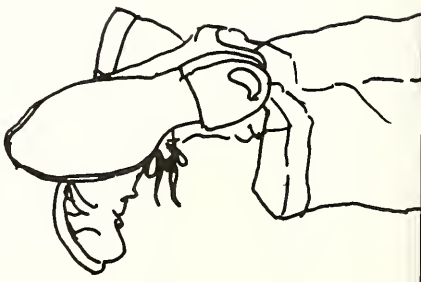
CONFRONTATION

He saw in me a glimmer of himself,
The same as he had often seen before,
Yet different, somehow.
He thought the change appeared because of me.
He didn't see that I had turned to him the glass,
The empty, shining surface of myself,
And hid from him the mirror's self, its back.

Am I a true reflector, strong and straight,
Or only plastic, bending in the heat of his warm gaze,
Distorting his reflection in my face?
He can't be sure.
He turns his back to me, not willing to let me see him
see himself,
Afraid he may be forced to understand.

Oh, why do I insist he look again?
Why can't I let him go, and shut my eyes?
I, too, have caught a fearful glimpse of self,
Reflected, or refracted from his face,
And find myself compelled to search, and know
The truth behind this fantasy in glass.

– Ruth Jones '61



QUALITY CONTROL MARK

One small bird in a ray of moonlight
one
alone.

Around a twittering chorus
gentle, raucous
mournful, gay
yet all in tune.

One small bird in a ray of moonlight
one
alone
off-key.

– *Diana Montgomery '59*

Sally Miller '60

IHR SEID DER PFEIL
AUS DER SILBERNE WAGEN

Ihr seid der Pfeil auf meinem dunklen Bogen,
der Glocke Erz auf meinem stillen Türmen,
ihr seid der Bote weit vor meinem Heere,
ihr seid der Wald vor meinem nächt' gen Stürmen.

Was ich noch frage, habt ihr schon gesprochen,
was ich noch suche, habt ihr schon gefunden,
was ich noche halte, habt ihr schon zerbrochen,
was ich noch binde, habt ihr schon entbunden.

In eurem Ohr braust das "Steh auf und wandle,"
Jehovas Säule leuchtet eurem Wege,
indessen ich in der verlassnen Kammer
des Grabes Tucher still zusammenlege.

Von Ernst Wiechert

YOU ARE THE ARROW
FROM THE SILVER WAGON

You are the arrow shot from my dark bow.
You are the brass bell ringing in my tower.
You are the vanguard of my army's flow.
You are the shelter from my storm's black glower.

What I am still asking, you have already answered.
What I am still seeking, you have already found.
What I am still keeping, you have already discarded.
What I am still binding, you have already unbound.

"Arise and walk," roars in your ear.
Jehovah's pillars light your way.
While in my desolate chamber here
I fold the shrouds of ghostly gray.

— Ernst Wiechert
(translation by Doris Redman '59)

Bette Jo Bergad '59

AUNT SARA AND THE PURPLE CRICKET

– Judy Davis '59

Laurie's hand was asleep. It tingled and little lines of white stood out when she bent it backwards. Laurie's hand always fell asleep when she thought. She put her chin in her cupped palm and soon it would begin to tingle. It was a game, sitting on the steps, watching the sun and thinking. Yellow spots of sun caught in the corners of the roofs and tried to drip into the street, but they never did; they never moved off the roofs or dripped over the side because there were no window boxes to catch the yellow drops of sunlight. Laurie liked to watch the sun when she sat outside and thought and when she was by herself.

Lawrence was asleep upstairs. He was her inside friend and he was asleep when she sat outside and thought about the sun. But Laurie always woke him up before she went to school. She didn't like to leave Lawrence at home because he couldn't really take care of himself yet and she knew her mother would forget and he might smother when the bed was made.

Laurie was seven; Lawrence was only four. Actually, he had only been born two years ago but Laurie made him four because that was just the right age to boss around. Sometimes Lawrence was old enough to listen to things Laurie told him about her troubles, but mostly, Laurie would listen to him and then tell him what to do and love him and keep him with her most of the time. In the mornings Lawrence didn't brush his teeth; it made Laurie mad and often she just wet her tooth brush and put it back in the holder to show Lawrence that he wasn't the only one who could get away with such things.

Laurie's mother didn't pay attention to Lawrence. She kept saying, "Isn't it about time to get rid of Lawrence? You're getting awfully old for that sort of thing and there are so many nice children for you to play with." But how could Laurie get rid of him when he was only four years old; he might even die if she got rid of him and then she would feel awful and it would all be her mother's fault.

Sometimes Lawrence had to stand in the corner or go to sleep or hide under a table. At school when they were doing reading or when they were having singing, then Lawrence would hide under the table and sometimes even Laurie forgot that he was there. Lawrence always came home though, even when Laurie would forget and leave him under the table at school. When they

got home in the afternoon, Laurie read to Lawrence because he was only four. Sometimes he didn't like the book she was reading so they would close it and take a little nap; and when they opened their eyes the sun was gone from the roofs and the light was gone from the street and it was evening.

Laurie's father came home for dinner. He came home just before dinner so he could have a cocktail, but dinner was his time of day and he was home. He told stories and talked about being a lawyer and Laurie yawned and remembered when she was young and ate alone upstairs with Lawrence. Lawrence had to eat upstairs all by himself now and he was lonely and always told Laurie that she should come back and eat with him like they used to when she was young, but Laurie had begged to be old and to be with Daddy at his time of the day. Now she had to sit and listen and Lawrence had to eat alone upstairs and be young.

Dinner, the night before Great Aunt Sara came, was better than usual. Daddy was talking about his Aunt Sara and Mother laughed and even Laurie's older sister Elizabeth smiled a little bit. Aunt Sara was coming to visit; she always came to visit in April and she stayed until it was May and she always brought her dog, Sam, with her. Sam and Lawrence didn't get along too well. Now Aunt Sara was coming again and they all laughed except Laurie who was thinking about Sam.

"Charles." Laurie's mother called Daddy Charles when she talked to him and she called him Daddy behind his back when she was just talking to Laurie. "Charles, you will have to do something about the plaster in the guest room now that Sara's coming. We don't want to upset her now that she's getting old and---" Daddy nodded and they knew what each other was thinking and they smiled.

Aunt Sara came on a Tuesday morning and she was there when Laurie and Lawrence came home from school so there was no reading to Lawrence that day. Sam was there and Lawrence went upstairs and hid under the table.

"Good afternoon, Laura." Aunt Sara always said that, even when she hadn't just come and had been there for a long time. "Good afternoon, Aunt Sara." They talked this way when the other people were there but when they were alone Aunt Sara told Laurie things and played with Lawrence and showed them her beautiful purple cricket.

The purple cricket was what Laurie liked best about Aunt Sara. It was one of those toys that people like elevator starters

held in their hands and clicked when they wanted the elevator men to take the people up. Children always had crickets too, and Laurie had had the usual amount of them and had lost just as many. They came in surprise packages and they were made out of tin and bent or cracked just before they were lost. But the purple cricket was beautiful. It never bent or cracked and it always clicked sharply and was proud and beautiful and purple. Aunt Sara always brought the cricket with her and even more than Sam, Laurie loved the shiny toy that slept on her Great Aunt's dresser top at night.

Even Laurie's mother and father noticed the cricket. They talked about it after Aunt Sara left in May each time, but it was like Lawrence, they forgot about it most of the time and when they did talk about it they never finished what they were saying, but just understood.

"Charles." Laurie's mother never talked about it when Aunt Sara was in the house. "Charles, that child's toy Sara always brings – really, Charles. It's not going to be very long until –" and Daddy always smiled and nodded. But Aunt Sara kept coming back in April and stayed until the first of May when she and Sam and the lovely purple cricket went to visit some other part of the family in some other place.

Laurie knew Aunt Sara liked her best. She knew her Great Aunt liked Lawrence and Laurie better than any other part of the family because they talked and talked together all the time. Aunt Sara's little guest room was clean and small and the new, white plaster was too new and too white for the rest of the walls and ceiling. The bed was high and it was hard, but Laurie could bounce higher on this bed than any other in the whole house. She was always careful not to bounce on Lawrence who was shy when he was with Aunt Sara and sat quietly on the edge of the bed. Sam never paid much attention to Lawrence, but later when they were alone Lawrence told Laurie that Sam would bite him if he didn't watch out. Aunt Sara tried to make Lawrence comfortable. "Lawrence," she would say. "Lawrence, you are certainly getting to be a big boy and soon you will be so large that you won't need Laura to take care of you. Then you and I will travel all over the world together and we will keep each other company." Laurie always smiled at this; she knew that she would never let Lawrence go all over the world with Aunt Sara because he was hers and he needed her. The purple cricket was in Aunt Sara's hand when they were all together in the little guest room. The old woman never clicked it very much; she just turned it over and over and admired its shiny, purple back and its strong silver bottom.

Laurie wanted it. It belonged to Aunt Sara and it was part of Aunt Sara but Laurie wanted it more than anything. She knew she could make it part of her. She knew that in time it would be as much hers as it had been Aunt Sara's and she needed it to love and take care of and to know it was there with her. Every year, Aunt Sara said to Laurie, "I may not be back here next year, Laura, but I will send Sam to live with you." Aunt Sara came back every April, though, and left every May. Laurie wanted to tell Aunt Sara that it was very nice that she would send Sam to live with Lawrence and her, but what Laurie wanted most in the world was the purple cricket. Lawrence wanted the purple cricket too, and one day when they were sitting in Aunt Sara's guest room, he told her.

"Lawrence wanted me to tell you something, Aunt Sara." Laurie scratched her knee and looked at her toes. "Lawrence wants me to tell you that he wouldn't mind if you sent Sam to live with us when you don't come any more, but more than anything, he would rather you sent your beautiful, purple cricket. "Aunt Sara looked at Laurie and winked. Her eyes were old and they looked as if they should be shut all the time. She looked clean and small like the guest room and she was very old and her hair looked like a doll's hair does after it has been combed too many times.

"Laura." Aunt Sara knew it was Laurie who wanted the cricket and not really Lawrence. "If you are really interested in having my cricket some day, Laura, then you must think very hard and decide what the most valuable possession you have is. You must think, 'Do I want the purple cricket enough to give something very valuable for it?' and then you must decide." Laurie knew what Aunt Sara was thinking. She knew that she could never have the purple cricket unless she gave Aunt Sara something very wonderful that she could never see again.

Laurie went outside to sit on the steps to think. She knew how it was to want something very much. Even grown-ups knew how it was to want something. Laurie had heard her mother wanting something very much and she had seen her father understand and want too.

"Charles, we must do something to impress your Aunt. After all . . ." They always talked that way when Laurie's mother wanted a new dress and Aunt Sara wasn't around to hear them talk. They wanted something from Aunt Sara just as Laurie wanted the purple cricket but she knew that her want was much better and she had to think and decide. It was easier for Laurie to think when Lawrence wasn't around because when he was there he tried to tell her things. So she left him upstairs with Aunt Sara and Sam when she

went outside to think and watch the sun on the roofs and feel her hand tingle under her chin.

Everyone was interested in Daddy at dinner time so Laurie decided to keep her decision until later when she could see Aunt Sara alone in the little guest room. But she was beginning to be afraid that if she kept the secret too long, she would change her mind and then she would have to think all over again and maybe she would never get the purple cricket.

"Sara, your visit is almost at an end, isn't it? Tomorrow is May first. Oh, Sara, we do enjoy having you so much." Laurie's mother smiled when she talked to Aunt Sara. She smiled the same way that she did when she talked to Laurie and asked her to go to the store or help wash the dishes. It was funny to watch Daddy's eyebrows when Mother talked that way to Aunt Sara. They would get very low and frowning and close to his eyes and then he would smile but the eyebrows never moved.

"Sara, we hope you've been comfortable and that things have been pleasant for you. I hope Laurie hasn't been too much of a nuisance for you with her silly . . ." and they all understood except Aunt Sara who smiled and asked for the butter.

After dinner, Aunt Sara and Laurie went up to the little room and Lawrence was there. He was sad because he guessed Laurie's secret and he hoped he could get to be friends with Sam. Laurie had to tell Aunt Sara before it was too late, but Aunt Sara was talking and saying that she wouldn't be coming back next year and she would send Sam to live with them.

"Aunt Sara." Laurie had to tell Aunt Sara right away because she was sure now; she was sure that she wanted the purple cricket more than anything and she would give up her most wonderful possession for it. "Aunt Sara, you can have Lawrence." It came out all at once and there was more that she wanted to say about how he was only four and he liked to be read to and was a wonderful thing to love, but she didn't say any of it because Aunt Sara understood.

Great Aunt Sara left the next morning and they were all there to say goodby to her. "Sara, do take care of yourself. You're not a young woman any more and we wouldn't want anything to happen to you." Laurie's mother smiled and Daddy's eyebrows frowned again. Aunt Sara kissed Laurie and patted her on the head. "Don't worry about Lawrence." She whispered hard in Laurie's ear. "I will take good care of him and we will travel around the world together." Laurie opened her hand and the beautiful, purple cricket lay there proudly and clicked.

Sally Miller '60

HANDS

Where,
In some previous time,
Some previous state,
Have I glimpsed like hands?

Black-veined,
Eloquently bent whip-lashes;
Twig and bough stretching toward infinitude.
Bare,
To clear the air,
These hands,
Which do not grasp,
But weave the weighted wind;
A cobweb incomplete,
Unsnarled and raveled through
By cubes of space.

Each strand alone exists,
Arterial to a heart encased,
In straited layers of a porous soil;
The earth's heaving cousin.
In sun's light,
Blue as bitter bark,
Tilled back by time,
Extending into white toneless flesh,
Taut as the cheek-tightened jaw of a god.

Within the craw of a vexed tuning fork,
Between thumb and forefinger,
A callus settles;
The coveted residence of wings.
Five fingers fit
The glove of dying day,
Teach tragic temperance,
Tranquility,
Sterility.

Where have I seen these hands?
Unfolded parchment leaf
In string designed;
The old,
Decrepit,
Fumbling fingers five.

– Andrea Lopen '60

Bea Langer '60

IN THE PAIN OF A SUMMER NIGHT

In the pain of a summer night
where a leaf turns softly
and a kitten cries
A thousand tortures from another season
haunt the forms of now.

Yet, sang the bard, time heals all wounds
time, god-time, water-time, sun-time, clock-time,

UNTIME – but tell me:

What July is not October?
What leaf escapes its autumn fate?
What life without a death is sober?
What is love without its child, hate?

In the perennial stroke of yesterday
where tomorrow waits so lightly
is born the kitten's cry . . .
The place of undiscovered reason
the summer moment's how.

– Donna Croyle '59

"THE TIME OF THE GEEK"

In the time of the geek
the time of the sun
the moment of the six-pointed flower
I shriek at an eyelash, and know joy the magnitude of Betelgeuse.

But sitting on an Oriental rug
drinking the tea of the ages
spouting the vapor of my own
I know only that mine is a brown earthenware mind
that has not yet been made into jugs.

– Donna Croyle '59

Nancy Adler '59

The Inward Morning: A Review by Ruanne Krisleit '59

Dr. Henry G. Bugbee, Jr., Professor of Philosophy at Chatham College from September, 1954 to June, 1957, has recently had published his book entitled *The Inward Morning*, 'a philosophical exploration in journal form.' This book is of special interest to those of us who knew Dr. Bugbee, but, aside from that, it contains valuable insights for anyone concerned with reflecting upon 'the ambiguities of the human condition.'

This book is in no way an attempt by the author to set up a philosophical system or to preach a dogma. In fact, to the contrary, the book follows the vicissitudes of a man's daily reflections and frankly contains some contradictions of thought. The author's sincerity in admitting and even welcoming his ever-changing flow of thought is perhaps one of the most appealing aspects of this book. Gabriel Marcel, the eminent French philosopher, who wrote the Introduction and with whom Bugbee has personally worked, finds this attitude best stated in the September 22, 1952 entry:

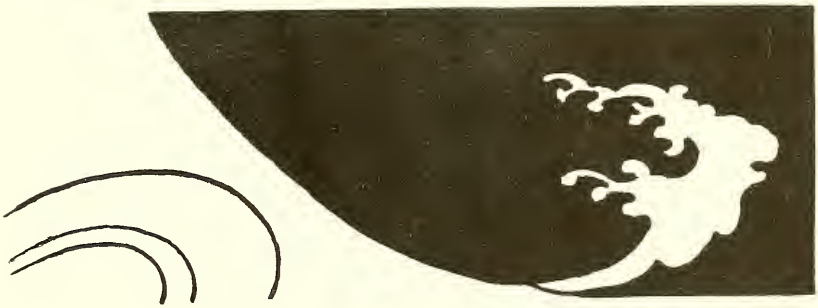
> ". . . instead of things being fixed points of reference from which and to which attention proceeds in a succession of steps and stops, there is *no stopping*, precisely because each and every thing is a consumation of fluency. And our minds, in the Zen manner of speaking, are gourds dancing on the waves, resilient, flexible, swift and apt."

Due to the extremely personal nature of the journal and the obscurity of the language often employed, one is confused as to the meaning for whole pages at a time. However, on the whole, the difficulties encountered are greatly overshadowed by the delight received from those passages in which the author communicates *directly* with the reader. This is possibly most felt when Bugbee relates his more concrete experiences throughout his life culminating in his days at sea. This is not to imply that this book is in any way a formal autobiography, but rather the relating of these incidents is used to illustrate Bugbee's central theme of finality as the meaning of reality as realized in true decision.

While this idea is the author's central theme, he draws illustrations from diverse sources. The literary works and ideas of William Carlos Williams, T. S. Eliot, William Faulkner, D. T. Suzuki and others are woven into the general scheme of his reflections along with quotes and comments on contemporary philosophers such as Sartre, Tillich, Bergson, and some interesting evaluations

of historical figures in philosophy. The combination of the journal form plus a wide range of explorations into all facets of life may make the book sound rambling – which it is. But there is a core to it all and while not always apparent, in the final analysis it is there.

The prevailing tenor of the book is best shown by the last line of the journal, November 5, 1953, "I am not content with what I have worked out; but I have worked out enough, perhaps, to be content to consider more carefully as I move along, and to welcome all manner of thinking other than my own."



Sue Allardice '59

PERHAPS

To pause and think simply,
Knowing that the world's demands are waiting.
But recognizing the need to know again,
A breeze,
A petal,
Bark,
And soil.
To acknowledge once more,
Space,
Smallness,
Height and flight,
And then . . .
To sorrowfully return,
Or perhaps . . .
Contented.

— *Sue Allardice '59*

Sue Allardice '59

ON LOOKING UP

The foam of the sky, capricious like light,
Is bending my eyes to think of cats and old gray donkeys
And finding a chimera in the mind of my sight
Is playing a game of speed in metamorphoses.

But, oh, as I stop to contemplate
On the chemistry of roses and windmills,
It seeks another playmate
Forcing me to become aware
Of a black table and a brown chair.

– Roberta Einhorn '59

YES, BUT . . .

The blue is there,
And so are the trees.
A road . . . awaits
The lights rekindle a desire.
A horizon has never so demanded to be crossed.
But still there is the window . . .

– Sue Allardice '59

Dr. Zhivago: A Review by Phyllis Crawford '59

Boris Pasternak's beautifully moving novel has made a deep and instantaneous impact on the world, but *Dr. Zhivago* is not merely sensational. It is the dynamic tale of the Russia of the revolutionary era. The book is arranged in a succession of scenes where coincidence, fate and the general upheaval of society combine to bind the lives of the many characters into close interdependence. Pasternak is mainly concerned with the confusion and insecurity of the revolution, its impact on individuals and its effect on the Christian ideal.

Dr. Zhivago, a physician, grew up during the period of revolutions and sporadic reform which characterized the reign of the weak and vacillating Nicholas II. A deeply sensitive person, Zhivago struggles to find a normal life in the hopeless turmoil of the revolution. His effort to find a place of refuge for his family in the Ural Mountains only sends them into the midst of the bitter fighting between White and Red armies. Insecurity and confusion in the postwar period make Zhivago turn from medicine to devote himself entirely to his writing.

Even the story of his love for the beautiful Lara Antipova is so affected by the times that it becomes the story of two people constantly thrown together only to be swept apart again by the twistings of fate.

His love for Lara was the love for one who had shared his first bitter experiences of the revolution. She shared his understanding of life and death. Lara was his symbol of joy and beauty in life; she shared his complicated spirit and his love of beauty, and she nourished his passion to write and create beauty as part of their fleeting existence together.

The doctor voices the main theme of the book. He is a man torn between admiration and horror. He believes in the revolution in the middle class sense, and is passionately loyal to the ideals of freedom and the new social order developing from the intellectuals' revolution. This revolution seemed to be no longer a struggle to realize the ideals of individual equality, but rather a bloody, ruthless, inhuman monster bent on the total destruction of old Russia; "there is nothing personal left; there is only killing and dying."

Dr. Zhivago is both a rebellion against evil and a vision of impending good. Pasternak shows a vast admiration for the exceeding courage of the revolutionaries. It is an indictment of the re-

volution's degeneration from a lofty ideal—the quest for human freedom, to a cruel and terrible beast, both heartless and destructive. He is opposed to its disregard for individuals and Christian principles. This is not an era of states, but an era of people. Governments must realize that nations are but empty husks; the fruit is the people. In the Christian era, "the society born of the heart . . . there are no nations, there are only individuals."

Far from pessimistic, Pasternak shows a deep faith in humanity and Christian ideals. His characters are strong, not weak. Though they are tossed about helplessly by the storm of national frenzy, blown aimlessly by the changing winds, the spirit is never crushed. These are Russia's terrible years, but it seems that the freedom of the soul is already there; the story's characters are a confirmation of this future freedom. "Although victory had not brought the relief and freedom that were expected at the end of the war, nevertheless the portents of freedom filled the air throughout the postwar period, and they alone defined its historical significance."

Nancy Adler '59

THE SIMPLE LIFE

– Donna Croyle '59

I live in Brooklyn. I realize that this does not distinguish me from two and a half million other people, but then I have not always lived in Brooklyn, either. I spent the first twenty years of my life in one of the less colorful of the interior metropolises. (Brooklynites intuitively think of Canton, Ohio as interior). I do not intensely like living in Brooklyn; that is, its charms will not prevent me from migrating to Hong Kong when the chance for said migration presents itself, but until it does (a possibility which is at this very moment being decided in a giant hand of poker on the Western Mount Olympus) I find my ways of dodging the evil clouds of ennui which haunt everything I know. My search takes me to the back streets of the mind, a place where a psychoanalyst, in that strange incomprehensible doubletalk which seems to have become intrinsic to his craft, told me it was better not to explore. When I told him, in what I considered reasoning of the utmost clarity, that this meant I didn't know enough about myself to try to know myself, he referred me to another analyst. I deduced that here was the region I had best allow to remain virgin territory – I prefer the simple life.

But when these stationary journeys bring me to frightening and profound revelations I take myself to my patio, a delightful little appendage to my not-so-delightful room, and consisting mostly of little patches of weeds, and gorge myself on the grapes which grow on the fence separating my patio from that of my neighbor. Incidentally, and this is contrary to every sociologically, scientifically and statistically proved fact about the urbanite – I know my next door neighbor. He is a large Negro who not only shares with me the grapevine, but frequently steaming plates of pork and beans which his equally large wife cooks up for 'relative days'. His wife, however, does not like me and will prevent me from attending meetings of the Church of God in Christ, a thing which for some time I have been wanting to do. I mention this only so that you know why I do not recount the happenings of such a meeting, as I have no intention of brooding over this unfortunate situation or of trying to persuade her in any way that she *should* like me, and thus grant me entrance to one of the meetings. I simply shall not go; as I said, I prefer the simple life.

Well. In order that the trees, of which there are more than one, O dear friends in Canton, may continue to grow in Brooklyn, we do, like you, experience occasional precipitation. On one day of a particularly dank nature; dank so that the wetness came not only

from the sky but osmosed out of the ground as well; dank so that the most comfortable and sane thing I could do was remain in bed until 5:00 or so, I received a letter in a strange handwriting, but from Canton. Now with the exception of one 'I cleaned the upstairs; your father is still making the cabinet for the kitchen; Jane's baby has the whooping cough; we are otherwise all well and love you, Paul' letter from my mother (on Tuesdays) I do not receive mail. My sister Jane will not write to me, for contrary to my mother's protective insistence, Jane does not love me. She told her husband she saw no reason to correspond with a brother who was shiftless, worthless, a connoisseur of unemployment insurance forms, and who spent each day thinking up new reasons why he should not go to work the next. But Jane, I later reasoned with her, and again with delicately thought out detail, this simply is not true. But she, like the analyst, referred me to another place — this one, I recollect dimly from my childhood, being a region positively associated with extreme heat and undesirable dead people. And recalling a particularly humorous line of poetry I had once read ("I fall upon the thorns of life, I bleed") I recited it to her and chuckling, entrained for Brooklyn to continue living next door to the only other person in the world, whom I have met, who does not like me. Now, being a believer in the simple life, I must admit that last statement was a lie, as I did encounter some personalities during my three year sojourn with the U.S. Navy & Co. which were not amenable with mine. They were officers, however, and I was not, so I could hardly be expected to treat those situations as human relationships.

But on this particular dank day, which contained within it the the reception of this strange letter, the central part of the electricity system had gone awry and thus ceased to avail me of its benefits. And so I sat at my table, eating this week's gift of pork and beans by the light of a kerosene lamp which I had purchased in one of those little antique shops on Fulton St. for this very purpose, and read the letter. "What a charming little serpent you are," it said. "You creep away from me on your belly so I cannot see you go, and when I finally turn you up in a vision of a brilliantly revealing nature, I learn you have scuttled off to Brooklyn and do not aver when the possibility of going to Hong Kong is opened to you. But wait for me in the mental alleys you traverse and by a divine synapse I can tell you what you want to know. I will try again to reach you and then perhaps we won't need to throw our mites into the coffers of that gangling institution, the Post Office. In faith, Alicia." O Alicia. My god, Alicia. High school prom

Alicia, brown hair, green eyes, too plump, bad clothes, shy, studious, middle class, average, *wrong* Alicia. I perceived I was upset. But that was not sensible — except that I clearly believed the letter. And then with simple, logical consistency and with nobody listening and no referals, I sat down and reasoned.

There was now another thread, so much more dangerous but at the same time more interesting, (and now I thought that this always seemed to be the way I linked things) running across the country in a straight line and pulling a Brooklynite and a Cantonese together by the shortest and least complicated method, as I had learned in Geometry I, P.S. 92. At times, there are reasons, with certainty, for circles. A circle is a thing like Jane's attitude or like when Wayne, my next door neighbor must sneak me pork and beans in lieu of bringing them over in daylight or having me go over and get them, which is impossible in regard to the position of disrespect which I hold in the eyes of his wife whom he esteems, loves, honors, and holds dear. And on a flat plane where I in vain try to keep this idea, it is circular, but I see it broadening into a sphere and I at the center being unable to extricate myself, but with all hopes of doing so, banging against the walls which are only the reasons and should be broken, but can't. And then I drag myself to the core of this paradox which is, as you can see, one of the dead end streets of the mind and a reason, incidentally, why I have chosen to trust logic only to a certain point in the circle at which place it fades into imperceptibility and is ground out as an instrument the use of which could attain desirable ends. I seek desirable ends, as is always true with one who prefers the simple life. But I promised not to brood.

At this point in my process which, having been taught to call thought, I called thought, the lights came on. A happy moment that, and one of physical as well as mental lucidity in a circular way, for I could now extinguish the kerosene lamp which by this time had filled my room with a yellowish-gray smoke which had a yellowish-gray odor and singularly, a yellowish-gray effect on my mind. I discerned a despair precipitating with the moisture, and as it is not my habit to associate the two, I betook myself to the patio to feast a Roman feast, only to discover that the grapes were gone and it was beginning to be late October. Late October must be the same in Brooklyn as it is in the whole circular (or excuse me, Columbus) spherical temperate zone of the world, space and time included. That is, there must be pungent leaves, dead, but exuding a living smell; the promise of frost, if not as now, the actuality; rain, and wintry contemplation.

"Paul," said Alicia, "it is October not of the year which you are ruminating."

"Yes," I said. "I understand that there are circles, but I do not understand why."

"That," she said from the frost, but in a voice which was not at all like the frost, but much more Roman, more grape-like; not like my mother, but imitating the weeds, "is the difference between thinking about Hong Kong and being there."

"And Wayne?" I said.

"Minus his wife, your Brooklyn," she said. "With her, your world."

And now the moisture had all magnetized together into one great frostbite, the lights were on, Mother was feeding Jane's baby, Wayne was aiding his wife in the complex nonsense known as 'redding up after cumpny', the kerosene lamp was out, the letter open, the psychoanalyst was analyzing his analyst, the officers were persecuting the enlisted men, Jane's husband was deciding not to write me a letter, although I must admit, in modesty and truth – he likes me, and I was thinking about living in Brooklyn. I realize this does not distinguish me from two and a half million other people, but then I shall not always live in Brooklyn, either. Providing the chips on Western Mount Olympus have (and they have!) been piled on the side of the pork and beans, the charms of Brooklyn will not prevent me from migrating to Hong Kong. I shall embark tonight, and perhaps on my return voyage which will be, I think, twenty years hence, I shall detain myself a moment in Canton . . . China. That is, of course, if I have not, and believe I will have not, lost my preference for the simple life.

Ann Curry '60

THE MAN WHO DIED

— Peggy Fullick '59

For nearly two thousand years there has been much speculation concerning Jesus of Nazareth. Interpretations of Christ have been numerous, both in fiction and in religious and historical writings. My tutorial will be an examination of the fictional interpretation of Him by three novelists: D. H. Lawrence in *The Man Who Died,* George Moore in *The Brook Kerith,* and Sholem Asch in *The Nazarene.*

Perhaps the most unusual of these three presentations is that of D. H. Lawrence. The novel was first published as a short story in *Forum* magazine in 1928, and according to Lawrence, "brought down a most fearful abuse on my head. So I had to do a second part." This second part forms the second section of the novel.

It is the story of Christ after the resurrection, although Lawrence never actually names his subject; he is always "the man who had died." Emerging from stark coldness of the tomb, the man is brought into his first significant contact with life when a cock, brilliantly colored and arrogant, escaping from his master, flies almost into the man's arms. Both return to the cottage of the master, a peasant, the man to recover from his wounds, the cock to be tied by the leg to prevent another escape.

The cock among his hens becomes the symbol of the vivid, active rage of life into which the man has been born through resurrection. Through death and resurrection he seems to have escaped the spirit and has come into "the greater life of the body." He comes to realize that the teachings and concepts of his former life have all been erroneous. The little, dirty life of the peasant, which he had formerly sought to uplift, was now despicable, and he meditates: "Let the earth remain earthy, and hold its own against the sky. I was wrong to seek to lift it up. I was wrong to try to interfere." So, wishing no connection with men's petty lives, he must learn to be alone within himself.

Taking the cock, the man sets out to wander the earth, seeking the fulfillment for his earthly life. Lawrence's account of the Biblical record of the meeting with the disciples on the road to Emmaus is subtly mocking. The man smiles at their story of their former master, and his soft laugh at their reply of "Master." to his "Know ye me not?" seems to deride and taunt the disciples with their belief that the man now knows to be false.

Leaving the cock at an inn where he has found the devotion of another group of hens, the man continues his journey, finally on the Lebanon coast reaching the temple of a young and beautiful

priestess of Isis. The priestess, devoted to the search for the god Osiris, dead and scattered in fragments over the world, finds the completed god in the person of the man who had died. In the priestess the man finds the completion of his physical life. She is the symbol of womanhood, a destiny of splendor for which he has risen from the dead.

The Man Who Died is written in beautiful, almost poetic style; Lawrence's ability to portray human emotions is almost unsurpassed. However, as a portrayal of Christ the book falls short of its goal. The reader often feels that this is not Christ; it is Lawrence's own ideal of the perfect life. (The above is an excerpt from work in progress on a tutorial essay.)

A Study of El Greco's Technique
Ann Curry '60

The Autumn Leaves
The palette of a rainbow dashed against the sky
A display of overtness in an escapade of the sun
The lover of ceremony ordering his coronation
Among these old men in bright turbans.

The winds held at bay grow restless beyond the North Star
And a rude giant ordering simplicity
Is making ready to sweep across this carpet
Leaving only the naked surfaces of things in his wake.

Detached and alien, the sun becomes a stranger in his court
And drifts about the fringes of the swollen clouds
A madman waving a flaming scepter,
Effecting only a brief light on the dead leaves
A disconcerting dream among the sleepers.

Alone, like Lear
Relieved of finery and reduced to necessity
The pride and fury of the sun are imprisoned
In the falling snow.

– Roberta Einhorn '59

Bea Langer '60

ARIETTES OUBLIEES

III

Il pleure dan mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langeur
Qui pénètre mon coeur?

O bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie,
O le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce coeur qui s'ecoeure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon coeur a tant de peine!

Par Paul Verlaine

FORGOTTEN SONGS

III

It weeps in my heart
As it rains on the town.
What is this languor
That penetrates my heart?

Oh, sweet din of the rain
On earth and on the roofs!
For a heart dulled with pain,
Oh, the song of the rain!

It weeps without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Is there no treason?
The grief has no reason.

It's far the worse pain
Not to know why,
Without love, without hate
My heart feels such pain!

by Paul Verlaine
(translation by
Jean Johnson '59)

Lauranne Gay '60

VICTORY

After the dawn
    the bright regeneration
    of every generation
inevitably, we cry new!

New! brand new
    Scan you
    our discoveries
and be enlightened.

A gray eyebrow
    sceptically uplifted
    writes a column,
and we are banned.

"Not new – brash,
    not art – trash,
    delinquency is youth" –
Senility is truth?

I warn you, Truth
    you booed Stravinsky
    and scorned Kandinsky
called Van Gogh uncouth.

We shall win, generically
    we always have in the past . . .
    but only as our children rise satirically
and direct on us their blast.

– Donna Croyle '59

"I and My Chatham"
A Study of Chagall's Technique, Nancy Bowytz '60

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THE MINOR BIRD

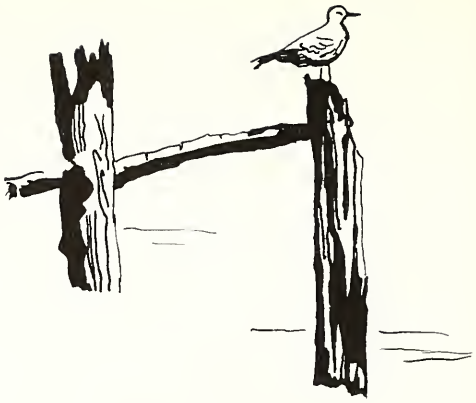
Volume 20, No. 2

Spring Issue, 1959

"And of course there must
be something wrong in
wanting to silence any song."

A Minor Bird

– by Robert Frost



ABOUT THE COVER

This cover was done by Brenda Hogue, a Junior, especially for Minor Bird.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Wisest Man in the World . . . . . page 5
Poem . . . . . page 9
Haiku . . . . . page 9
As Moonless as Day . . . . . page 10
The Finish Line . . . . . page 14
An Onion . . . . . page 16
Christmas Spirit . . . . . page 20
The Unsuccessful Orientation of an
American Student Abroad . . . . . page 24
Poem for My Husband . . . . . page 27

ABSTRACT – Barbara Kurtz, '60

THE WISEST MAN IN THE WORLD

— Claire Tober '60

Bangkok from the air is a beautiful sight to anyone looking on it for the first time. From an airplane the glittering spires of the Buddhist monastaries look like a serried rank of lancers guarding the secret of the city. To those of the civilized West looking for answers in the mystical East this city looks as though it is the answer sought for.

Before autos and paved roads ever were, the city's traffic floated along the kiongs or canals filled with water from the Menam Chao Phya. But the mysterious old ways of the city have given way to Western culture, and roads have taken the place of canals. Along the Rajadamnern Avenue stand government buildings and embassies. At the end of the avenue stands the royal palace and the temple of the emerald Budda.

In the shadow of where this Wat Phra Keo stands there once lived a thousand years ago a Siamese servant of the king named Alor Chaobunda. He was a raiser of toads for the royal physicians and sooth sayers. His toads, they said, had magical powers, yet he, Alor Chaobunda, knew the physicians were wrong about his toads. He knew the secret of life dwelled elsewhere than in the warty body of a toad. Surely they imparted no secret to him. His life was far from one of constant happiness here beside the banks of the Menam Chao Phya. The wise men of the palace assured him that the answer to life that he was seeking lay not in a sentence of their books. They laughingly advised him to see the Hindu yogi who lived ten miles up the river in a cave among the rocks. Alor squatted and waited until the mystic should come out of his trance. After a while the yogi recognized the presence of the visitor and asked him what he sought. "I seek the key and secret of life," was the reply. The mystic said that he certainly had no such key, but said that he had in his possession a pass given him by a wandering pilgrim long ago. It was a card which entitled the bearer to admission to the presence of the wisest man in the world. Where he dwelt was not the yogi's problem. The card merely assured the bearer a safe journey and admittance into the man's company. So, leaving behind him his wife and toads, Alor Chaobunda started upon his journey.

After a year of wandering and privation, Alor came to a village at the foot of the Himalayas. Here he was taken in by a group of Buddhist lamas who asked him of the purpose of his journey. Having heard his purpose they furnished him with provisions, a sturdy pony, and a Tibetian guide who would take him to the mountain

pass which led into the Takla Makan, a desert of some two-hundred miles wide which he would have to cross by himself. Then, he was told by the lamas, he would have to cross the salt encrusted bed of the dry Lop Nor. Some miles after that he would find entrance into a secluded mountain valley. Here he would find the wisest man in the world. He thanked his brothers, and with the droning of their prayers in his ears, he mounted his pony and rode off to follow his guide.

After some days journey he bade farewell to his guide at a place called Khotan in what is now eastern Turkestan. The wind was bitter cold and on the rocks strings of prayer flags flapped wildly in the wind. Sceptic that he was, Alor Chaobunda added a prayer of his own when he realized that the speck behind him was his guide and that he was alone in the vast wilderness of barren yellow loess.

As he plodded northward on his pony, Alor Chaobunda conceived in his mind's eye an image of what the wisest man in the world looked like. He was old; no doubt about that. He would have long white hair and a beard, a rich embroidered robe trimmed with animal skins perhaps. Ah yes, he must be rich. His abode would be Shangri-La. On went the dreams of Alor Chaobunda, spiraling to greater heights with every passing mile. He would learn the old man's secrets. He would go home to become rich and famous, to have many worldly possessions and more than that, his soul would be at peace, because he, lowly man that he was, would have the secret of life.

For many days the man fought the cold winds to cross the desert. His pony died and he himself had to carry the water and provisions on his back. Some days after crossing the Lop Nor he spied a rude hut leaning against the side of a mound of dirt. He supposed that he was not far from the wise man's valley, so he knocked on the door to inquire the way. His knock was answered by a toothless old man of ninety clothed in rags and living in squalor. The old man shook his head when Alor told him of his purpose in coming to this place. The old man knew of such a valley to be sure. But the entrance to it was through a narrow pass, and it now being spring, Alor would have to wait until the river, swollen with the melted snow water, subsided, as it was now blocking the pass. Entrance to the valley would be impossible for a month or more.

So for a month or more, Alor Chaobunda lived in the lice-infested shack with the old man of ninety and dined on yak's meat and goat butter. Many times a day his old host would mutter that he thought such a journey was foolish, and advised him to go back to the banks of the Menam Chao Phya and raise bigger warts on his

THE PRIEST – Nancy Adler, '59

toads. His guest bore this babbling silently, and as soon as he was sure that the sun had dried up enough water to permit his entrance into the valley, he bade farewell to the old man and his yak herd. When he descended to the floor of the valley he looked over his shoulder to see the old man standing at the entrance to the pass, rags flapping in the air, his crackling laugh on the wind.

The valley was not as lush as Alor Chaobunda had imagined. In fact, it was almost barren. There was no sign of life and no sign of the wise man's Shangri-La. For three days he wandered about the valley floor. On the evening of the fourth day he found a path at last which he knew would take him to the presence of the wisest man in the world.

After a dark and restless night Alor arose and followed the rugged path. Instead of leading to a beautiful palace, it brought him to the gaping mouth of a cave. Fear tugged at Alor's senses, but after some deliberation he decided to go on. After all, he had obtained the right to see this man, and he had journeyed some thousand miles filled with hardships in order to see this wise man. In spite of his fear he would go on.

For many hours Alor Chaobunda descended into the depths of the cave, each step put forth filled him with terror of the unknown. Many times he thought of turning back. But the hope of reward for his hardships and the clinging hope that he would find a greater reward, the secret of life, somehow at the bottom of this black and horrible cave, encouraged him to go on.

At last Alor Chaobunda turned a corner and his eyes beheld a shaft of light filtering down through the rocks. He hurried toward it, eager to behold the visage of his quest.

He stepped into the shaft of light and beheld two objects. The first was an inscription from the book of Isha carved upon a stone:

> To the ignorant the Self appears to move — yet it moves not. From the ignorant it is far distant — yet it is near. It is within all, and it is without all.
>
> The Self is one. Unmoving, it moves swifter than thought. The senses do not overtake it, for always it goes before. Remaining still, it outstrips all that run. Without the Self there is no life.

The second object was a mirror suspended by a cord hanging from the roof of the cave.

A spider wove a web upon a mirror

Of motley strands she knit upon a silver cellar,

Her legs were twelve; her house was twice

And never did I tell her.

But of a day she spun, with skeins of moon,
and specks of sun

I tapped her on the shoulder.

Tis gray, said I.

How true, said she

And together we rent the place asunder.

— Donna Croyle, '59

HAIKU

(A Japanese poetry form)

— Ruth Jones, '61

To A Seashell . . . .

Catch the sea, in song
Spilling pearl-winged from her horn
To you in the moon.

And A Friend

Psalmist, born of birds,
Finds her worship and her art
Breathing life in words.

AS MOONLESS AS DAY

— Donna Croyle '59

It was February that was filling the world with the groanings of trees in the high wind, and the moon had early fled into the protection of the clouds. The dull, icy glow of the streets was reflected only in an occasional streetlight, and the rattlings of many windows were drowned in sleep.

If there had been but a shaft of moonlight to fall through the wormser window, Martha might not have slept. It would have lain across the floor where her mind could see to build images and fancies, unicorns and sailing boats. She could have played with these harmless little forms; a night-game of no consequence except that of inducing a late, but restful sleep. But with no light, and Fred sleeping deeply beside her, the dark parts of the day came back. Funny, she mused, that she should think of them as dark, when with Fred and Elfie they had been brilliant, illuminated moments. But she was alone, and there was something ominous about the whole proceeding. She smiled sadly as she remembered Fred's admonitions concerning her "fitful imagination." But, she had told Fred, and herself, so it was settled, my imagination is not really me, and I can't help what it does. It seems to have a path of its own. — And if it chose to see darkness in today's events, she wouldn't try to interfere, to repress and to hide. She would try to discover where the gloomy knot lay.

With Elfie it must have begun earlier, but Martha's part only came when she was putting her child to bed. She remembered listening almost mechanically to Elfie chant, "Now I lay me down to sleep I pray the Lord my soto keep if I should die before I wake I pray the Lord my soto cake," and as usual, Martha had corrected her.

"Take, darling."

"Chake," Elfie opened one green eye and then the other. "Allmen," she pronounced.

Martha remembered her surprise. "Aren't you going to say your blesses, dear?" she had eased down on the bed beside her child. But Elfie smiled.

"No mommie, I don't need to. God already blessed everybody tonight." She patted the blankets on her bed with finality.

"Don't you think it might be a good idea to add it anyway?" Martha said, but the child shook her head defiantly.

"Mommie, I don't *need* to. Just today everybody in the whole, whole world is blessed. I know."

"You know?" Martha had asked puzzled. "Elfie, how do you know?" And now she remembered so vididly how the child had smiled confidently, and how she had suddenly sat up and thrown her arms around her mother's neck. "O Mommie, Mommie, Mommie, I love you Mommie, and I just know."

Martha could only abandon herself to the complete embrace of her child and murmur, "Yes, Sweetheart, yes, all right, you know, little dear." And then Elfie had clenched her fists into a final painful squeeze.

"There," she said, "Goodnight, Mommie."

"Goodnight, dear," she had said, "Sleep tight," and then switched off Elfie's small nightlight.

"Mommie," came the clear little voice, "What does 'tight' mean?" And Mother again, Martha had said, "Well, it means . . . good, and nice."

"Ummm," Elfie answered thoughtfully. "You look so tight now, Mommie."

She hadn't wanted Elfie to see her smile, and had turned away from the bed. "Thank you dear, that's very sweet. Now you go to sleep."

Her hands had shaken as she closed the door, and she took the steps two at a time on her way downstairs.

"Fred," she had breathed as she sat down on the floor at her husband's feet, "Fred, how did we create such a child?" She had wrapped her arms around his legs and laid her head in his lap. "She's so innocent, so lovely . . . but the world . . . How will we keep her like this? Our job is so huge. Fred, I'm frightened." But Fred had just leaned over and kissed her hair and begun talking in his smooth, calm voice. She wanted so intensely to remember all the beautiful things he had said about love; their love, having known and participated in some of the horrors of the world, and Elfie's love, tender and unquestioning. The test would come, he had said, when Elfie learned of the horror, and when they realized that she had. Only then would real love be born. And that was when Martha had felt herself well up and be engulfed in a thing so immense that her memory was but a pale shadow.

"Fred," she had said softly, as she reached up and took off his glasses, "Your students don't really expect their papers back tomorrow, do they?"

"No," he said, ". . . or they can be persuaded that they didn't."

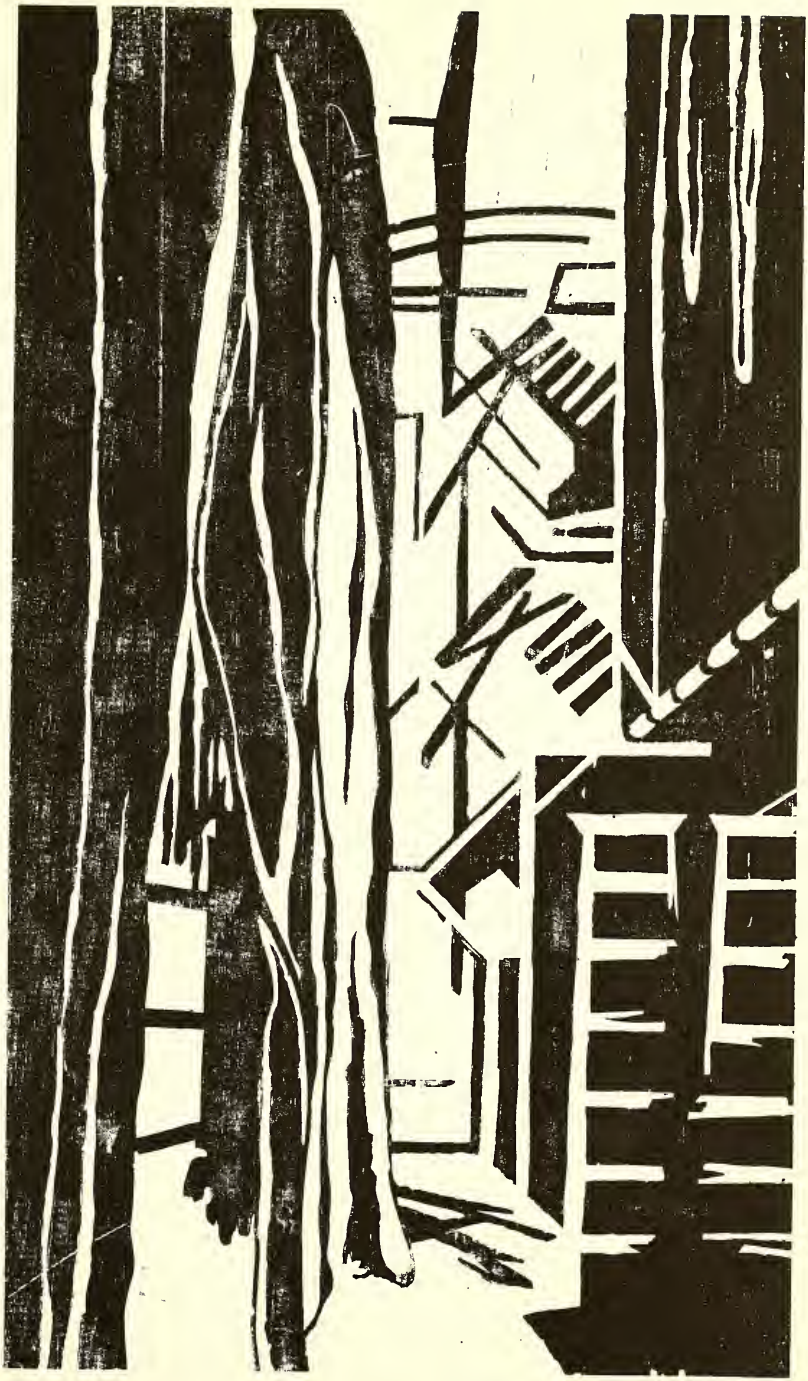
"Evil," Martha had smiled as they walked up the stairs together. But that had been a joke, Martha thought dreamily. It was all so big, like a huge white amorphous shroud that hovered over her. It began to close in over her, to blanket her in softness. She

leaned back against it and sighed. But suddenly the form grew distinct and the substance hard. It drew away, and she saw a figure, Elfie's figure, hanging above her in a gloomy fog. She reached out to touch her and the figure retreated into a more nebulous background. "Elfie, Elfie," she cried, "How do you know?" The form drew in from the darkness again, and this time distorted, old, wrinkled. It had long curved fingernails and wild gray hair, but Elfie's childlike green eyes. "Elfie," she screamed, "Tell me!" The form reached out and one of the fingernails touched her just slightly on the arm. As it was swallowed back into the darkness, Martha sat up with a jerk.

"Mooommie," she heard Elfie's tiny voice from down the hall. Forgetting slippers and a robe she leapt toward the door and hurried to the child's room.

"I'm coming, Elfie," she called softly. She opened the door and found the child standing just inside it. "Elfie," she whispered, "what is it dear? Did you have a bad dream? Mommie's right here. Tell me." She clasped the little girl to her and the flannel nightgown was soft on her face. There was an instant when they remained there, holding each other, the mother on her knees and the child looking over her shoulder, through the open door, down the softly lit hall to her parents' room.

"Mommie," said Elfie, "Mommie, I didn't mean to hurt you." And as Martha looked down to comfort her child, she saw the small trickle of blood that flowed from a scratch on her arm.



BACK STAGE – Sue Allardice, '59

THE FINISH LINE

— Ellen Horowicz '61

— Daddy, tell me a story 'fore I go to sleep.
— It's late, honey, and I'm tired.
— Please, Daddy, a story 'bout animals.
— Animals . . .

The tortoise and the hare, and the most unlikely winning . . . place your bets here, ladies and gentlemen . . . but we know who will finish first, before the beginning of the race . . . and down in Little Rock the riots broke out . . . and up on the big Candy Mountain, too . . . who can climb it and stay there, tottering on the brink with all the others? . . . Dulles is gone from the game, and Herter's in . . . the pain of aching muscles and the pain of pain-relievers that don't work anyway because everybody is taking them . . . anacin, aspirin, bufferin, every man is in . . . no one can afford to be out . . . where did you go? . . . but I just told you right before you asked, so you know already; it does not matter . . . matter and memory . . . I remember . . . I remember time lost and time recaptured . . . soldiers, in a prison camp circled by barbed wire . . . made it! under the wire by a nose . . . the maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes, when along came a blackbird and snipped off . . . lost: one finger, one thumb, two eyes . . . I cannot see, stumbling on the rocks . . . if there were water and no rock . . . my mouth is dry, my tongue is swollen . . . depressed, repressed, compressed — the psychiatrists have their name for it . . . test me for my inhibitions, and test my throbbing pulse . . . beat, beat, beat . . . how can I win, when the race is over at the clang of the starting bell?

— Daddy?
— M-m-m-m?
— The *story*, Daddy, aren't you going to tell me one?

— Ann Turner, '60

AN ONION

Ruth Jones '61

Yesterday was my birthday. I realized it first sitting in math class watching Richard put on the blackboard the hardest trig problem in the homework assignment. I had done it correctly too, but I didn't volunteer to put it up because I like to watch the sloppy way Richard writes out his very precise work. It's sort of paradoxical. I'm sloppy too, though, and I get a kick out of seeing someone even less consistent than myself — Richard is both brainier and less disciplined, but then he's been eighteen already for some months and I might catch up with him soon. This is a queer ambition, but then I'm rather a queer person. Richard is too, and that's what I like about him. Two lost souls. Terribly maladjusted. Almost nonconformists and we don't conform to each other. In fact we hardly know each other. Sometimes I wonder if he knows about all the people living in Me — — e.e. cummings would identify me with "this little huge-eyed person nearly bursting with inexpressible numberlessness of herselves" which he describes in one of his scribblings. But I doubt if he does because he is scientifically minded and probably thinks everyone is like his own conception of himself, a more or less smoothly functioning physio-chemical organism molded by heredity and environment. For all I know I may be a thing like that too, but I'll never admit it if I am.

An eighteenth birthday has a sort of aura about it. I sat there at desk thinking about how I was now old enough to drink in New York, to be a debutante, and to run away and get married. I didn't bother sliding into the conventional day dreams about these things, however, because I realized then that if I were in a position to take advantage of them I very probably would not consider them any more glamorous than studying trig in a class of three girls and twenty boys, mostly tall. I thought of the huge areas of life girls in private school were missing, and for a second I felt smugly content in my existential situation, but later I felt its limits closing in on me. My friend from New England has told me a lot about the kind of life that doesn't revolve around science in industry, and sometimes I wish I lived with people who occasionally delight in the impractical, but I guess I'll have time to look for friends like that when I get older. Getting older means a lot to me. That's why I think my being eighteen years and one day old makes today an important day in my life. As you read this you are probably thinking that I live in the future like most Americans and heaven only knows what other falsely-generalized groups, but this is untrue. I appreciate growing older because every day in the past as I have matured I have learn-

ed something new about people or this world, something which gives everything a different kind of coloring. It took me over sixteen years to come to just that realization. Before, there were many times when I resented growing older because it made life so much more tangled and painful. Someday I may come to celebrate my increasing sensitivity to pain as well as pleasure; all I can do now is know that this would be ideal.

The time has come to shut the gate closing the wall of words I have erected around myself. Each word has been another of those things which need to be protected from the general public but not from those with enough insight to glimpse some of the movement inside. They don't even deserve to be called words, because they are currently being used to substitute for communication. So one of my selves is just a wall at which people throw bits of contemporary jargon like balls which rebound in their faces often enough to keep them satisfied that I am still alive.

There are some of you who will resent my attempt to shrug off the greater part of what was presumably a sympathetic audience. But I had no choice in the matter. Look. I am attempting to reveal my character to you. How can I expect you to understand the inner layers of the onion before you've seen the skin? Onions aren't exactly attractive when they're pulled from the ground all stringy and brown, and some people never learn to like even the insides of them, but at least there are a few with enough curiosity and guts to try a slice or two.

It is not purely by accident that I compare myself to an onion. Even peeling me under running water could not eradicate the unpleasant pungency of some particles of my being, and I for one can rarely undergo personal dissection without weeping.

The fact that I am alive today, the day after my eighteenth birthday, is a sort of miracle in reverse that the devil must be gloating over down in the "hellthatisotherpeople" or wherever or whatever hell is.

I was supposed to die yesterday, April 22, on my eighteenth birthday. Every year on my birthday night, every year since I was eight years old, a man has come to me and told me that I would die then. Every year for ten years he has come riding on a black cloud and speaking in a low, strong voice very close to my ear, a voice I feared but somehow thrilled to all the same. "Angela," he would whisper, "Angela Johnson." And I would clench my hands together in the night and answer yes and he would pause a while to listen to my thoughts, then turn to me and laugh the subtle laugh that let me know he understood my mind and accepted me anyhow. This made me his slave, so he could go ahead and remind me of the

deadline without fearing that I might rebel.

You must understand that this man had no power to make me die at eighteen; he just told me that I would. When someone tells you such a thing with such conviction so many times it gets so that you feel compelled to believe it, and I did. At first it was like believing in God and Ressurection and things like that. It just stayed there inside of me and didn't affect my consciousness, that is, except on birthday nights when the man would come again. But as I became older and learned about things that were building up to happen in the future, things like my being a woman, a citizen, a student, the prophecy began to dominate my life. It wasn't something I wanted to tell anyone about, partly because I knew it would upset them and also because there was something about it that wasn't quite clearly revealed, something teasing, laughing, lurking in my mind. I didn't know what all there was of life that I should try to experience in the years left to me, and I wouldn't have known how to manage getting into those experiences if I had, and so I just wrapped myself up in enough personalities to keep myself decent in all my little worlds, and waited.

Then one day I was "sweet sixteen and never been kissed." All evening my brothers had been teasing me about this, so I went to bed angry and vaguely troubled. The room was warm and stuffy in the darkness, and I watched the marbled clouds for hours before the rain began. As it fell it loosed the reins on my emotions, and I poured my raging thoughts into the body of my pillow. The thoughts were wisps of nothing; there were no people, no ideas at my core. Not even the man. I didn't need to think of him because suddenly this was not a problem of mine any longer but *the* problem, and the man was just another of my selves. I guess he came that night as usual. I really don't recall.

During the two years since that night, I have made the trip through the microcosmos and the macrocosmos. I have experienced, at least in miniature, every gradation in the range of human sensation. Everything is done. I have read a poem, killed a kitten, planted a flower, hated my mother, loved a boy. At least this is what I was thinking yesterday as I went about putting my house in order.

But last night I didn't die, and now there dances in my head the whirling carousel of a future filled with variations on the past and nothing more. Except that now I cannot know when the silly ride will halt, or whether I'll have any more courage to push the lever then than I did last night.

Frances Venardos, '59

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

— Barbara Rubin Levendorf '59

The sign read: Cold weather is cream of wheat weather. Loretta swallowed the saliva that had risen in her mouth and then, seeing the billboard pass out of sight, began to watch the people jamming the sidewalk. They were, she thought, like so much jelly on a plate oozed together and if the jelly got near the end of the dish it would take hours to drip off. The crowds pouring in and out of the stores in a frantic rush and yet forced to move slowly made her think of this. But then Loretta was always thinking of food. It hadn't been so bad until Mother died, but three years alone in the house left her with much time to be in the kitchen and now she knew only that she lived for each meal and if the wait were too long, well, there was always a snack in the refrigerator. In the course of time, more and more dresses came from Lane Bryant where the salesladies accustomed to large women nevertheless shuddered at the thought of being trapped with her in a dressing room.

When the trolley stopped at Hammond's Department Store, Loretta heaved herself out of the seat and went sideways down the steps to get off the car. She was used to people watching her move as if any grace were impossible on a woman of her stature. She was accustomed to being stared at and although it had not made a jolly, laughing fat lady out of her, she liked to think that she were not embittered by her plight, but rather that she accepted it as if it were inevitable. She was thinking that it was Monday and that the tea room would have Boston cream pie and maybe navy bean soup when she caught sight of the crowd pressing against Hammond's Christmas window display. She had learned to use her size to great advantage in situations such as this, for all she had to do was begin to move toward a crowd and they would automatically part for her. Inside the window, Santa Claus sat on a throne of white velvet and all around him motorized elves brushed the fur of make-believe reindeer and pounded nails into a shimmering, white sleigh. Her breath made a round glob of steam on the window. Two elves were preparing tea for three dolls seated around a small chromed table. Dark gold liquid flowed from the spout on the tiny china pot and then the nodding mama doll lifted it to her lips while the other two nodded and clapped their rubber hands together. It was hard for her to believe that motors drove their hands, so real were their actions. She found herself smiling at the performance and even running her tongue over her lips, not from hunger this time, but from a sense of being a part of the fantasy taking place in front of her. With the

music from the loud speaker making her want to hum out loud, she turned from the window and went inside where the red carpets laid wall to wall and the pillars draped in silver cloths made her forget the tea room and feel only the spirit of Christmas that was all around her.

She was standing at the jewelry counter and thinking how the noise of children usually annoyed her so much and yet how it was at this moment a sound so welcomed. She picked up a pair of pearls and put them back. "After all," she said to herself. So she wandered from counter to counter, having nothing to buy, no real reason for being there, yet loving the noise and smells and the whole thing that was the Christmas spirit.

She didn't know what made her go upstairs to the toy department, but once there she stopped by the jungle jims to watch a little boy hanging upside down and she thought about the time when she was a little girl and her mother had bought a play stove so that she might cook for her dolls. She remembered how she had sat in front of it hour after hour placing and replacing the little pot on the single, red paper burner. Then the stove began to get pushed farther and farther back in a corner of her room because of course Mother was right when she said it was a silly thing, and then as if overnight, its attraction was lost to her forever. She walked to a section announced by a white sign suspended from two posts:

EVERYTHING FOR LITTLE MISS HOMEMAKER.

The row upon row of shiny toy appliances seemed to bring back to her the feeling that had been lost with the stove. She had a desire, an urge to play with these things again. She felt that she wanted to have a doll to hold and cuddle. She wiped her nose on the back of her glove to get rid of the silly feeling that was pushing her heart faster and faster, but instead she found that she was walking toward the rack that displayed dolls' clothing. She could do nothing in her power to stop. She was holding a pink satin skating outfit in her hand wondering just why, when a young girl asked if she would like to be helped. There was a burning that began in the back of her head and traveled up into her ears. "No. No." She walked quickly to a back staircase that said Exit. Hoping it would lead somewhere quiet, Loretta walked down the two flights of stairs until she came to the entrance of an almost-hidden ladies room, forgotten and empty in a corner of the almost deserted uniform department. She went inside to sit down for a moment, to have a cigarette and to relax. Yet, smoking, the old memories of childhood came back even stronger and the emptiness of now joined

with those memories to produce tears. She put her head down on the small dressing table and closed her eyes to forget.

She could see that beyond the entrance to the ladies room it was dark. Wondering what had happened, she walked out and found the entire floor in front of her deserted and the excalators stopped. The once overwhelming noise had stopped so completely that the silence rang through her head. It couldn't be, she thought, I couldn't be locked in a department store. It's too fantastic. She started to walk down the escalator to look for someone and saw that the next floor too was darkened and deserted. White cloths covered all the counters and what once had been a mass of colors and displays were now just grey shrouds looming up and down the empty aisles. She felt a chill across her back as she realized what had happened. Somehow, in some absurd way, she was locked in Hammond's Department Store. She stretched the skin on her face with her hands and tried to think what she should do. She decided to find the night watchman and het him to let her out, and if that failed she would get to a phone booth and call up the fire department. In all her thirty years, she was thinking, never had she run into anything like this. She was thankful for the night lights and yet she was depressed, not only by her situation but by the whole change in atmosphere. The Christmas spirit was gone – buried under the cotton sheets – and the people were gone too, leaving the store to the mannequins, the toys, and her. The toys. The wonderful toy department. "Well, since I'm stuck here I think I'll go back and have a look at that in this crazy light. That ought to take care of the stupid sentiment." She laughed to herself, partly from the relief that she was in control of the situation and partly from the idea of wanting to go back into the toy department. Through the quiet and the half darkness she walked up the three flights of still escalators. On the sixth floor as she made the turn to the next flight, she bumped against a body which swung crazily and fell against her. A cracked sound came up in her throat, and then, she caught at the dummy and replaced it on its pedestal. At the top of the escalator she stopped to look ahead of her. The floor stretched on in front as quiet as all the rest. She walked over to a counter and lifted a sheet. Raggedy Ann, a Toni doll, and a mama doll stared at her. "Poor little dolls," she said. "Just like lost children." Then she picked up the mama doll for a reason she could not and did not try to explain to herself and carried it over to the rack where she had found the pink outfit. She undressed the doll and began to fit the jacket over its head. "I'll make you pretty for all the children to look at tomorrow," she promised the rubber figure. She twisted the doll to get its arms into the sleeves and somehow she twisted too hard because the arm began to tear away from the

body until there was a gaping hole in the doll's side from which bits of white cotton had begun to appear. "Oh dear, how clumsy. I've been clumsy again." And then, "Mommy, I won't be clumsy anymore. I won't spill anything on my stove ever again, I promise." Loretta sucked in her breath to stop herself. She looked at the doll. "Poor doll. Come, I'll fix you up good as new." And rushing down an aisle she picked up all the covers from the counters until she found the one which had doctors' kits displayed in the glassed-in shelves. She went behind the counter and took out one of the kits. Opening it, she took a length of gauze and bound up the doll's arm until it clung to the body. "Poor, poor child. Now I've fixed you up, but I have to feed you before I go away for the night." She took her possession under her arm and went walking around the floor, past the empty Santa Claus chair, beyond the display of swings and jungle jims until she came again to the entrance to:

EVERYTHING FOR LITTLE MISS HOMEMAKER.

In front of the miniature kitchen she sat down cross-legged on the floor and with the doll almost lost in her monstrous lap she began to prepare a meal for it, reaching almost from one end of the kitchen to the other with her long hairy arms. She used first the stove, and then after the meal was done she stacked the plastic dishes and began to clean out the tiny refrigerator, adjusting and readjusting the shelves until they were right. On the dark, deserted floor Loretta played until she was tired, and then she stretched out, her huge body sprawled over the once orderly, tiny dream kitchen, the doll wrapped under her arm. When they found her later, the head of the mama doll had been crushed under the weight of her body.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL ORIENTATION OF AN AMERICAN STUDENT ABROAD

— Carolyn Leary

The scheduled event for students and teachers on Fulbright Scholarships in the Netherlands is a two-week program of orientation. This conference is held at a hotel in Noordwijk aan Zee, a resort on the North Sea. Its purpose is to acquaint scholarship holders and their families with the peculiarities of Dutch life and the attitudes of people whom they will meet in Holland.

This setting does little, however, to give us a picture of Holland as it really is. The average Dutch person is unable to afford even a week-end at such a sea-side resort. The people who have planned the program for us are highly trained educators and administrators who are well acquainted with America and her people. We are not yet thrown into contact with the people on whom we will have the greatest effect — the ones who will never see the United States and can only gather from us what our life is like.

But "when in Rome, do as the Romans!" During this two-week period our meals are served at customary Dutch intervals, with typical Dutch food. Breakfast, or "ontbijt" consists of bread, bread, and more bread, with cheese and cold meats. However, we are not introduced to the operation of cutting these delicious, make-them-yourself sandwiches with a knife and fork. We will learn all too soon that this is necessary procedure for anyone who doesn't want to be labeled on sight as an American, so crude that she will hold a sandwich in her hand to eat it. Coffee is served at ten-thirty, and is soon followed by a lunch consisting of more bread and perhaps a warm dish, which is usually a leftover from the previous night's dinner. An additional meal is served at four in the afternoon, which is known as "tea." We do not as yet have to live through the embarrassing situation when all eyes turn to stare when we state that we want our tea without sugar or lemon, or our coffee black. At dinner, we only begin to realize the truth of the statement that potatoes are the mainstay in Dutch diet.

But perhaps as much is done as is possible to prepare us for the life we will be leading during the next months. Excellent lectures are given on various subjects, so that we will be able to discuss them intelligently with our Dutch friends. We hear talks on "The American Foreign Policy," on "Dutch Politics," "Dutch Religion," and "Dutch Music, Literature and Art," and, finally, as something to remember during all of our residence abroad, on "What Hollanders Think of the United States."

Trips are taken through the country and into a few major cities such as Rotterdam, Den Haag, and Amsterdam. The picturesque windmills are great attractions to the tourists although the mills have been replaced by modern electrical equipment and are now the homes of the poorer farmers. We are drawn by the quaintness of these dwellings, by the cheerful flowers in every window. It is easy not to notice the cramped quarters, the thinness of the walls, or the one small alcove next to the coke stove where the whole family sleeps in winter in order to keep warm.

Passing through village after village, we begin to understand why the Dutch are renowned for their cleanliness. Everywhere we turn brilliant white curtains peek primly from behind gleaming windows. As we marvel at the beauty of the rows of neat brick homes, we don't associate them at first with the dreadful lack of wood in this tiny, overcrowded country. The great stretches of green fields draw our attention now, but they take on a completely different aspect when we learn of the constant struggle with the everthreatening sea which is entailed in the building up of these desperately needed polder lands. The dikes which loom so picturesquely in the distance do not yet stand for just another of man's weapons against the sea.

We can marvel, or even be amused, at the neat brick roads which add so much to the Dutch scene. As the months go by, we will see such roads being built, brick after brick being put in by hand and painstakingly tapped into its base of sand, and we will discover how treacherous those pretty roads can be in icy weather, as they wind along even more picturesque, but coldly menacing, canals.

Classes in Dutch are held twice daily during the orientation period. Here the Fulbrighters are introduced to the language which they will be hearing and probably speaking during the coming year. However, a language cannot be mastered until it is spoken day in and day out, in normal conversation, with people for whom it is the native tongue. The student may become familiar with the vocabulary and the verb forms, but he has a rude awakening when these must become a part of his everyday life. Similarly, a person can have no real knowledge of a country and its people until he becomes an integral part of it. There must be a desire to understand its many "hows?" and "whys?" And with this desire comes the realization that these questions, like so many others, are unanswerable.

When I first saw a reproduction of Van Gogh's painting of poplar trees lining a road which stretches off into the distance, it had very little meaning for me. After I had seen this scene brought to life in Holland, I first experienced a feeling of excitement,

which soon settled down to a state of quiet smugness. Now, after having wandered a considerable distance down this road, I have finally come to understand, as did the artist, that it goes on forever, and that the farther one walks along it, the more he realizes the impossibility of ever finding the end.

POEM FOR MY HUSBAND

— Roberta Einhorn, '59

It is spring, but here
There yet remains the unrelenting snow
And the daffodils will echo of a foreign sun
Who speaks in syllables, wondrously warm
Though far away.

But soon it will be time to bring myself to him.
As softly as he falls upon the water
And as swiftly as the colors rise
From his most bashful flowers
And as sweetly as the summer night enfolds
And tucks away the trees that are as canopies
Above the humble houses and the children
Wrapped in sleep.

Nancy Bowytz, '60

The staff wishes to thank Mr. Calvin W. Lane, literary adviser, and Mr. Charles LeClair, art adviser, for the advice and assistance they have given it in preparing this issue of the Minor Bird. We would also like to thank the students who submitted their work to the magazine.

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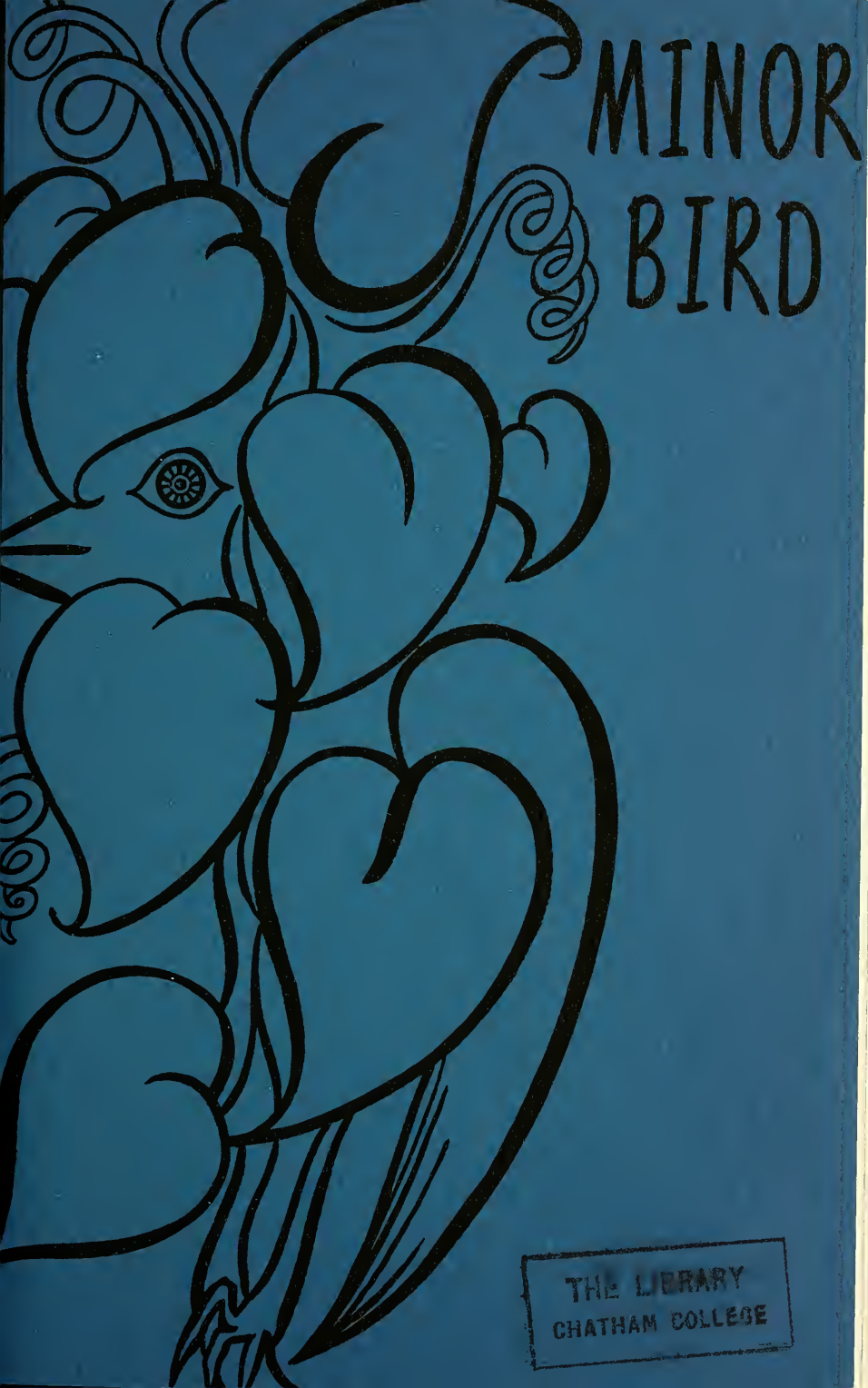

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"And of course there must be something wrong in wanting to silence any song."

A MINOR BIRD
— by Robert Frost

THE MINOR BIRD

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

STORIES

Hiroshiges Tokaido ..... Page 1

Truth, Beauty and Silence 7

Richard 11

Departure 14

Fifth Avenue Critic 30

The Last Day 31

STORIES

History In November 20

Sunday Morning 21

CRITICISM

The Open Boat and The Plague 23

Cover Design by Ann Curry '60

All photographs by Suzanna Starr McFarland '63

HIROSHIGE'S TOKAIDO

I have just arrived in Kyoto, and what do you think I found awaiting me? Letters from my wife! This is to be noted for various reasons. The very fact that the letters are here is by normal standards somewhat surprising. You see, the postman and I traveled the same route--the Tokaido. The Tokaido is the highway between Tokyo and Kyoto, "the way facing the eastern ocean." Because it is the only road between these two points, through custom and convenience some fifty-three stopping places have been established, each one about a day's journey apart. What I am really trying to say is that it takes a postman fifty-three days to make the trip, and for my friend Otonomo Tahito and me the journey took two hundred and sixty nine days. I have here a score of letters from my wife, the latest dated one hundred days after the day of my departure. I have changed much during that time.

Also the fact that my wife wrote the letters at all is somewhat surprising. You see, we parted on not very amicable terms.

"You speak emotionally, not truthfully," I comforted her. "I have that your family will starve to death."

"You speak emotionally, not truthfully," I comforted her. "I have great faith in both you and our children. This is on the whole a resourceful family, and I have confidence in your ability to survive. Yoshiro is already proficient at stealing food and offerings from the shrine of Tsuki-Yomi, and I am sure you will find that the other children have also been well trained. As for yourself, you were quite adept at working in the rice fields of your father. No, I neither fear nor desire your extinction."

This made her only angrier. "But you didn't have to take this absurd job. Escorting a horse! You know nothing of horses. And what if something should happen to the horse before you reach the emperor?"

"That's precisely why I am taking Otonomo with me. He once borrowed a horse during the harvest season."

"The reason you take Otonomo is so that you will have someone to go along with you on your outlandish schemes."

So I let her think that I detested her and that I desired to see the last of my family. At that point I just wanted a little respite from

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*This story was inspired by *Hiroshige's Tokaido in Prints and Poetry*, edited by Reiko Chiba (Charles E. Tuttle Company: Rutland, Vermont, 1957). Poems quoted are from the same source.

them. I mean, a man lives in a little village all his life, caring for someone else's rice. At the age of eighteen he is given a wife and in the next seventeen years they have twelve children. One day the man is standing in someone else's rice field and two handsome young soldiers come by and hail him.

"Ho, farmer!" they say. "We have a horse here which the shogun is sending to the emperor. We would like *you* to take it to him for us. This is a very big honor, you know."

Well, I could see that these two wanted to get back to their young wives or sweethearts and I knew that I wanted to get away from my wife who was becoming somewhat demanding with the advancing age, so I agreed to do business with them. We made a very agreeable bargain. The emperor's horse would be my passport to tour Japan--my country-- the most beautiful nation ever to exist, and the dwelling place of the gods. Not only would I see my country, but I would have a chance to transfer its beauty to my little notebook which I would carry with me. Then when I returned to my wife, I thought, I could occasionally refer to my notebook and remember the serenity of the Golden pavilion or the sea at Yoshida. And finally, I would have the companionship of my good friend Otonomo who loved to walk, as do I, and to drink sake, and to be riotous with the men at the inn.

We waited until spring had come to Nihombashi, for we knew that in the mountains it would be winter for a long time. We became great friends with the horse, which we called Ni-Ni in imitation of the sound which he made. We left town to the carping monotony of my wife's voice and the clamoring of my children wanting "just one more" ride on Ni-No.

How wonderful to be free again for the first time since early childhood. So excited was I that I left both Otonomo and Ni-No to plod, while I rushed along the path. I soon wearied of this and got a ride on a wagon from a man who had to deliver some cloth to a neighboring town that I had never seen. After seeing the town I walked back to the Tokaido to wait for Otonomo and the horse. When they did not come for several hours, I started back to meet them. After many hours of walking I found them both asleep at our point of departure. I joined them and we slept until hunger awoke us. So it was that we did not reach the first stop, Shinagawa, that night. This is why we never reached any stop on the scheduled night, and why instead of taking fifty-three days our journey took two hundred and fifty-nine,

This is also the reason that I began to receive my wife's letters while I still traveled on Tokaido. We made it a practice to talk with

—*Nancy Dax* '60

our fellow travelers, for, indeed, we previously had known so few people that everyone now was exciting and provoked new thoughts in us. Quite often we stayed at the same inn as the post man, and he was always glad to lighten his pack, would say "Hiroshige from Nihombashi -- I have a letter right here for you."

My wife is very much a Jananese lady. Though her feet were never bound, and though she wears no obe, she is well grounded in the mannerisms of a gentle woman. That is why, when I received her first letter, it did not tell me pointedly that I was shirking my duty and that I was the lowest of all humans and that she was sleeping with other men. Instead, it was a model of brevity and feeling which Japanese ladies express so well:

Longing for you overmuch
I gaze up to the sky above you.
Lo! through curtains of thin mist
Silver threads of spring rain falling.

This letter left me solemn, and for a moment I was no longer part of the group drinking sake in the inn. I had come to the fifteenth stop of my journey and I had been from home two and a half months. Two weeks earlier we had been at Mount Fuji, and there for the first time I thought of my wife. I suppressed the thought quickly, however, and brought out my pencil and sketchbook.

While I was at the fifteenth stop and feeling contrite, I made moves to answer my wife's letter. It was hard to find time to write an appropriate reply because the companionship at the inn was so enjoyable, as was the food and drink. Otonomo and I began the conversation, as all travelers must, by discussing the beauties of the countryside. Then we spoke of how wonderful it was to go gaily about the country, fishing and stealing fruit, and being together. I liked being with Otonomo very much, for he always remembered that I liked to be free. Though we travelled together we did different things. Often he would stop by the road and talk to a fruit seller or the caretaker of a temple while I walked on with Ni-Ni. And often the same way I would sit down and sketch a scene. When we wanted to talk to each other we talked, but never burdened each other with unwanted confidences. We were friends but we were individual, free people and we formed no attachments. Tonight we wanted to share our thoughts with others, so we ate and talked and drank. And in a moment of inspiration I wrote to my wife:

The jewel which brightly shines at night
Is precious, but cannot measure up
To the delight of drinking sake.

The remainder of the trip could not be conducted in quite the care-free manner of the first several months. Our major problem was the retention of the third member of our party, Ni-Ni, because of the infamous reputations which Otonomo and I had achieved. According to our informants, the innkeepers, days ahead of our expected arrival rumors would spread in the villages.

"I have just heard from my cousin who lives in Mitsuki that two foolish men are transporting a royal horse from the Shogun to the Emperor. They are so simple, my uncle says, that they let the horse wander about by itself, and sometimes forget about the horse altogether. It would take no efforts at all to obtain that horse, and a valuable animal it is indeed."

As soon as it was evident that others were eager to obtain the Emperor's horse, we dared no longer to allow Ni-Ni to wander as she liked; and Otonomo and I took turns sleeping in the stables at night. We were beginning to feel burdened by our mission.

Also we had now reached the snow country. At first it was a delight for us to walk through the snow in the middle of summer. Conditions were very enjoyable, but I again thought of my wife. This time I did not completely dismiss the thought from my mind, and though it was distasteful to me, I informed her of my state of mind:

While traveling
I am all free from care.
No man knows me;
No man betrays me there.

I was so happy with the snow that on the first day I rolled in it and provoked snow battles. I awoke early on the second day and hastened to the window because I was afraid that the snow would have melted. The snow had not melted, however; it had become even higher; and as the days wore on and the end of the snow was not in sight, my original delight in the snow turned to distaste. Otonomo began talking of returning to our village. I wanted to avoid that subject and often spoke sharply to him, to quell his reminiscences.

"I will be happy to get home," he said. "All the people in the town will come out to greet us, and they will bring flowers and march with us to my house so that we may be there together, telling stories and singing.

"Yes, that is all right for you, Otonomo. You have no wife and no children. After the first evening everyone will go away from your house and you will be free. As for me, I am not so eager to return from this trip." I spoke hesitantly, not wishing to reveal the strength of my misgivings to him.

We spoke no more of this subject until we had reached Kyoto and delivered Ni-Ni to the Emperor. The Emperor was most pleased with his gift, and telling us that we were noble gentlemen to bring it to him, he invited us to be his guests for three days.

We were given handsome accomodations in the imperial palace. Several times a day we were invited to a royal banquet. Entertainment was provided for us each evening. But it was the afternoons which I liked best, for then left to my own devices, I would wander about Kyoto, meeting people and learning city ways, two things which I could not do in my village. As I had done throughout my travel, I transferred my impressions to my notebook.

I grew troubled, though, remembering my conversation with Otonomo concerning our return home. Indeed, he was beginning to chafe at our delay in leaving. On the second night at the Imperial palace I said to him, "Otonomo, I have no desire to return home. I wish to continue life as a traveler, learning new ways, and meeting people."

Otonomo looked troubled and surprised, but because he was a good friend he did not reveal his thoughts to me. Although he wanted me to return with him, I knew that he would not ask me to do so, and I was glad, for I myself was not sure that I was doing the right thing.

"Some day I will want to go home, to see you, and my family, and my birthplace, and when I do, you will see me again. Thank my wife for her letters and give her this which I wrote this afternoon in the manner of a Japanese gentleman.

Not a single thing
Have I closely observed;
My feet on life's way
Are too vigorous.

How many mountains, how many rivers
Are still to be crossed before I gain
The land where loneliness comes to an end?
Today, as ever, I travel on.

—*Barbara Paull* '61

TRUTH, BEAUTY, AND SILENCE

November 7

Dear Peter,

Here I sit, propped against a pillow which rests against a cold wall, hardly caring that the wall is very cold (though I feel it now and then when the wind shudders around a corner), possessed by the things that are mine in a room that is mine, or I have made mine, wanting very much to create, or recreate, perhaps, would be better. certain seconds of my own — Truth, Beauty— call it what you will. That sounds so silly, doesn't it, writing about the eternal common things that have suddenly become so very private, so intimately a part of oneself?

I'm sorry I've rattled on so. I'm not really chatty, as you know, though you commented upon my silence only once during the entire weekend, comparing it to that of the women in your native country. Nonetheless you've respected it; and that, needless to say, I've appreciated. My silence is rather difficult to explain. I suppose it's partly defensive, a kind of withdrawal from immediate, direct social contact. But it's also a means for fulfilling a need, a reassurance and reaffirmation of myself. I suppose that explanation doesn't make much sense, sounding sophomoric and pretentious. But, at any rate, it provides something of a way in—an avenue of entrance to whatever is real in me, if you accept it, that is.

I wanted to tell you something else, too—about this room—how lonely and inexplicably cold it seemed to me when I returned. The very walls, damp and bare, seemed to repel me, turning me out or into myself. I wanted to scream. I think I did—silently. I don't remember. I do recall hurriedly undressing and getting into bed. Then searching for my stationary box, and writing to you now.

I miss you, Peter. Will you write?

Fondly,
Janet

January 2

Dear Peter,

The sun broke through today for the first time in weeks with the sky stretched for miles in a brilliant blue glow. It's invigorating and refreshing to be outside now, and I don't mind the trek to the subway half as much as before.

I still hate this job, of course, with its dull, superficial conditions.

But I'm determined to begin looking again in the spring when the weather warms up and I can do my job-hunting walking.

When I left my job for good, I knew the first months would be dreary and I'd easily become despondent. But now I think half the battle is getting through the first winter. And too, when spring comes I'm moving into an apartment, not large, of course, and not really meant for two people: but until I can afford my own, I'll share this one with a recently divorced friend who's living in it now. By the way, she goes away quite frequently for the weekend.

I thought you might call this weekend, but I suppose you didn't come into the city, which is just as well, of course, since the holiday crowds are unbearable this time of year. And of course, you're busy at school with finals not far off. I've read where aliens are to report to their nearest immigration service each January. Does this mean foreign students, too?

Incidently, I saw Irita the other day. She asks about you and when we'll be out to see her and Asti again. I hope soon. They were so lovely and kind and that native dish she served us delicious. Perhaps with further contact she can teach me a few of her culinary skills.

Love,
Janet

January 17

Dearest Peter,

It's raining now in hard, short, chilling drops promising to turn to snow. The loneliness pervades everything in the apartment, turning itself into a ghastly stillness. I've been thinking of the weekend and how beautiful it was for us to be together at last. It was a kind of indescribable peace for me, and a sadness, too, that comes with knowing there must be an end to these things. The end and your absence have made it all the more precious.

Everything we touched and shared begs to be re-touched, re-examined, held to the reflection of a dim light which allows the objects the casting forth of their own intrinsic illumination. But more than that the sharing of each other, the discovery, the joys of sudden passions cry out to the skin, and to mutual warmth, and to the sun.

I wish only we had talked more. Our eyes spoke and our hands--but there was too much early frenzy in that. I wanted words, somehow, to make it all come alive later. I'm so very much afraid of the visual image fading, of being left with objects and the warm

sun, and cigarette butts in the coffee cups.

Oh, Peter dear, the ache is there, the presence of something deep, and dark, and painful--the lack of you, the immense void of loss that needs filling. You seem so far away that I almost envy your distance and being able to throw yourself into your school work. The fading images then become so much secondary matter.

Peter, I think I need you very much.

Love,
Janet

April 10

Peter dear,

I'm sorry we quarreled. I'm sorry that I acted as I did. And I'm sorry the weekend collapsed like this. It did collapse, you know. We were both so high and so happy, at least, I thought we were. Perhaps it was just a personal joy I was transferring to you, to having you at last all to myself, to finally having the opportunity of getting to you. You don't open up very easily, you know; and I had felt our communication was so superficial that I attempted to undercut the surface the only way I know how--

You asked me once, when you were holding me, caressing me, if I wasn't afraid of your darkness. No, Peter, I'm not. I was at first, perhaps, but no longer, now that I recognize it as part of your mystery, as part of the unknown that I will never reach.

What with the combined impact of seeing Phil after all this time and then the party--well, it was too much. The bubble had to burst sometime! First with Phil--I hope you won't believe all those things he said. He was drunk and irrational, and it's been over a year since we spent any time together. Whatever we had was brief and incomplete. I slept with him a few times. But we never really had anything meaningful. I think I knew before you told me that he had given you my name originally this fall, and the thought that you might be good friends only slightly dismayed me. But your revelation, if it was an attempt to shock me, only succeeded in hurting me. No woman likes to know she's being blatantly used. There's always pride and the decency of having saved herself for something special.

It was the party that more or less brought things to a head. It wasn't just being with international students and feeling misplaced with their rather stupid lower-class American girl friends. It was the garish realization that most of the American couples who were there were physical misfits. They were maimed, noticeably and incurably injured in some horribly misshapen way, as if they as

incomplete individuals belonged only with equally socially unacceptable people--outcasts beached together upon an isolated shore of nightmarish proportions. I felt a horrible revulsion. I wanted to scream and run away. I wanted to return to the reality I knew, the only acceptable reality.

I suppose this feeling and the scene which followed only proves I'm not the rebel I thought I was. I couldn't actually overcome the distance of cultural differences; I hadn't the strength or insight or maturity or whatever it takes. Perhaps that's why we never really communicated, because our individual differences were based upon an individual cultural affiliation, a tie that bound you tighter than my own mental conception of what you were could reach.

But I think you were wrong when you accused me of having an affair with you for the adventure of it. True I may have been attracted to you partly because of your "foreign exoticism," as you called it. But I'm not what Phil called a cheap little prostitute, and I don't go to bed with you because of your native charm.

I loved you, or thought I did. I realize that's a risky thing to say these days with any conviction. No doubt, too, you think of me as a sadly confused child. Perhaps I am. But I'm also a woman whose only commitment is through her emotions. I tried to fulfill that commitment in you.

I'm sorry things went so badly. Forgive me.

Affectionately,
Janet

June 5

Dear Peter,

It was good seeing you again, though surprising, of course. One can never trust this city. It certainly doesn't hide people. You were looking very well and sounded excited over your summer. I'm sure the summer in California will not be without its memorable moments and its fun, too.

I didn't have a chance to tell you that my roommate was being remarried the end of this month and that the apartment will be wholly mine. Fortunately, I've gotten a much higher paying job so with some skimping here and there I'll be able to afford it.

Have a pleasant summer, Peter, and a good year at school. And give my regards to Irita and Asti when you see them again.

As ever,
Janet

—*Andrea Lopen* '60

RICHARD

Our front stoop was very narrow and had only four steps, but during the summer it served as yard and playhouse for me since the rent did not include use of the apartment's backyard. It led to the street that was almost an alley because it was so narrow, and you could draw chalk hop-scotches in the middle without worrying about many cars coming along to erase the lines. Hop-scotches always stayed on our street until it rained. I sat on the cool cement steps, reading Comic Books and chasing flies when the screen door across the street slammed. Richard stood on his front porch.

"Hi, Sarah," he called to me. Between us, the summer day shimmered from the hot asphalt street.

"Hello, Richard," I answered. "I got some new comics. Do you want to read them?"

He walked slowly across the street, carefully searching for the biggest tar bubbles, snapping them with his feet as he came. He wore shorts and an old polo shirt that he'd been wearing all week. Mother had said Richard was a towhead, and I guess he was because he had thick blond hair that always needed to be cut and would not stay out of his eyes no matter how much he tossed his head to keep it back. He sat down on the step beside me and shuffled through the comic books.

"Did you get a new *Batman?*" he asked and I handed him the one I'd just finished reading. I liked Richard a lot, but it still made me mad when my older brother would taunt, "Sarah likes Richard. Sarah likes Richard." I didn't feel like reading any more so I sat and watched Richard who chewed his lower lip and became engrossed in the adventure of Batman. Along the curbstone came a little black riverlet washing old cigarettes and candy papers with it. One of the Joneses up the street had gotten out the hose and was watering down the dust and a few of the eleven Joneses in front of their house. I could hear them shouting as they ran in and out of the water.

Richard jumped up. "Hey! Here comes Joe," he exclaimed and pulled a nickel out of his shorts pocket. "Let's get an ice-ball."

I didn't have a nickel, but Richard and I always shared when one of us didn't have any money. Joe was pushing his old white cart up the street and the row of bells along the front tinkled as he came. He stopped the cart by the curb.

"Hi, kids," he greeted us. "What color ice-ball you want today?" His black moustache wiggled on his upper lip as he spoke. Joe shaved

some ice from the big dripping block and scooped it into a paper cone while Richard and I stared at the bottles of colored syrups. On Joe's greyish-white apron were sprinkled samples of almost every flavor. Each day we chose a different flavor, so today we picked black raspberry. Joe always gave five squirts of syrup on each ice-ball, but if he liked you and thought you weren't looking, he might give you one or two extra. When Richard and I shared, he always gave us two extra squirts and an extra spoon. Richard gave him his nickel and Joe handed him the purple ice. "See you tomorrow, kids," Joe called, and soon the sound of his bells was lost amid the shouts of the Joneses who were still running in and out of the water. Richard and I walked back to our stoop and again sat down, taking turns letting the cold sweet ice melt in our mouths. I was glad Joe had stopped down our way first so that the Joneses could not see us buying the ice-ball. They never had any money and always watched hungrily with their small watermelon-seed eyes when someone else bought one. I always had a strange feeling in my stomach if I bought one when they were near. It didn't matter what flavor I got then—any kind was just cold and wet and flavorless. Once when Richard and I each had one, I could only finish half of mine so I gave it to one of the smaller Joneses. The older ones had snatched at it and fought for it until finally it fell and melted into a sticky orange stream on the dusty sidewalk. The youngest Jones began screaming and kicking until Richard and I ran back down the street.

I didn't like any of the Joneses. It seemed to me that they were all thin with dark straggling hair and they were always dirty. I never said anything to Richard about them, but from that day on, I always tried to meet Joe as soon as I could when we heard his bells coming around the corner. Richard finished the last of the melted ice, crumpled the cup, and threw it into the black riverlet. We watched it until it floated out of sight past the corner.

When it would grow dark too early to go in, Richard and I usually joined the gang that gathered under the streetlight just past our house to play "Kick the Tincan," or "Capture," or "Red Rover". We were almost always on the same team. Somehow I would feel better if none of the older Joneses were around in the evenings. They always wanted to go beyond the safety of the streetlight into the city night to upset trash cans, or if no one came, they would go off to themselves to write bad words on the streets or to smoke a stolen pack of cigarettes behind the old garage up the street. I wished I could get over the strange feelings I had when any of them were near. They were always "up the street," in that vague vicinity of dilapidated wooden houses and

garages, vacant lots seeded with broken green glass, and shops with unwashed windows where nothing was ever sold. It was a place I was afraid of; it was a point my mind refused to go beyond.

Richard came over to our stoop every day that summer and the next and the next and the next. We did coloring books together and read comic books, the next summer we listened to the old radio that I would connect to an extension cord and hand out the window, and several summers later, I learned all about carburetors, gas feed, spark plugs, and fly wheels when Richard developed a deep interest in old jalopies and drag racing. Every once in a while when Joe would come along with his old cart and the same colored bottles of syrup that had lost much of their fascination, we might still buy an ice-ball. The flavor didn't matter; Richard and I had tasted them all long ago.

I really saw less of Richard as that summer progressed than ever before, even though he'd sometimes come over and talk to me when he saw me sitting on the front stoop. He would still bang the screen door and snap tar bubbles as he came, but he was not the same tow-headed Richard I'd always known. I didn't know exactly how or when he'd changed if he really had at all. I guess I had first sensed it when I would see him disappear up the street in the evenings, his hair slicked into a wave off his forehead. I envied whatever dark mysterious attraction it was that drew him there.

One hot afternoon I sat on the cement steps reading, sometimes looking up to watch the little girls who played hop-scotch in the middle of the street. I wished the screen door across the street would open and Richard would be there. I hadn't seen him for over a week even though I had been on the stoop more than usual in hopes that Richard would come over. When I could stand the book and the hop-scotch games no longer, I ran across the street and banged on the screen until Richard's mother came to the door.

"Well, hello, Sarah," she said. She seemed rather surprised to see me.

"Hi," I answered, "Is Richard here?"

Her face was very pale under the wispy grey hair that was drawn tightly into a knot on top of her head. "I thought you knew. Richard had to . . . I mean . . . I'm sorry, Sarah." Her voice faltered. "Richard's married to . . . one of those Jones girls up the street." She turned away quickly.

The day was still very hot and the hop-scotch games went on and on because the lines were never erased until it rained. I ran back across the afternoon and cried a very long time for Richard, but I cried a longer time for me.

Gerry Reisker, 61

DEPARTURE

Martha sang. "Hush, little baby, don't you cry, Mama's gonna sing you a lullaby, hush, little darling, while shadows creep, Mama wants her Liza to go to sleep . . . ." She hummed softly, rubbing her bare toes along the rug. Liza was asleep, away back in the bedroom at the end of the narrow hall. She was here, in the dark livingroom, singing that song over and over, for company. Lately she noticed, holding her breath, that even the silence was not silent: it had a strange whistling. A searchlight whipped around . . . and around—was the airfield so close to the city?—around, slicing the night, and around. She closed her eyes: yellow and green spots melted, split under her eyelids. How, she wondered, can I see them if my eyes are closed. The yellow one, there, it was a circle, stay, please stay a circle. It burst; she opened her eyes and blinked. "While shadows creep . . . Mama wants her—." Mama wants a light on, she told the room silently, it's too dark. She got up, heavily, looking around the small room. All the lamps had white shades. All but one, the one with the green paper shade she had chosen. She would turn on that lamp, to show Harry, of course, that now she could do just as she pleased: She had never liked all that white; Harry abhorred green. It serves him right, she thought, leaving me like that without warning; she had bought the shade the morning after he had left her. Serves him right . . . damn him for leaving me.

She lit the lamp, and ran her fingers along the base; they came away dusty at the tips. Dirty lamp, dirty, dirty, wipe your hands. She laughed. She pretended that the lamp was Liza: naughty girl, dirty hands. It was fun pretending; then there were clean ashtrays, and enough milk in the refrigerator, and uncluttered floors. Liza's toys . . . one day someone would trip over them. Someone had, once, in the long-ago part of the night, with a gasp that had widened into a scream, ripping her from warm sleep. She snapped the light-cord angrily.

That shape over there, that was the table. The not-shape on the wall each time the searchlight cut around, that was her . . . no, no, it was her shadow. She held two fingers up. When the searchlight came again, she watched them wiggle on the wall. She whirled around and put her face close up to the mirror, felt it cool on the tip of her nose. "I'm healthy," she laughed, "I've got a cold nose." She turned on the lamp again, and came back hurriedly to the mirror. With two fingers,

she pulled down the corners of her eyelids. "I've got crow's feet," she heard herself say aloud, "and I'm only twenty-five; wrinkles and lines, and that tiny scar on my nose, it's all stretched out in a zig-zag." Her hair was in what Harry used to call a washwoman's knot. Damn him. She pulled out the pins, and slipped them under the rug, stepping, tiptoe, around them in a circle. "It's a fairy circle," she whispered, "the land of the enchanted hairpins, hidden beneath the enchanted rug." Harry always used to sit in the big armchair, watching her dance. "I was once a dancer," she said to the chair, "in a Broadway chorus (here she bowed very low) . . . my costume, oh, it was lovely red with sequins over the front, and black satin bows on the shoulders . . . I love to dance, running in and out of the spotlight." Like a kid, Harry used to say, applauding, like a little kid in a skimpy suit runnng through a park fountain. He had laughed then, and so had she spinning around, her arms over her head, until the chairs and tables and Harry and the sofa were one broad stripe wrapping itself about her, and she sank in the center. "The enchanted circle," she whispered to the chair, "when he was here." But he is gone, leaving me alone. It isn't fair, she remembered.

The telephone rang, and rang again. She frowned and walked over to the table.

"Hello."

"Hello, Martha, is that you?"

"Yes, Em." Who else would it be, with her own voice at this time of night?

"I called before, dear, but there was no answer."

"Oh . . . ?"

"Martha, are you all right, dear?"

"Why shouldn't I be? Please, Em, stop worrying."

"But I'm your *sister,* dear, *someone* has to look out for you now that Harry's—."

"Now that Harry's *what* . . . ."

"Well, dear, I know you don't like to hear me say it, but I have to. Why keep on pretending? Martha, Harry's dead. You'll have to pull yourself together, tell yourself he's gone."

"He's gone. He's gone (goddamn him), he's gone and left me. There, I've said it. Are you satisfied, *dear?*"

"I want *you* to be satisfied, Martha."

"Em?"

"Yes, dear?"

"What time is it?"

"Nearly ten o'clock . . . is Liza asleep?"

"When shadows creep . . ."

What did you say?"

"I *said,* when shadows creep—it rhymes with sleep, Em."

"Martha . . . come for dinner tomorrow night . . ."

"No, Em, I can't . . . as a matter of fact, I'm giving a party—."

"You? A party? Martha, *that's* the spirit, I'm proud of you. Do you know, Jack was saying at dinner, I'll have to have a little chat with Martha, she's looking so awfully upset and Harry dead three months already, she needs some cheering up."

"He's gone that long, then . . . ."

"Why, of course, dear, it was April when he left—I mean, died."

"Then I'll have to call and tell them I won't be able to come."

"Call whom, dear?"

"The people who are giving the party, naturally. It was to be a going-away party for Harry and I, that's what the invitation said, come to a going-away party for Harry and Martha Enright—." She stopped suddenly, taking the receiver from her ear. "For Harry and Martha Enright. And baby," she added, nodding at the mouthpiece. She put the receiver up to her ear, twisting the cord around her fingers.

"Hello . . . hello, Martha, are you still there?"

"Of course I'm here, Em, what in heaven's name is the matter?"

"What was all that about *going* to a party. Just a minute ago, you said *you* were giving a party."

"Did I? I'm sorry, Em, I must have made a mistake."

"Well, it's all too involved for me. I just don't understand you anymore, my own sister talking in complete circles . . ."

Enchanted ones, Em, only the mystical, pearly, magic ones, they're the nicest kind."

"Of course they are, dear. Wouldn't you like to speak to Jack? He's right here . . ."

"No, thank you, I don't need soothing."

"No one wants to subject you to that, dear, he only tries to help."

"I don't need help."

"What you mean, dear, is that you don't *want* help—please, Jack, stop tugging at my sleeve—what I was saying, Martha, was that—."

"I've got to get a match, Em."

"A what?"

"A match, a match. To light the cigarette I'm holding."

"All right, dear, I'll hang up. But I'm coming over with Jack in about half-an-hour. I don't like the way you sound . . . somehow, I feel you're not quite—Martha, would you rather we leave right now?"

"Please don't bother, Em, I'm fine, fine. He's gone . . . and left

me. See, I've said it again, and I'll say it once more, he's left me alone, he's gone and never coming back. I've said it three times tonight, that's lucky. Say goodbye to Jack for me."

She put the receiver down quickly, listening to the room. It buzzed that funny buzz; the silence was no longer a whistling, but a muffled hum. Putting a finger in each ear did not help: that only brought the noise closer, condensed like the whole ocean-sound in a seashell. They used to go to the beach, she and Harry. The first time she had ever been to a beach was with him; her mother always said they were dirty, beaches, and you never could tell when you might cut your hand on a jagged bottlecap. Her mother admitted that she had once seen a man drown, on a lovely, warm Saturday; it had ruined the day for everyone who saw it happen, for you could not possibly say, "I've spent the day at the beach," without adding, "and there was a man, drowned." Her mother was forever pleading with her, try and have a perfect time today, enjoy yourself. It was unbelievably important that she succeed. She tried her best. She and Harry had been invited to a beach party just after they were married—her first, and she hesitated going. Harry was unresponsive to her fear of taking a chance on something going wrong; on spoiling a perfect day. They had gone, after all. The afternoon was delightful, untouched by any unpleasantness.

The beach days with Harry are gone; he has taken them with him, she thought with her fingers still in her ears, I hate him, she thought with her fingers still in her ears, I hate him. She turned out the light, and sat cross-legged on the dark rug. It was as if he had walked around their life-together, like a guest in a familiar room, pulling her after him by the hand: he shouted, he wept, he sang; and in the end, with one hollow scream, he tucked everything in the room under his arm, slammed the door, left her behind, sitting on the rug. "Why did he walk out with all our belongings?" She laughed. "It was very *rude* of him—don't you think?—no warning; only that horrible scream in the dark hallway, and afterwards the eyes, staring from the body all because of a forgotten-to-be-picked-up rubber ball outside the bathroom door; no I'm leaving now; no thank you for your hospitality, my dear." It was really quite amusing when she thought of Harry that way, as a kind of burglar emptying the room, overturning the chairs and tables—solid things of existence—stuffing jewels into his pocket, the one *she* had patched; spoiling her day. It was not so funny, this theft, not as funny as she wanted it to be a moment ago. He had ruined her day; he had, in effect taken her to a beach-party and instead of thoroughly enjoying herself, he had cheated her and run away. The beach-party, she thought, why can't I get that party out of my mind,

the going-away party. For Harry and Martha Enright . . . and baby.

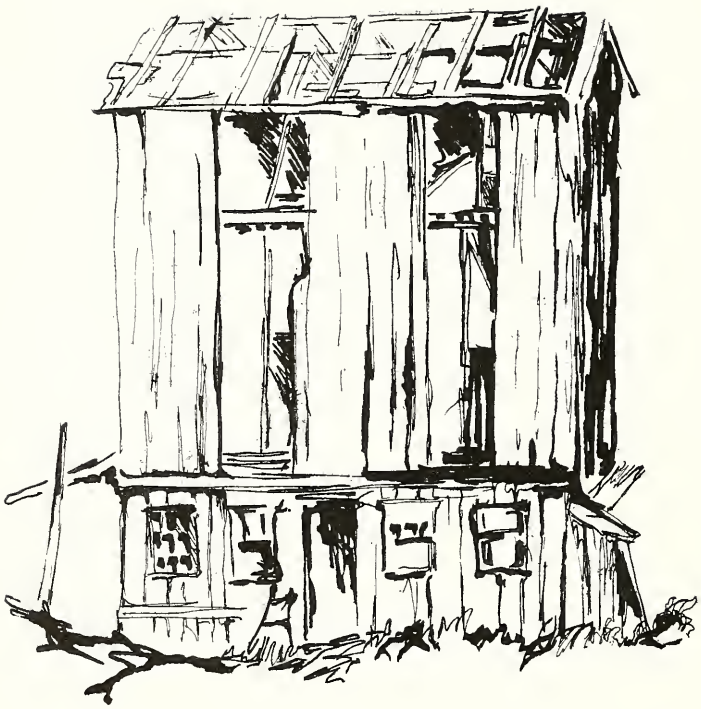
She wondered why she had not thought of that before. What was it Em had said—gone three months. It was impossible: she had received the invitation only yesterday, come to a going-away party, that was funny, why shouldn't it be, go to a coming-away party? It did not really matter. Come, go, it was all the same. Only the party counted. And that it was being given for a leave-taking.

She uncrossed her legs and stood up, clasping herself 'round with her arms. Oh, it was exciting—Harry was in the bathroom shaving wasn't he; she had laid out his dinner jacket, the white one, the lovely white one. Liza was bathed, fresh and smooth now in her crib. They were going to a party, the three of them: the perfect close to a long day.

Turning on the light again made the room less hollow; the chairs took shape, and the fountain-pen on the desk cast a thin spike of a shadow. She looked into the mirror. I shall wear my hair down tonight, she promised herself, and my blue dress. Liza will be in pink. Harry, you are taking too long in the bathroom, we'll be late. She went from the living room, down the narrow hallway, running one finger along the wall. We'll be late, we'll be late, she sang, knocking at the bathroom door. Harry Enright, what are you doing in there· Liza is dressed. I am, almost. She pounded her fists against the door. Harry, Harry, please hurry. Harry, please. Please, we won't get there on time . . . I think I'm going to cry, Harry. Don't spoil the evening by being so slow. Liza and I are waiting for you. Why don't you hurry up. Hurry up, I can't wait much longer· I'm not screaming, I'm not upset, dammit. I'll show you, I'll make you be ready on time. We three have to go to the party together, the invitation said so. Liza and I won't step out of the house without you. Do you hear?

She swung open the bathroom door, stood for a moment, and ran to Liza's room. "Liza, baby, wake up we're going with Daddy we won't let him leave us behind." It took only a minute. The doorbell rang, over Liza's scream and her own whimper. It rang again, far away, when Harry's razor slipped through her fingers, to the floor.

—Ellin Horowitz '61



—*Lauranne Gay* '60

HISTORY IN NOVEMBER

Midnight, springing fully grown
Between the tightened scissors of the clock
Snipped off unscathed in its second's bulging birth,
Notes the darkness of the season, and is dead.

Wind in from the mountains finds a wider passage now,
Dimpling up the surface of the soft cloud-cheek of Past,
And lures away the smoke around the bed.
The fir tree's naked bed to which dawn brings no joy,
Noon no restful pause, night no heated dream.

Rusted needles, fallen from the fir
And wooed to bronze-silk closeness by the snow,
Start up upon the porcupine-back earth
And dart, barbaric quills, to kill the tree once evergreen,
Dared by haughty shoulder-glances from a star
To match its dazzling flame, the fabled whirling peacock,
Total light.
Light already out of time,
Cold ash.

God, plant another tree. Not evergreen, nor any
Named in self-destroying pride. This fir
Has seen its midnight, and will die.

An hour has past. The one-hands let a slit
Of light still shine. Perhaps at least until five after . . . .

Ruth Jones '61

—Beatrice Langer '60

SUNDAY MORNING

And now—to Pray—with ease
Submit—on nylon knees
Slips into the room
A prophet sound My
Doom?

For all Debts—and Pride—I
Shift aching knees—Died
Christ for You (blameless,
Cracked oak pew)

Stone voice—stop zealot—descend—That
Precise piety
May end—God
Be with You—down the aisle
In a shaft of sunlight
Smile

Judy Allan '61

—Lee Reuland '63

THE OPEN BOAT AND THE PLAGUE

Stephen Crane and Albert Camus were born in two different centuries and nations, and yet the writing of the nineteenth century American and the twentieth century Frenchman is surprisingly close in their views on the relation between man and the universe and the value to be found in human existence. As part of their senior tutorial projects this year, Tela Cohn and Judy Levine have made analyses of Crane's *The Open Boat* and Camus' *The Plague,* respectively, that, in comparison, express the similarity between the two writers half a century apart.

* * * * * *

On January 1, 1897, Stephen Crane boarded the steamer *Commodore* loaded with guns for Cuba; at three o'clock the next morning, it sank full of leaks into the sea For thirty hours Crane was on the open sea in a ten-foot dinghy with the captain, cook, and oiler, all but the oiler finally reaching shore after struggling through the breakers from the capsized dinghy to the beeach. In Crane's search for experience, this one was among the most significant in his life because out of it came *The Open Boat,* published in 1897, an integration of theme and style that sets this tale at the top of his achievement.

The lesson of experience is the theme of this story. The characters are in a situation where environment has the upper hand, defeating, because of its indifference, their egotistical hopes, but revealing the necessity for human brotherhood. Experience's first lesson, that man is relatively insignificant in Nature, is expressed by the changes in the men's views of themselves and their relation to the sea. Crane's characteristically startling first sentences narrow attention immediately to the situation as the men themselves conceive it: "None of them knew the colour of the sky. Their eyes glanced level, and were fastened upon the waves that swept toward them." and later: "The process of the breaking day was unknown to them. They were aware only of this effect upon the colour of the waves that rolled towards them." From the beginning the reader is concerned only with the men and the waves threatening them. They interpret Nature as a personal antagonist, defining it as it pertains to their own desires. Here the waves, their terrible grace" and "snarling of the crests" echoing the wrath of Nature in *Moby Dick,* are wronging them like a personal enemy:

> These waves were most wrongfully and barbarously abrupt and tall . . . . it was not difficult to imagine that this particular wave was the final outburst of the ocean, the last effort of the grim water.There was a terrible grace in the motion of the waves, and they came in silence, save for the snarling of the crests.

Each of the four men are characterized in a few short sentences by their views of the situation. The cook is active and opinionated, concerned with the immediate: he "squatted in the bottom," looking "with both eyes," at the gunwale separating him from he ocean; often he shouted, "Gawd! that was a narrow slip." The oiler is quiet and stoic; the captain at this time seems conquered by the foe, lying in the bow:

> . . . In that profound dejection and indifference which comes temporarily at least, to even the bravest and most enduring when, willy-nilly, the firm fails, the army loses, the ship goes down.

The correspondent, obviously Crane, keeps posing to himself, the same question: he "wondered why he was there," an ironical comment on man's inability to find reasonable explanations for his struggles.

They hope for rescue as they near an inlet, despite the apparent blackness of the situation, but their hopefulness is a necessity for maintaining their morale. Nature again replies contemptuously: the gulls fly mockingly around them. Their precarious position, trying to stay afloat against all these apparent attempts of Nature to defeat them, makes each man's movement vitally important, each one holding the lives of the others in his hands: "The very ticklish part of the business" was when the time came for changing positions at the oars; "It was all done with the most extraordinary care." But Crane makes the point that the men feel a "subtle brotherhood" going beyond the principle of survival, an affirmation of comradeship born of sharing a battle experience against a common enemy. The following paragraph, Crane's comment on both the immediate event and his own general attitude, is vital to his theme of the value of human experience, a positive assertion not only of devotion to the commander as the means of survival, whether a ship captain or army general, but also "heart-felt" brotherhood among men:

> It would be difficult to describe the subtle brotherhood of men that was here established on the seas. No one said it was so . . . But it dwelt in the boat, and each man felt it warm him . . . They were friends—friends in a more curiously iron-bound degree than may be common . . . It was more than a mere recognition of what was best for the common safety. There was surely in it a quality that was personal and heart-felt. And after this devotion to the commander of the boat, there was this comradeship, that the correspondent, for instance, who had been taught to be cynical of men, knew even at the time was the best experience of his life.

As they near the lighthouse, they ride "impudently . . . with an assurance of an impending rescue," but again Nature has the last word;

the lighthouse is apparently deserted. Then, in a passage repeated throughout the story, the author formulates the men's rage at this discovery, this human rage at Nature which man insists on doggedly personifying as benevolent or malevolent. The passage ends with the attitude that the situation is both absurd in Camus' sense of the term as unexplainable, and infuriating, man shaking "his fist at the clouds":

> "If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned —if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life? It is preposterous. If this old ninny-woman, Fate, cannot do better than this, she should be deprived of the management of men's fortunes . . . The whole affair is absurd.—But no; she cannot mean to drown me· She dare not drown me. She cannot drown me. Not after all this work." Afterward the man might have had an impulse to shake his fist at the clouds. "Just you drown me, now, and then hear what I call you!"

They endure further mockery from a man waving gayly at them from the shore, an ironic comment on the contrast between the seriousness of the situation when viewed from the boat and its unimportance when viewed from a distance. Now all that is left is endurance without hope, and the men endure admirably, taking turns at the oars and keeping each other warm, now, even stronger, a brotherhood in despair and helpless rather than hope. As the correspondent sitting alone at the oars sees the fin of a shark following the boat, he again asks the question "If I am going to be drowned . . . " This time, however, the threat of the shark, brings home to him the impersonality of Death. He acknowledges that the so-called injustice of Nature is really an Indifference, that his death would be little loss to the universe. He protests his right to love himself, but Nature answers:

> A high cold star on a winter's night is the word he feels that she says to him. Thereafter he knows the pathos of his situation.

His realization that Nature's Indifference answers with death is made vivid by his sudden recollection of a childhood verse, "A Soldier of the Legion Day Dying in Algiers." Before it had left him indifferent; his experience lacked the concept of what death meant. But now "it quaintly came to him as a human, living thing · . . stern, mournful, and fine . . . The correspondent . . . was moved by a profound and perfectly impersonal comprehension." From this, the correspondent reaches a deeper realization. As the dinghy again approaches land and

the sight of a "tall wind-tower," the correspondent, recognizing the threat of death and the impersonality of Nature, sees life as suddenly that much more precious, something to be developed for the most good that can be gained from it in the short time each life has:

> This tower was a giant, standing with its back to the plight of the ants. It represented in a degree, to the correspondent, the serenity of nature amid the struggles of the individual—nature in the wind, and nature in the vision of men . . . She did not seem cruel to him then, nor beneficent, nor treacherous, nor wise. But she was indifferent, flatly indifferent . . . A distinction between right and wrong seems absurdly clear to him, then, in this new ignorance of the grave-edge . . . . he understands that if he were given another opportunity he would mend his conduct . . . .

He has fully recognized the worth of brotherhood and the worth of life itself. It is this complete realization of theme that lifts *The Open Boat* to a positive assertion with no doubtful ironies. From the affirmation of human value comes the courage to face death. The men find themselves in their recognition of the preciousness of their lives and their responsibility for each other, hanging over the newly discovered "ignorance of the grave-edge":

> The correspondent, observing the others, knew that they were not afraid . . . There were no hurried words, no pallor, no plain agitation. The men simply looked at the shore.

As the correspondent approaches the shore finally reaching safety, he again asks himself the "absurd" question, and Crane's comment implies that perhaps man's egotism is not only inevitable but necessary for considering life valuable:

> He thought: "I am going to drown? Can it be possible? Can it be possible? Can it be possible?" Perhaps an individual must consider his own death to be the final phenomenon of nature.

Nature, however, has her final lesson: "In the shallows, face downward, lay the oiler. His forehead touched sand that was periodically, between each wave, clear of the sea." Linked inevitably with the hospitality of life is the "sinister hospitality" of death, but, rather than ending on this note, Crane wrote: ". . . the men on the shore . . . felt that they could then be interpreters," learning that the full interpretation is that life is worthwhile.

* * * * * *

Of Albert Camus' three novels, *La Peste The Plague,* written between 1944 and 1947, is the most positive and encompassing ex-

pression of the thought developed in *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* and *L'Homme revolte,* and his political writings as well. The heroic attempts of the doctors and others pitted against the Absurdity of the plague reveal the awakened consciousness of Men in Revolt in contrast to the passive apathy of the citizens of the pestilence-ridden town. Each of the main characters is caught up within the Absurd walls, and most react is some manner of Revolt.

The setting is in Oran, Algeria—a closed universe, as the whole city is in quarantine and no one is allowed to leave—but Camus has created a universe of his own, and has presented its citizens with a looming problem which arbitrarily imposes suffering and death.

John Cruickshank suggests that the use of symbolism in *La Peste* "allows the novel to discuss the problem of evil and of man's estrangement in the universe in those non-historical terms which Camus requires." Camus could not accept Christianity or history, i.e., Marxism, as attempts to rationalize evil found in the human dilemma. Other critics have stated that *La Peste* is an allegory, or even a parable. Which one of the three it is, is not the problem here. There are elements of all. Camus admired Herman Melville's *Moby Dick,* which is a novel of the Absurd, and abundant with symbolism as well. In this respect, *La Peste* seems to offer many interpretations without confirming any. The most common interpretation given is that the novel deals with the Nazi Occupation of France from 1940 to 1944. It is quite understandable and plausible, as there are numerous descriptions of the anguish of separation of loved ones, the rationing of food and gasoline resulting in black market proceedings, the restrictive laws and isolation camps, the brutal methods of burial and the stench of incinerated corpses.

Of all the possible meanings of *La Peste,* the most pertinent is that the plague is life itself. Tarrou, one of the characters, states that "every person carries the plague within him, for no one is free of it." The absurd in the form of the plague holds man a prisoner in the immediate present instead of liberating him. It is the symbol of man's universal fate—"The plague concerns us all." This theme is probably the least developed, but if we can interpret the plague as Absurd, then the suffering that it causes renders existence itself Absurd. This is what Tarrou and Rieux, the characters who are on the highest level of Revolt, are against. The plague also retains the quality of awakening the human consciousness. ". . . The plague has its good points, in that it opens eyes and forces one to think."

It is in the minor character of an asthma victim that we have the fullest expression of the plague as being life itself. He claims that he alone knows how to live. And how does he live?

. . . He decided at the age of fifty that he'd done enough work for a lifetime. He took to his bed and never left it again — but not because of his asthma, which would not have prevented his getting about . . . He couldn't bear the sight of a watch, and indeed there wasn't one in the whole house . . . . He worked out the time — that is to say, the time for meals—with his two saucepans, one of which was always full of peas when he woke in the morning He filled the other, pea by pea, at a constant, regulated speed·

Dr. Reiux, the central figure in *La Peste*, is "un homme revolte" just as much as Tarrou, although he is humanistic whereas his friend is more on a metaphysical plane. "Liking his fellow men and having resolved for his part to have no truck with injustice and compromises with the truth," Rieux speaks the language of men, and feels that the essential for him in fighting the plague "was to carry out well his duty as a doctor." He is thus involved in the struggle against death. In discussing the meaning of the plague Rieux tells Tarrou that ". . . he believed himself to be on the path of truth in fighting against the creation such as it is." And further, ". . . But since the order of the world is ruled by death, might it not be better for God if one didn't believe in him and if one fought with all his forces aganst death, without raising his eyes to the heaven where He is silent." The extreme suffering and death of a child causes him to protest, "I will refuse until death to love this creation where children are tortured." When a priest tells him that they are both working for the salvation of man, Rieux says that salvation is too great a word for him, that it is man's health that he is concerned with· Rieux demands order in existence and an explanation of human suffering, but God remains silent. This is what spurs his Revolt.

Although Tarrou is not a native of Oran, his role is just as strong as Rieux's. Tarrou, at the age of seventeen, had witnessed his father, a public prosecutor, ask for the death of a convicted man. In Revolt, he left home trying to find "la paix interieure" in fighting injustice and for those condemned to death. In entering the fight against the pestilence, he tells Rieux that his morality is what made him join the forces.

In an hour of friendship, the most eloquent expression of the worth of life and of Revolt is found:

Before them the darkness stretched out into infinity. Rieux could feel under his hand the gnarled weather-worn visage of the rocks, and a strange happiness possessed him. Turning to Tarrou, he caught a glimpse on his friend's face of the same happiness, a happiness that forgot nothing, not even murder.

Tarrou explains his background to Rieux. "I suffered from the plague well before I knew this town and this epidemic."

Tarrou realizes that each man has the plague within him, but instead of resigning himself to it, he maintains true revolt:

> I'm still searching for peace, trying to understand everyone, and not being the mortal enemy of anyone. I only know that it is necessary to do what one can do to cease being plague-stricken, and that's the only way in which we can hope for some peace or, failing that, a decent death. This, and only this, can bring relief to men and, if not save them, at least do them the least harm possible and even, sometimes, a little good. So that is why I resolved to have nothing to do with that which, directly or indirectly, for good reasons or for bad, brings death to anyone or justifies others' putting him to death.

This is very definitely Camus speaking. It is one of the most effective passages of *La Peste*, and should be interpreted as the summation of Camus' philosophy of life.

Tarrou goes on to explain that it is a harrowing business. It requires "la volonte" and "la tension." "Yes, Rieux, it's tiring to be pestiferous. But it's even more wearying to refuse to be." Tarrou is seeking to become a saint without God. But he died, too soon, in the last vestiges of the plague.

In *La Peste,* the recognition of common suffering—"la peste collective," as Camus calls it in "La Remarque sur la Revolte"—leads to the movement of human solidarity. It is this that Rieux and Tarrou affirmed in their revolt. Rieux, alone now, after the death of his wife and his friend, is nevertheless able to conclude: ". . . there is more in man to admire than to hate."

—Marcia Rubinoff '60

FIFTH AVENUE CRITIC

I sat in the streetcar, turning the pages of the newspaper, when I came to the pictures and review of the television production of *Hamlet* which I had seen the evening before. I saw out of the corner of my eye that the woman sitting next to me was glancing longingly at the picture. She sighed deeply. I turned toward her, and she spoke.

"Sure'n that melancholy Dane-wisha, is himself mad or no—and the poor colleen her heart in her eyes — wisha when she did away with hirsilf I cried like a child. Ah—but 'twas not himsilf was to blame. That mother of his—a real vixen she was—the wake not over, and her poor man hardly decently buried when she marries his brother. 'Tis enough to addle the brain of any young man."

She sighed again before continuing. "Though 'twas niver clear to me whether 'tis addled he was to start with, or addled he got from seein' his father's ghost—like a banshee in that lonely heath; I know I'd niver be the same if it happened to mysilf. And what do you think of that divil of a man-murderin' his own brother, thin marryin' the widow and struttin' like a paycock, that pleased with himsilf he was. You know there's a lot o' truth in that Shakespeare, he knows the English out and out—the dirty black an' tans." She noticed my questioning glance and explained herself triumphantly. "You couldn'a bin listenin' if you mane to sit thar and till me you niver heard that gravedigger say about the prince's madness that 'twouldn'a matter in England for thir the men are mad as he? Ah, and he said Dinmark was rotten, but 'tis the first I heard anyone speak against the Danes. Will, he got around a lot, that Bill Shakespeare—and was a great hand with a play, iverbody murderin' iverbody ilse.

" 'Tis the poor colleen I missed the most—sich a gintle lass too—'twas flowers she loved, tho' I niver heard o' half of thim—she was will-learned, and minded her father. Sure'n she was a God-fearin' slip of a lass. I don't blame the brother losin' his head when he found who was in the coffin—his own sister." She shook her head gravely. "Yis—even the mother of Hamlet was upset; you remimber she said hersilf 'twa a widdin' not a funeral she expicted. O, 'twas sad all right. Enough to draw blood from a stone." My new friend gave a quick glance outside the window, and without another word, she got up and plodded to the back of the streetcar.

Susan Linder '61

THE LAST DAY

It was dark on the steep road going up the hill, a spotless country-dark, unstained by the muddy reflections of man-made lights. The crisp air burned into me, kindling fire in my blood and bones. I trudged on interminably, unaware that I was climbing, past the pillow-feathered pond and the pasture where the gray Swiss cows wandered during the day, like ghosts of cows, with their far-away clangor of bells; past the ancient boulder on which someone had carved—"O Wanderer, store nicht des Waldes Frieden"—"do not disturb the peace of the forest." Then straight up over a thick carpet of fragrant brown needles on the narrow path which wound between rows of fir trees. The pines had a wind-smell, clean and cold, and they rustled gently, secretively in the dark. Then, suddenly, there were no more pine trees and I stood on the sparse grass at the top of the world. Stars glittered high and cold in the sky that was soft, black, like the scented folds of Mama's fur coat, and the wind swept over me, rustling in dry wild rose bushes that stood in a horse-shoe shape at the edge of the clearing. It was only September, but already I could smell the snow that would come. Something in me was rising, mounting up and up into the pure cold world of the stars and the music that Papa used to play on the beautiful grand piano at home in the city. I don't know how long I stood there, but at last the spell ended, and I remembered that Elli would be worried about me. I turned and ran headlong down the mountain path, down from the top of the world, sliding on the pine needles and knocking clumsily into the tall, dignified trunks of the fir trees.

When I reached the valley, where the cottage was, I collapsed on the soft grass and lay there for a while, panting, looking up at the lighted windows. I knew that inside logs would be crackling in the big stone fireplace, and my pajamas would be laid out on the warm bed, but for a few moments longer I wanted to stay outside in the cold and the dark and the peace of the forest. I liked that phrase; it had echoed in my memory again and again since the time when I was only four years old, and my Papa had first read the words to me. "The peace of the forest . . . the peace of the forest," I whispered to myself, as I slowly got up from the ground and walked over to the house.

Elli was knitting in the red leather armchair by the fire. She was a very old woman then, almost eighty, but it always seemed to me that she was stronger than either Mama or Papa. Everyone in the family called her Elli (her name was Eleanor), rather than Grossmama or

—Pat Ross '60

Grandmother. I never knew why, but I suppose it was by her own request. She looked up when I came in. "Ah, Peter, it is time you were home. The hour is late for a boy of ten to be wandering in woods."

I said nothing, but went over to kiss her as soon as I had hung my coat on the wooden peg by the door. Seeing my flaming cheeks, she jumped up from the chair.

You are cold, Liebchen. Sit here by the fire. I will bring something to warm you."

I climbed into the chair, and in a few moments she came back, bringing me a small glass of warm brandy. I sipped a little of it, feeling the strange stinging warmth that travelled down my throat and even into my stiff fingertips. Elli settled on the couch opposite me and began to talk softly, as she so often did in the long firelit evenings of my childhood, of her long-ago youth on the mountain farm, and of her gay life as a singer in Vienna, the wonderful Alt Wien of Johann Strauss and kindly old Franz Josef with the St. Nicholas beard. It was from her too, that I heard the age-old German folk tales of goblins and trolls and spirits that dwelt in the trees and the mountains. She talked on and on, as I drowsed in the soft depths of the chair, and finally she saw that the fire had died down to a few glowing embers, and that my eyes had almost closed, and she said, "You are tired, Liebchen. Come."

I got up and drowsily climbed the steep, ladder-like steps to the little room under the eaves where my brother, Fritz, and my little sister, Lise, were already sleeping. I set my candle down on the bureau, and in the silence of the gently breathing house, I could hear occasional tiny sputterings of wax, as my candle flickered in the breeze blowing through the open casement.

I wondered why Mama and Papa had not come yet. Elli had said they would be here tonight. Oh, well, surely they will be here in the morning, I thought, as I nestled down under the pile of soft quilts. Later that night I woke up, and I seemed to hear movement and talking in some part of the house. I listened more closely. It was Mama and Papa. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but I knew that something was wrong. I had heard them quarrel before, shouting and weeping, like the time when Papa hurled the glass of wine against the wall, leaving a blood-red wound on the wallpaper. At times like that, Elli would shake her gray head sorrowfully and say that Papa had a terrible temper, but it was because he was a very great artist. But this time it was different. The voices simply went on and on, low and urgent and intense, and I wanted to get up and ask what had

happened, but I was afraid. Finally drowsiness overcame me, I turned over and went back to sleep.

I woke up the next morning when Schatzi jumped up on my bed and began licking my face. I wrestled with her a little, and she started to bark wildly, waking Fritz, who dived down from his bunk on top of Lise. The edge of the sky was pink with the first rays of the sun, and a rooster on a neighboring farm crowed loudly, as if in answer to Schatzi's barks, as we quickly pulled on our heavy sweaters and hurried down the steps to find Elli. In the excitement of a new day, I scarcely remembered my frightened feelings of the night before, and thought that perhaps it had been a bad dream, like the ones I sometimes had of being carried off by trolls.

We found Elli in the kitchen, baking a coffee cake for our breakfast. She had a secret recipe, handed down from her mother, which she used to make for us on special occasions, and there was never such a wonderful fragrance in the world as that scent of baking bread mingled with spices. She told us to be very quiet, as Mama and Papa did not wish to be disturbed this morning, and that after breakfast we might take some bread and cheese in our knapsacks and go out for a long walk in the mountains. She smiled at us as she poured the foaming milk into our cups and sliced the rich, steaming coffee cake, but her eyes were sad, and as I looked at her, I realized for the first time that Elli was very old

We walked out into the dew-drenched morning, and now the pine trees were warm and green in the sunlight. There was only a gentle breeze blowing, and I seemed to hear them whispering to each other, "the peace of the forest . . . the peace of the forest." I walked slowly, trying to absorb the sunlight into my eyes forever, and the whispering of the trees into my ears, for I knew somehow that I would not come there again for a long time. Schatzi had disappeared, and I whistled for her, waiting while Fritz and Lise ran gleefully ahead. She came bouncing down through the tall grass, her small brown ears bobbing eagerly as she ran. And it seemed to me that her ears were beautiful in the sunlight, and I wanted to cry because Schatzi has beautiful ears. But instead I began to search the small, jagged clumps of wild berries by the road, plucking the berries and eating as fast as I picked. They were warm and sweet on the outside, bitter with a secret, cold bitterness at the heart.

Then we began to climb the steep path which led to the top of the mountain. I wanted to go there once again, and told the two little ones that we must go and pick rose-hips for Elli. They agreed reluctantly, and came slowly, puffing as they climbed, stopping to kick

up the brown pine-needles underfoot, and to gather the small yellow flowers that glowed like candles in the depths of the green foilage. Once I heard Fritz mutter, "I wish someone would come along and give us a *ride* to the top." But we kept on climbing doggedly, as the sun rose higher in the sky, and the fingers of light that reached down to us through the pine boughs grew stronger and stronger. Finally we reached the top. Fritz and Lise ran over to the edge of the clearing to pick the bright vermilion rose-hips that Elli used for making jam. I stood on a stone ledge, looking down over the haphazard scattering of fields and forests, trying to feel some kind of goodbye. But the sunlit landscape lay unfeelingly below me. At last I walked away from the edge of the mountain and sat down to eat the bread and cheese in my knapsack. After we had slept a little, we played hide-and-seek among the fir-trees, until the shadows began to lengthen and we heard the big bell ringing from the house.

When we got back, the cottage was dark and quiet. Mama and Elli sat across from each other before the cold, sooty fireplace. Mama kissed us and looked as if she wanted to say something, then she made a little choking sound and hurried to the door, murmuring something about going for a walk. Then Elli turned to us slowly, and her old eyes were filled with sorrow and pity. She told us that Papa had gone away and we would not see him again for a long time.

"Why? Where has Papa gone?" said Fritz. Lise, disturbed by the concern reflected in our faces, began to wail noisily.

"Hush, children, sit down here quietly, and I will try to explain what has happened." Elli told us gently that Mama and Papa had not been very happy together, and that Papa, at last, had decided that it would be better to go away, but he wanted us to be good children, and practise our music, and remember him. Fritz's eyes, large and round and puzzled, rested on her as she talked. When she had finished, Lise sniffeled a few more times, and then began to tickle Fritz. Elli closed her eyes and leaned her tired old head against the back of the chair, and still I sat, staring at the cold ashes in the fireplace, trying to imagine what it would be like to live without Papa and his beautiful music that poured out into the great hush of the concert hall, his sudden changes of mood that had created the atmosphere of our lives inside the house as the weather did outside.

The next day, we packed all of the pans and dishes and blankets and books in the cottage into ugly brown boxes, then we bundled our clothes into the trunks and went back to the little apartment in the city, where Schatzi was not allowed to live. We never returned to the mountains after that, and we didn't hear Papa's music any more, and Elli

didn't tell us many stories, but stayed in her room and complained of the noise and the dampness. And sometimes, just before I went to sleep at night, I would see the stars as they looked that night on top of the world, and Schatzi's ears bobbing up in the sunlight, and hear the whispering of the fir trees. Then I would know that a part of my life was gone forever, without understanding why. But it seemed to me then that in some strange way that I could not know, we had disurbed the peace of the forest, and the spirit of the mountains has punished us and cast us out.

Cynthia Sutter, '61

—Nancy Dax '62

—*Pat Ross* '60

—*Ann Curry*

—*Jean Thonen* '61

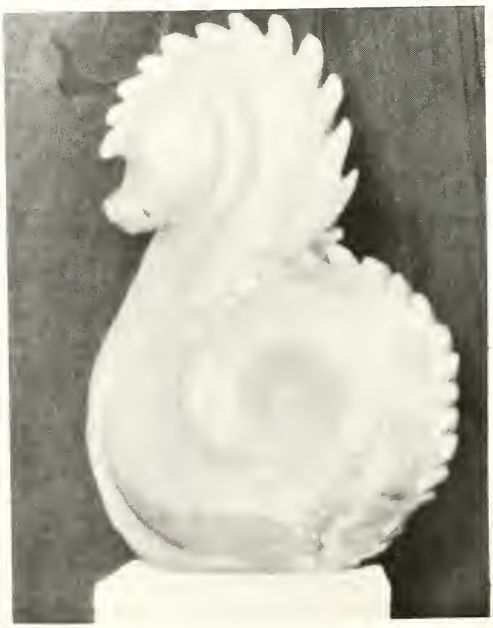
—*Ann Curry* '60

—Marcia Rubinoff '60

—Sue McMullen '62

—*Susanna Starr McFarland* '63

—*Sculpture Class* '60



—*Zoe Warwick* '62

—*Ann Curry* '60

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MINOR
BIRD

THE MINOR BIRD

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

EL RELOJ DE ORO *Katia Saks* 1

POEM *Sheila Rush* 7

FIFTH AVENUE FRAPPE *Carol DeChellis* 8

ALFRED *Nancy Beach* 9

HURRICANE *Gail Siegrist* 12

WHERE SHALL I GO? *Betsy Hammond* 13

MOSQUE OF CORDOVA *Nigar Abbassi* 16

ON THE EVE *Carol DeChellis* 21

THE DRIFT *Etta Mueller* 25

POPSICLE KIDS AT COLLEGE *Ruth Jones* 27

A MEDITATION UPON A DUST RAG *Gail Siegrist* 30

PROMOTION *Gerry Reisker* 31

TO DANCE *Nancy Beach* 37

ON SEEING JEAN ERDMAN *Etta Mueller* 37

TIME PAST AND TIME FUTURE *Barbara Paull* 39

Cover design by Zoe Warwick '62

EL RELOJ DE ORO
The Watch of Gold

by Katia Saks
as translated by Judy Allan, '61

He was eight or nine years old. In his thin, pale little face stood a multitude of freckles. His clothes were old and poor, and hung on his scrawny body, which seemed small for a child of his age. A cap, wrinkled and dirty, covered his blond hair.

He was hunched in one of the stone benches in the Plaza San Martin de Lima. From his wide blue eyes flowed a torrent of tears. His face expressed that heart-breaking sorrow which in children seems so much like despair. The tears rolled silently down his cheeks; and his chest heaved deep breaths. His small bony hands squeezed tight a shiny gilt object.

How would he tell his father? How would he explain it had not been his fault? Maybe if he felt the bruised knee and elbows, his father would be convinced that he had been shoved when he fell from the streetcar, and of course the impact had smashed the watch. The dial had been dashed to pieces and the chain torn.

Of course! He would simply go to his father and show him the shattered watch. It was the only thing he could think of to do. His father would say "Rascal!" And then he would shrug his shoulders and console him with that smile of his, slow and painful, which creased the wrinkles in his tired face.

Then, involuntarily, he began to remember the night his father placed in his hands the wonderful gift. It was in the ship full of immigrants that brought them from Poland as war refugees, a long time ago. They had found themselves in a mean third class berth, and his father's face was pale and serious. He looked at him with sad eyes, and when he spoke he seemed to be thinking out loud.

"I can hardly believe it. You are still left to me. I don't know how I've been able to keep you . . . I who have lost whatever was beautiful and desirable in my life."

And in a sudden gesture of love and generosity, he drew out of his pocket the gold watch that he always kept with him.

"Love it, my son," he said. It has belonged to your father and to your father's father. Its tic-toc has been witness to my happiness and misfortune. Take care of it. It's terribly easy to lose things in life, and once you have lost them, you do not get them back."

Penny Brown, '63

No! He could not even think of showing his father the beloved watch in this condition. He would rather die. He searched the pocket of his worn jacket and found three *solas*. Only God knew the wonderful things he had planned to buy with these three *solas*. He had saved them after long months of selling newspapers. Well, he would forget about it, and use the money to fix the watch.

He smoothed the watch with trembling fingers, staring at the shining, immovable hands under the shattered crystal. He rose and began to walk toward the first jewelry store he could see. He entered an elegant shop and peered into the glass display case. The rich look of the jewelry there encouraged him, and he looked up across the counter, his heart beating fast.

"Eh, you there, scamp," growled a figure in spectacles behind the case. "You're steaming the glass with your breathing."

The boy drew back startled. Then he stepped forward and said timidly, "Good morning. I would like to know if you can fix my watch."

"Let's see, let's see. What seems to be the trouble?" said the man with the spectacles, peering at him suspiciously.

The boy drew his treasure from his pocket and placed it gingerly on top of the red velvet that covered the counter. The watch's expensive gleam softened the salesman's ill humor. He put on a craftsman's monocle and turned the watch around and around in front of him.

"Mm. I see," he said.

"Can you fix it?"

"Naturally," grumbled the jeweler. He unscrewed the shiny lid and began to examine the watch's interior, the boy watching him intently.

"For five *solas* I can do it."

The boy felt a stab of disappointment. Five *solas!* He had thought three would be plenty. He would never be able to get the rest. Perhaps the jeweler would agree to do it for less.

He said humbly, "You see, sir, I would be so grateful if you could do the work for a little cheaper price, maybe . . . three *solas*."

The man frowned sourly. "It's impossible."

"But . . . three *solas* is all the money I have."

The boy drew out the coins and showed them to the jeweler. His eyes were moist and his hand trembled. The jeweler replied with a bored gesture.

"I ask a reasonable price and my customers do not bargain."

He finished inspecting the watch, and handed it back to the boy. Then he turned his back and directed his attention to a woman who had entered the shop.

The boy left the store despondently, his head bent forward. He walked several blocks and stopped before another jeweler's. The shop was small and dirty. Behind the counter, a fat, red-faced man was working on some small parts and springs. The man looked up, and seeing the boy, said brusquely, "Hey you, what are you doing there?"

The boy swallowed timidly. "I would like to know if you can fix my watch."

Penny Brown, '63

"That's my job," said the man. His voice was rough and he spat continually. "Bring it over here."

The boy hesitated, then handed the beautiful watch to the jeweler. The man removed the lid and examined it. He made appreciative noises in his throat.

"Will you do it? Will you be able to?" asked the boy anxiously.

"It will be a tough job, but we'll do it. That'll be eight *solas*."

The boy's eyes widened in disbelief. He stammered, trying not to cry. "Oh no . . . I only have three *solas*. The first jeweler wanted five, now you want eight. Why do you ask so much?"

"Eight *solas!* I won't waste my time for less." The jeweler was unpleasant. "You had better be on your way."

The boy reached out for the watch. As he screwed the lid back on, the fat man said in a strange tone, "I'll be surprised if you find another jeweler who will do it for less."

The boy left the store with growing anxiety. Should he return to the first jeweler? He couldn't. He trudged several blocks until he saw another jeweler's shop. He hesitated several times, then entered. Placing the watch on the counter, he explained his predicament. The jeweler, a short Japanese with dry yellow skin, listened to him, blinking his eyes. Then he said, "I examine watch." The operation of examining the watch with the monocle was repeated.

"Well?" quavered the boy. "Can you fix it?"

"Bad, but not very bad. I can fix."

"Oh, good. I'll give you three *solas*."

The Japanese jeweler scratched his nose, his eyebrows, then his chin. "I cannot do for less than twelve *solas*."

The boy stood stunned. "What?"

"I say what I say," said the jeweler stubbornly.

"Well then, give me the watch back." He tried manfully to control his tears.

"Yah, yah," said the Japanese, calmly replacing the watch lid.

A heavy sadness hung on the boy. He took the watch in his hands and left the store. And so he went, from one jeweler to another. With each one the price rose higher, until it reached the sum of forty-five *solas*. His eyes clouded with tears, and his hopes dashed, the boy entered a clean little store. Sitting at a table was an old, white-haired man. He looked up from his work and saw the boy, and his face lit with a gentle smile.

"Come in, son. What can I do for you? Did you come to see how I fix the watches?"

"No sir," the boy's voice was pleading. "I have come to see if you can fix my watch."

"Certainly. I would be happy to. Come in out of the doorway."

"Thank you."

"Let me see the watch."

"How much will it be?" asked the boy suspiciously.

"It all depends, little one," said the old man with a grin. "It won't be too much, though. If it's a simple job, I will do it free."

The boy's eyes shone. Gingerly he placed the watch in the old man's hands.

"What a beautiful jewel."

The boy watched him happily. The old man put on the monocle, unscrewed the watch lid, and gazed at it astonished. He looked at the boy watching him eagerly, and then looked back at the watch. "What do you want me to do to the watch?"

"Well, its face is broken, and it's stuck."

"I can see that the face is broken. But as for being stuck . . ."

"What do you mean?"

The pleasant old man drew his fingers through his heavy white hair. Then he took the watch, opened the case, and showed it to the boy. "*Hijo,* what do you want me to do? This watch is empty."

* * *

It was so. The cavity of the watch was empty. Each jeweler who had opened and examined it had removed a piece to make certain the next would not ask less than he. As a result, only the watch's gold cover was left.

Lee Reuland '63

POEM
Sheila Rush, '61

If—when; over and above
The less we see the more we love
Oops—down; out and beside
A world of men; a world of lies

Up and about; but—now
Dirt trailing the sacred cow
In and around; ah—then
A sermon on a life of sin

And—so; under and along
Endorsed rhymes squash the song
Either—neither; beneath and with
Babies suckled on sweet strained myth

FIFTH AVENUE FRAPPE

Carol DeChellis, '61

Crazy moon
swung icily
down . . .
down . . .
down.
Leering exhaustedly . . .
frozen
White, frosted night
crunched slowly around
And the wailing car belled by.

At the corner, the bold intruder swept into our coats;
Rough wools clinging we crossed . . .
Feet silly with ice seeking the curb
slipped . . .
down, round and fell.
Warm laughter rose up and its burgundied air
fell . . .
down on the champagned snow
And wrapped us around and warmed us together . . .
you and I . . .
and snow.

ALFRED

Nancy Beach, '63

A play in two scenes

Characters

Mother — Alice (age 15) — Alfred

Father — Little Bill (age 5)

The play involves a middle-class family, in an average American town of the present time. The name and place are not important.

SCENE I

(Dinnertime in a typical setting; all characters are seated at the dining room table.)

Mother: Bill-ee, turn around to the table and eat your dinner. Now Alice, what were you saying?

Alice: Well, Mother—it's just too divine. I mean too divine! He is actually taking me—lucky me—to the dance. Isn't that too stupendous for words? I mean just . . .

Father: Alice, try to use normal language when you speak. I realize that this boy is not ordinary, but try to be coherent, at least.

L. Bill: I have a new friend.

Mother: (to Little Bill) That's nice dear. (to Alice) Now, Alice — what about a dress? Your blue would be nice, I think.

Alice: But Mother! I've had that thing for years and I saw this absolutely too divine . . .

Father: Alice!

Alice: Sorry, Father. I saw this divine dress down-town today, and I thought it would be just too wonderful if . . .

Mother: Alice, you know we've spent a lot for clothes this year for you. I just don't know . . . (pause)

L. Bill: His name is Alfred.

Mother: (to Little Bill) That's nice, dear. (to Alice) You'll have to ask your father.

L. Bill: Why do I have to ask Father about Alfred?

Mother: Bill, I was not speaking to you.

Father: My answer is no, since your mother seems to think that the blue thing will do.

Alice: But Father— . . .

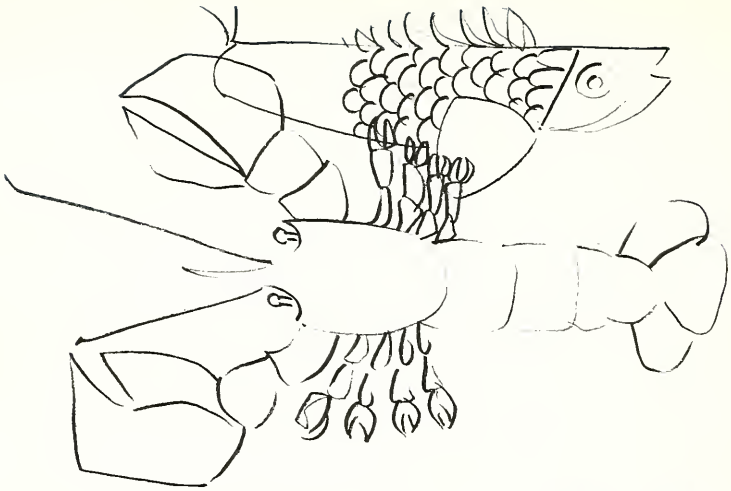
Father: That's all!

Mother: We'll talk about it later, Alice.

Father: Now Little Bill, what about this friend?

L. Bill: He's my very, very best. See? He's right next to me. Say hello, Alfred.

Father: (sees no one there) How-do-you-do, Alfred. I'm very glad to meet you.
L. Bill: He likes you, Father.
Father: I'm glad, Bill. Where did you meet him?
L. Bill: He just came for a while.
Mother: Little Bill, your imagination is priceless!
L. Bill: (hotly) He is not my imagination—he is my friend!
Mother: Yes, dear. Would he like to eat with us?
L. Bill: (turns to his right, then back again) No, thank you, he says. He has just eaten.
Father: Tell him to come again sometime.
L. Bill: Oh, he's going to live with us.
Father: Fine, dear, fine.
Alice: Yes—that's just fine! We can afford to feed an imaginary boy, but not get me a new dress. Bill—I wish you would imagine me a new dress.
L. Bill: I'll try, Alice.
Alice: Thanks loads!
L. Bill: Isn't he beautiful?
Mother: Yes, he's lovely, dear.
Father: What makes him so beautiful, Bill?
L. Bill: Because he's black.
Mother, Father, Alice: BLACK!
L. Bill: Yes, like the picture of the boy on my African book. I think he's beautiful.
Father: Bill—you can't have a friend like that.
L. Bill: But I do, Father.
Father: Don't you understand? He's not like you. You're not black and he is. He's different. You don't understand now, but you will some day.
L. Bill: But he's my friend! He is clean and nice.
Mother: Bill, why don't you find another friend?
L. Bill: NO, Mother. *He's* my friend.
Father: William, I don't want you to talk about him or think about him anymore. I don't want even an imaginary blackie at my table. Now the matter is closed.
L. Bill: But Father . . .
Father: I said that is all!
L. Bill: Yes sir.



Penny Brown, '63

SCENE II

(The next evening; dinnertime again; all are seated except Little Bill who is front stage right talking to Alfred).

L. Bill: Now, Alfred, be nice and no one will mind.

Mother: Bill—ee! Come to the table and stop your jabbering.

L. Bill: Yes, Mother. (moves to his seat).

Father: You weren't talking to that Alfred again, were you?

L. Bill: No, Father. I was talking to white Alfred.

Father: That's better.

Alice: How did he get like us, all of a sudden?

L. Bill: Oh—he's not like us. He has flour all over him, so he looks white.

Father: William—leave this table. Go to your room and don't come down again until you forget this Alfred thing!

L. Bill: Yes sir. (moves to stage right) Alfred, I guess you have to go. Come back again someday, and I'll sneak you in. (moves back to the table) He's gone, Father.

Father: Good boy! You're too big to be thinking of imaginary things anymore.

L. Bill: Yes sir.

Father: And you must never have a blackie for a friend of any kind—hear me?

L. Bill: Yes sir.

Father: Now you're a good boy. I was worried for a while. But, you're a good boy now.

L. Bill: Yes sir.

HURRICANE

Gail Siegrist, '62

Hurricane warnings had been posted since noon of the preceding day, and one had only to peer out at the torturous sky to know that the coast was in imminent danger. But, the wet heat of our cottage was oppressive, the air dank and musty, and little light filtered its way through slits in the drawn and bolted shutters. Walls danced with eerie flame figures; these were our last candles hissing and sputtering on the table. If only there were something to do . . . to ease this waiting, waiting, waiting. Listen to the surf. It must be angry. Pounding, beating against the beach, breaking up pebbles, then sucking, drawing all along the sand and into the sea.

Suddenly the cottage was behind us and we were running along the beach. Shells crunched under bare feet; faces were cooled by sea spray that fell in a fine salty drizzle; black amethyst sky was smeared with sooty clouds, laced with streaks of weirdly bright light. Ocean crested with churning, frothing whitecaps, splotches of angry green water tossed foam high into the air. Running with the wind at our backs, faster and faster, beach illuminated in flashes, stumbling over our feet, we were drunk with the exultation of our own daring.

Turning into the wind, excitement was sobered by a chilling, nervous fear. Sand needled our skin, jabbing sharp thrusts of pain; wet clothes molded themselves to form, while wind whipped our slickers in a frenzied dance. Hard rain tattooed craters in the sand . . . flesh . . . while hot tears squeezed their way into the blackness. Leaning far into the gusts, falling, crawling now with lungs bursting for air, our heads throbbed from the roa and pound of the sea. Sonorous rumbles, electrifying crackles, each brought the tumult closer to the two figures huddled close on hand and knees, waiting . . . praying . . .

WHERE SHALL I GO?

Betsy Hammond, '63

She sat by the window caressing a bit of velvet ribbon and humming an odd little tune. The ribbon was bare in patches, worn smooth and shiny by the movement of her fingers. Presently she would go to the drawer for a lollypop; but not yet, she must savor her pleasures. Last week it had been chocolate, sweet milk chocolate made in a mountain village in Switzerland. It had been stirred and molded by a man in a Tyrolean hat, and stamped with a flower stencil. She had loved the mountain village, where houses were decorated like Christmas trees. She had walked in the streets and waved to ruddy faced men and women, and climbed an Alp to gather a bunch of yellow primroses. A young goatherd, named Hans, had shared his lunch of sausage and cheese with her. She sighed.

"Where shall I go?"

"Oh, Tibet would be too far and I have already been there." It will have to be closer. Perhaps it might be France . . .?

She smiled and folded the ribbon. It was almost time. She brushed a bit of string from her lap. Everything was so very untidy. She opened the drawer and removed the lollypop. It was so pretty; yellow with a tiny bunch of purple grapes in the center. Made in France, that's what it had said on the box. She licked it again and again, her tongue darting in and out, a hummingbird sipping nectar. It would last a long time; for it was made in France . . .

Yes! She could see the small factory beside the Seine. It was a dirty gray color and the river sloshed against the foundation. Above the door was a gay sign depicting a huge green lollypop. She felt shy, she could not enter. She did not know a soul, but it did not matter, for the place seemed quite empty. Suddenly she heard music, gay, twinkly, hurdy-gurdy music. She was sure she heard children singing too. She held her breath as they came around the corner. An old man was pushing the hand organ. His swarthy face was shining with grease. He smiled a picket-fenced grin and held out his hand.

"Come. Join us. We are going everywhere, singing, laughing, and having fun."

"Oh," she said, "I want to go so much, but I might be late for dinner and then what would they say."

"What do you care?"

The children grinned, smudged-nose gremlins with plump legs and striped jerseys.

"Come," they sang, "please come."

One small child reached for her hand. "We are going to the vineyard to eat grapes." His hand was soft and pink, like a little round

Lee Reuland '63

pincushion. She loved him at once and felt a yearning to be close to him always. She held his hand tightly and they went winding off in a straggly procession after the Hurdy Gurdy. The road was rough and became smaller and smaller as they moved forward. The child stopped to pick a bright bouquet of daisies.

"Here," he said, "they're for you."

She took the flowers in her hand and she felt tears fall fast like a rainshower. "Stop. You're making a fool of yourself. Children do not like tears . . ."

Onward they went. The sun and the lingering scent of warm grapes made her gasp. Almost she had made it. Hugging the moment to her as she did the daisies, she felt the love about her was too much to bear. Delighted, she watched a cloud stream across the soft blue sky, and a crystal brook frothing lacy foam about bits of sand and grass. This was the core, the soul, the wonder of life . . .

They had stopped. Before them rolled the terraced vineyard, arbor after arbor of full, rounded fruit. The Hurdy Gurdy man took a large rag from his pocket and wiped his face. He laughed aloud.

"Well, children, we have reached our heaven."

He limped slowly toward the first arbor and pulled a large bunch of grapes down. "Look. Look." he yelled in joy as he held the fruit to the sun. He took one grape and rolled it between his fingers. Satisfied, he popped the globe of sweetness into his mouth. Quickly he tossed bunch after bunch to the children clustered about his feet. Open mouths and scrambling hands . . . Dared she rush into the center?

The man smiled at her, and the smile seemed to say, "Begin now. Don't wait." So she ate grape after grape, their clear skins breaking in her teeth and the juice enveloping her in sweetness. Gasping and laughing, they rolled on the grass and sang songs. Clear, crisp little songs that only children can sing in an arbor full of grapes. The moment was in her and around her full and ripe, and there was so much she wanted to ask and . . .

The door opened, it was time for dinner. She slipped the candy behind her. No, not now, please. I didn't have time to ask. I forgot to question why there was no monkey. Proper Hurdy Gurdys always have monkeys. Why do you always look at me that way? The tray was pushed toward her. The attendant thrust the tray toward her. It was covered with a white cloth. Antiseptic, clean white . . . the frilled handkerchief was folded in a starched pocket . . . Oh, children, I didn't have time . . .

The door shut and clicked as the key turned. Alone. Slowly she lifted the white cloth. Upon one cracked white plate a bunch of shrunken grapes writhed in impotence for more time.

MOSQUE OF CORDOVA
as translated by
Nigar Abbassi, '61

Sir Muhammad Iqbal, 1873-1938, is today recognized in Pakistan as the greatest Muslim poet and philosopher of the nation. Muslim nationalism in India owes its beginnings to the writing of Iqbal. He was the first to have conceived of a homeland for the hundred million Muslim in India, which was to become the largest Muslim nation in the world.

The following poem is a translation of one of Iqbal's great poems titled, "Mosque of Cordova." The mosque becomes a symbol of what Iqbal later called "Pakistan," the land of the pure.

* * *

Day succeeding night . . . moulder of all time's works,
Day succeeding night . . . fountain of life and death.

Chain of nights and days . . . sigh of eternity's harp;
By its bass and treble God's music is wrought.

What meaning have your days and nights?
They are a long wave of time without light or dark:

All Art's wonders arise, only to vanish once more,
Lacking endurance, as if built on sand.

Things inward or outward, first or last, must die:
Ancient or new, all patterns are graven in death.

Yet, in this frame of things, immortality glows
Where the servant of God has wrought into high shape

Work whose perfection bears the radiance of Love.
Love, the well-spring of life; Love, which is forbidden to die;

Though a swift and tyrannous flood is the current of time,
Love itself is a tide, arresting all other waves.

In you is revealed the secret of the Man of God,
Fire of his ardent days, rapture of his melting nights;

Julie Helgesen '62

Here his high station displayed, here his high-mounting
thoughts;
Here his joy and desire, humility and pride.

As is the hand of God, so the Believer's hand:
Creative and dominant, it eases and restores.

Round his servant's firm faith God's compass turns;
All this cosmos is but a shadow and a myth.

Now in the soul of Islam, the old tumult is astir;
Working God's secret will, which no tongue can tell.

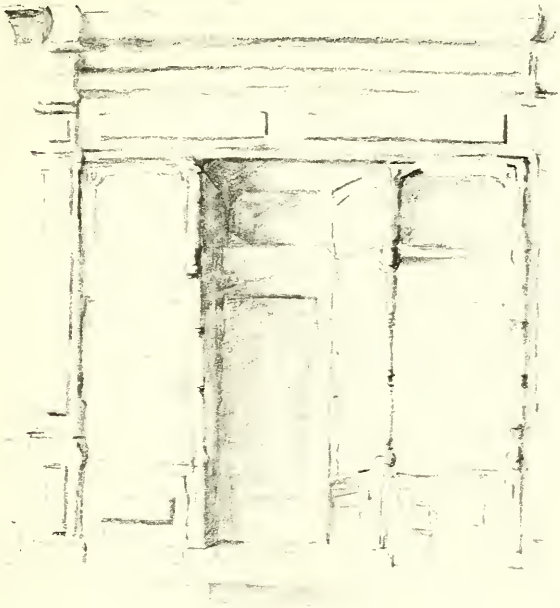
Destiny's curtain still masks the world to be,
Yet, already, its dawn stands before me unveiled.

Death, not life, is the life no revolutions stir;
Nation's souls are sustained by the tug and strain of change.

Editor's note: *This poem was recited in its original form in Urdu (the national language) by Nigar for the Pakistan Day celebrations in New York, December,* 1959.

The Spirit of Shadyside

Zoe Warwick '62



ON THE EVE
A Dialogue

Carol DeChellis, '61

On the eve
of the New Year . . .

immunization of the future, regurgitation of the past . . .

Evelyn . . ., Come out,
come out here, Evelyn, where
Everbody is . . .
It's nice out here, Evelyn . . .

No, Mother.

It's exciting sometimes, too.
Of course not when the men cry
and the women vomit . . . but then
we don't look . . .

Which is your only way of seeing.

and so it isn't bad.

A word without an essence, a value, only an opposite — good, which means I like it, it isn't unpleasant, I don't mind, Mother, if you don't like dissention, and war, and hate because it hurts in that far cry of you too deep to scream but that isn't why you don't like it, is it, is, it, is it, is IT!

What was that you said, dear?

We're going to hang you know—no, not die. Death has come to so many already, but there shall be strangling of that twine around our insides—no doctor can cut, nor time unwind, nor future reveal, only thought and love can rot that—but can they get by? Can they defy the cankerous judgement?

Evelyn, it's so dark in there, dear.

Your light is the source of obscurity, Mother, and you think you see; your dark is the absence of your light; my dark is the revelation of another light.

Connie Merlino '62

Come out, and talk to me,

Words, words, the new gods of "civilization." Of course we'll talk it out, and you will shatter me. I will be dispersed and everything will be better because your lips moved and sounds came . . . and all that time there has been nothing . . . only the yearning of a softness that yearns to speak . . .

Come and talk!

and you know only words.

Now dear, we can't stay mad
like this, can we?

No no we can't stay mad like this
but what shall we do with the
crying hearts and the dreaming
souls and the desperate
clutch of the child?

Would you like an aspirin, dear?
you might feel better,
and a little less moody . . .
Just open your door, dear, and
let some light into that room.

And what of my beautiful dark — shall it have to run inside and quiver there like the warm birds I carried under my jacket—near my heart — those birds that fluttered and quivered there, and were so warm there, and you took them in your hands . . .

This is so silly, over a
couple of birds.

And put them in the light . . .

They're dead and buried now
anyhow, to soar no more, so
don't think about it . . .

I shall not think of it . . .

And that will be the end of that.

And perhaps that will be the beginning.

Mary Riley '63

THE DRIFT

Etta Mueller, '62

She danced across a rippling dune,
Laughing at the foamy tongue
Which lolled upon the shore;
Swirling up the floor
Of drifting sand.

"A golden song of love I'll sing,
Forge it in my flaming soul,
And drown the silent hymn,
Mocking at the rim,
Of drifting sand."

"I'll catch a wreath of emerald green,
Wind it in my blanching hair."
But only sea-spewed bones
She found: rattling crones
Of drifting sand.

She whirled in circles 'round the bones.
Flung them to the patient hand
Which curled a fingertip
Brushing smooth the strip
Of drifting sand.

Judy Hicks '61

Mr. Jerry L. Caplan

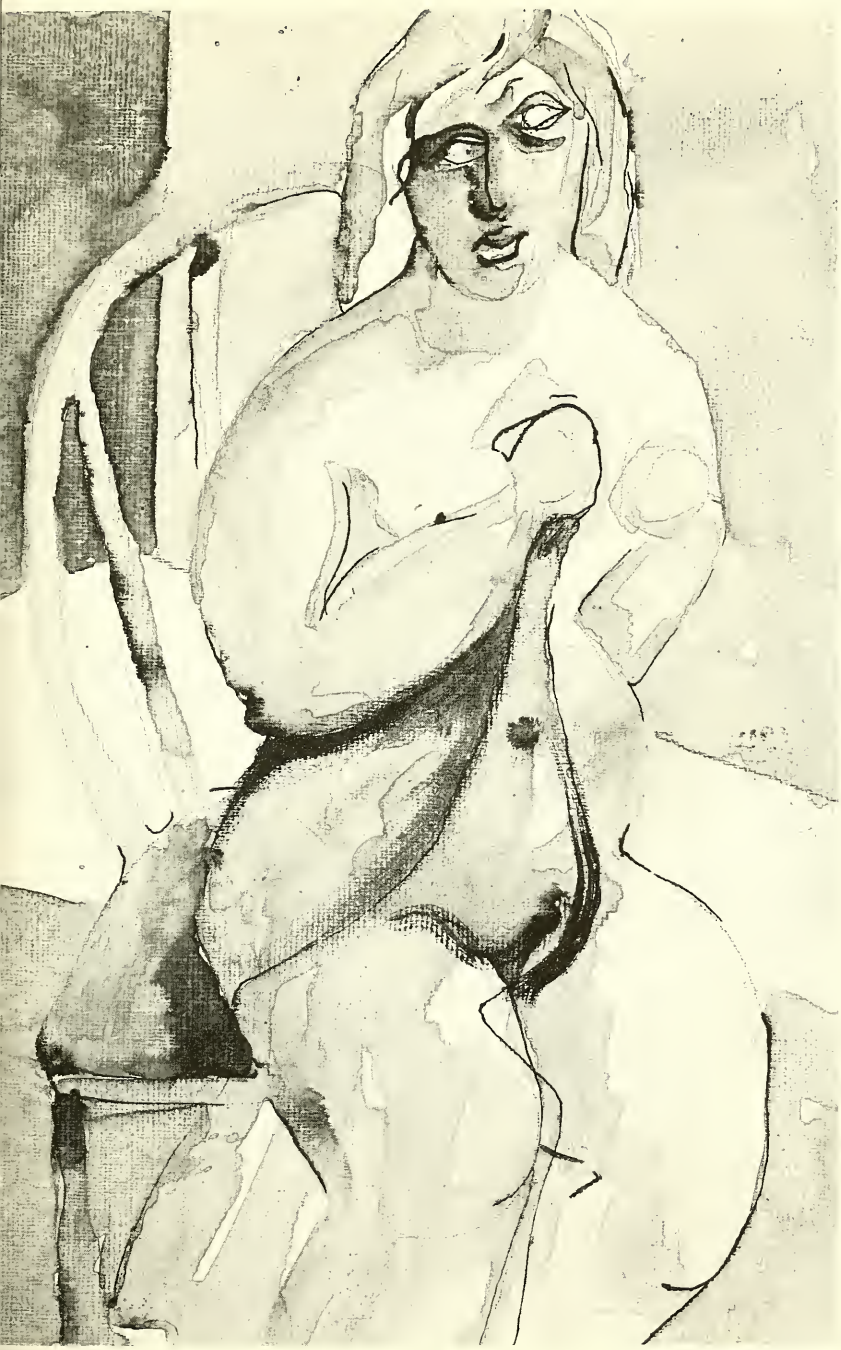
POPSICLE KIDS AT COLLEGE

Ruth Jones, '61

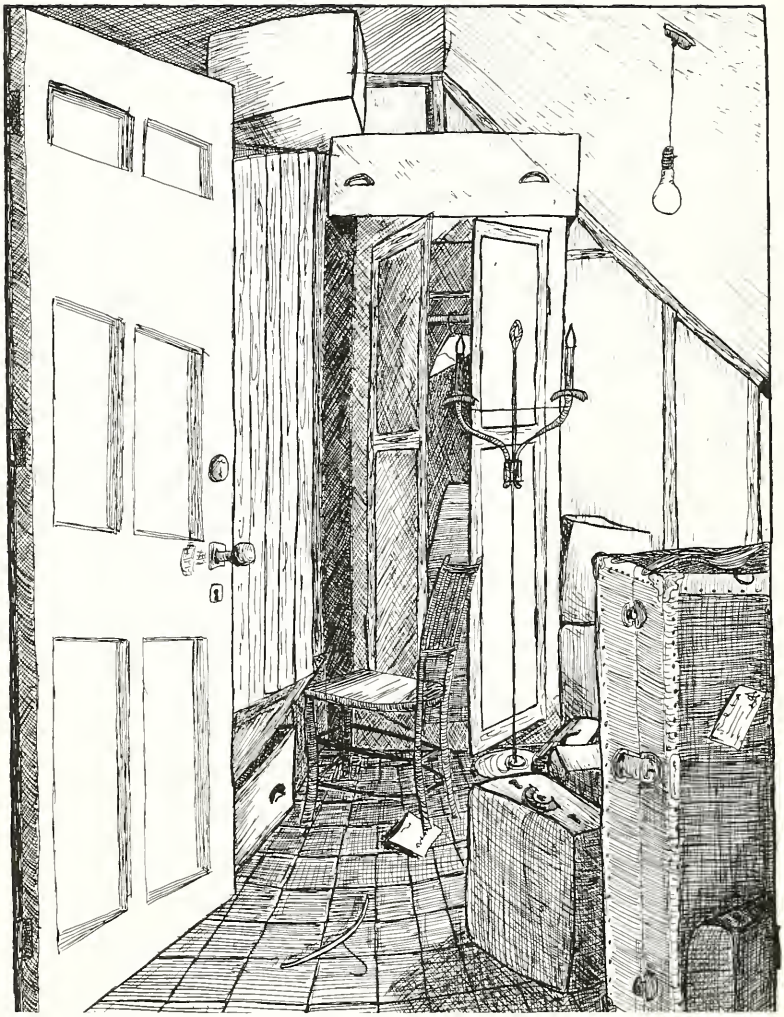
(The following poem was inspired by a painting of the same name done by Mr. Jerry L. Caplan.)

Mister Caplan's world is sunlight,
trickling down from frozen sticks
into mouths of innocence,
which fades into our bartered past
and comes up exhaled smoke as we trudge
through the halls out into rain.

We feel the chill.



Lee Reuland '63



Betsy Potter '62

A MEDITATION UPON A DUST-RAG

According to
The Style and Manner of the Honourable
Jonathan Swift's *Meditations*

According to
The Style and Manner of the Honourable
Robert Boyle's Meditations
Gail Siegrist, '62

written in the year 1960

This crumpled dust-rag, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected closet, I once caressed on a ball room floor. Then it was pressed and pleated, studded with pearl, and so full of Male. Vain of its glittering whiteness, fragrant with spice, it glided from one lovely lady to the next, resplendent of an atmosphere of gaiety and wealth. Party life told hard on such a delicate cloth, and it was soon condemned to be worn by the adolescents of the household, who considered the frays apropos to its new usage. Having viewed the world of textbooks and pony-tails, Hi-fi's and sneakers, now spotted and threadbare beyond recognition, it was torn into strips and squares, bearing hardly a semblance of its former state, and destined to spend its remaining days in domestic service. Glittering white, it turned to grimy gray; pungent spice gave way to rancid oil and strong detergent smells, and greasy stains and clots of hair disguised the once grand fabric. When I beheld this, I sighed and thought to myself How Like Old Age This Is. Youth is so beauteous and vain, reveling in the gaiety and wealth of the ball-room; middle age frays the enthusiasm for life and exposes the follies of youth; while old age disfigures beyond all recognition of previous delicacy. To see an old woman hunched in a neglected corner one would scarce think of the grandeur that was hers in past ages, nor consider the dust-rag to have ever been less than a vile and nasty cloth. Their last days may be spent in vain regrets as they sit surrounded by the dust to which they must return.

PROMOTION

Gerry Reisker, '61

They'd worked together for almost eight years, facing one another across the short expanse of metal which served as both desk and microscope table. Each morning at 8:25, Marie snapped open the microscope cases, set up the equipment, and began examining bacteria cultures at 8:28, knowing the two minutes she saved were worth money because she'd been saving those two minutes each day for more than thirteen years. Each evening at five minutes of five, Helen returned the microscopes to their cases, cleared the table of equipment and cultures, and left the laboratory at 5:00 to change from her uniform into street clothes. Sometime during the course of each day, one or the other would acknowledge how fortunate they were to have their own small lab, removed from the insinuating eyes of Mr. E. P. Daniels, bacteriology supervisor.

When Helen had joined the company four years after graduation from the state university, she'd been placed under Marie's tutorship and from then on, she and Marie had been co-workers in the windowless, fluorescent lab. Because of high competition, their harmony and compatibility were considered somewhat phenomenal by the other technicians, but after eight years and no promotions for either one, their accordance was assumed. Of course there had been some minor conflicts at first, and sometimes one might cut the other like a piece of cold broken glass. But with the fire polishing of the years, their personalities had complemented and blended except for a few barely noticeable chips.

Marie, now forty-five, prided herself most on a slim, well-proportioned figure which had been whittled by a peptic ulcer from one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Careful dieting had conquered both the ulcer and the overweight. Crisp, home-permanented grey hair made her look her age, but with carefully applied make-up and soft lights, she could sometimes pass for thirty-five. At all times, she was concise and efficient—she liked two sugars in her coffee but used only one—and once she made a resolution, there was no doubt that it would be carried out. Even her expression was efficient. When it was necessary to smile, she knew just when and for how long it was proper to keep her teeth uncovered. She, too, had graduated from State after commuting four years; there were five others at home to be sent to school.

After working seven years for the company, she became surprisingly fond of her dentist and three years later accepted his ring before a justice of the peace. He was thirteen years older than she, but because he had the proper sympathetic attitude when she exercised her one indulgence, a mild case of hypochondria, their union was a satisfactory one. There were no children, but her time was filled with working and with keeping the apartment laboratory clean. Perhaps it wasn't really necessary for her to work, but they'd become accustomed to a two-salaried standard of living and besides, she enjoyed the strict schedule that working and keeping house imposed. When her health necessitated it, though, she was willing to alter the schedule. During the week, she permitted herself one night out for what they simply called "The Club." Helen and she and three secretaries they'd come to know on eight years' worth of coffee breaks met each Thursday night to play pinochle. Marie usually lost, but because she was the only married member of the club, she could mention the foibles of the opposite sex and feel she had not lost at all.

Lee Reuland '63

Helen was unnoticeable in almost all aspects of her thirty-three years—brown hair, brown eyes, medium height, medium build. She dressed as though she were acutely style conscious and she might have been fashionable were she dressing ten years ago. Lilac was her favorite perfume. Meeting her at a cocktail party, someone might say, "Hello, Helen," and several minutes later, speaking to her in a group of people, he'd say, "I'm sorry I haven't met you. I'm . . ." After she spoke, though, he'd remember, for when she conversed, it seemed as if she were addressing the forehead.

When she first came to work for the company, she had convinced everyone including herself that she wanted to be a career girl, but eight years examining bacteria cultures had made her surprisingly frank in admitting that she wanted only to get married. She lived at home with her parents, an older brother, one dog, and three cats. Possibly her brother outwardly epitomized all she wanted in a man—he was thirty-five, handsome, had had several promotions with the engineering firm, attended church on Sundays, smoked a pipe, and sometimes broke eighty at golf. However, typical of all men, she supposed, pipe ashes and dirty socks and shirts often appeared in the bathroom or on the just-vacuumed living-room rug.

Her college years had been fairly active socially and she'd dated an average number of average men. But they always had the wrong religion, the wrong background, or the wrong idea. Rather than think back over her college and working years, she'd smoke another pack of cigarettes and read another novel, or she'd look ahead to Club night when she could philosophically discuss the latest company romances. Once, when she was twenty-nine and just realizing she did not want to devote her life to bacteria cultures, she'd met Nick at a company picnic. Not handsome, a clerk in the accounting office, Jewish, he smoked a cigar—yet there was a magnetism about his eyes and his carefree manner that made her almost say yes when he asked her to marry him three months later. Almost. Fortunately she and Marie had discussed the situation over their microscopes. Marie examining all aspects as if it were a culture, probing and showing all the toxic elements which Helen had not noticed or thought about. Nick, of course, was hurt, married a company secretary several months later, and now had two children. Helen would sigh with relief when she thought of the mistake she had almost made.

Marie was always ready to listen, to advise her, and to help her give order to the multiplicity of life's problems and decisions. Through their hundreds of hours together, they'd carefully examined and dissected Helen's intricate, spiraling thoughts and emotions, almost reducing them to cultures. She did rather enjoy looking at her own feelings objectively through Marie's eyes. It was a good feeling to have someone who could untangle her emotions and give her life some direction.

Lee Reuland '63

On such days that Marie suffered from an earache, stomach upset, or when a cold settled in her chest and she took the day off, Helen felt much like a sparrow left to seek crumbs in the snow.

"Say, Sam, did you hear the latest?"

A balding, heavy-set man in a too-small lab coat dropped a quarter in the slot and the machine spewed forth three nickels and a cup of greyish coffee.

"You know Helen up in bacteriology? Well, ol' Daniels finally offered her a promotion to work up in Bac. T. Special. And you know what?" He paused, suspending his monotone as dramatically as possible. "She turned it down. Yep, turned it down. But that's not the half of it. The very next morning Marie asked Daniels for the promotion and got it. I guess they're thinking of making a one-woman job out of that little bacteriology lab."

With a shrug of disinterest, the balding man drained his coffee cup, crumpled it, tossed it toward an overflowing waste can, and they turned to go back upstairs.

Joan Schaefer '62

Penny Brown, '63

Lee Reuland '63

TO DANCE

Nancy Beach, '63

A dance is a poem of moving bodies
Built from the promised shapes of life.
Moving against gravity,
Defying weight and mass.
Smashing without bruising,
Pushing space away.

The tension of the dancers is
Like a thousand horses in dressage.
Every impulse followed,
Carried to the end.
The character of life
Showed in motion.

* * *

ON SEEING JEAN ERDMAN

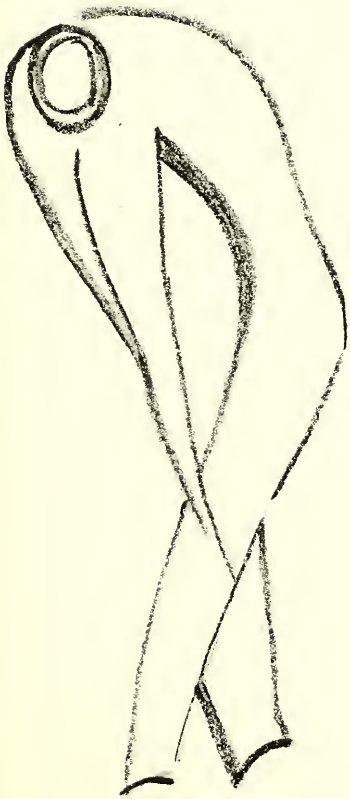
Etta Mueller, '62

When motion quickens all the universe
In idiom above, yet of, domain
Of men, my clumsy words in envy curse
Such ease of import, free from phrase's bane.
Could I converse in movement's cosmic speech,
With soaring, springing, gliding forms esteem,
Then I could swell to realms beyond the reach
Of verbal grasp: forced not to say but mean.
But awkward I flounder as I fail
To sway my balky limbs, my muscles numb,
The simplest schemes, beyond my weak avail,
Arrest me in a dream, inert and dumb.

To speak with limitations of my art
Surpasses struggling mute in alien part.

* * *

The above two poems were written in honor of Miss Jean Erdman who appeared at Chatham on October 4, 1960.



Zoe Warwick '62

TIME PAST AND TIME FUTURE

Barbara Paull, '61

"Time past and time future —
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present."
T. S. Eliot

E. M. Forster, in *Aspects of the Novel,* has stated the problem that the novelist, or narrative writer, has in dealing with time. The basis of a novel, says Forster, is a good story. The reader must want to know *what comes next.* The novel is full of "the time-sense." Forster feels that the author must deal with time, for without it he has no narrative, no story at all, as what the story does is "narrate the life in time."

However, the writer who tells only a story is not highly regarded by the critics, for there is a life other than life in time. The other life concerns itself with values. These two "lives" must co-exist for they cannot function exclusive of each other. The author, therefore, must integrate his two worlds, time and value.

The author can integrate his worlds in the traditional way, telling the story according to the chronology of its events, and stressing his values in numerous ways. Values can be expressed through moralistic essays interspersed throughout the story; through characters — the villian, hated universally by author and reader, as opposed to the hero, possessing highly coveted virtues — are contrasted; poor judgement can be shown to have disastrous effects.

In some novels, time itself becomes of value. Time is of great concern to novelists and poets, ancient and modern alike. "But at my back I alwaies hear/ Time's winged chariot hurrying near./ And yonder all before us lye/ Desarts of vast eternity," writes Andrew Marvell. Emerson writes of "Daughters of Time, the hypocrite Days,/ Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,/ And marching and single in an endless file . . ." Eliot's *Wasteland* figures scream out, "HURRY UP PLEASE, IT'S TIME" while Quentin Compson in Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* muses, "But then I suppose it takes at least an hour to lose time in, who has been longer than history getting into the mechanical progression of it," before he tears the hands off his watch; before he ultimately takes his life in the Charles River.

Writers have actually done two things with time. First, they have endowed time with value. Twentieth century society, rushing, concerned with increased liesure, keeping appointments, and showing courtesy through promptness, deems it a virtue to save time, so that we can use more of it, apparently. Many modern authors protest against a steady progression of seconds and minutes to which we must regulate our lives. They thus give time a negative value.

The second thing writers have done with time is to use it as an aid in stressing particular values rather than as a mechanism which keeps their story in order.

Time has been emancipated by modern authors who use it in their novels in conjunction with modern philosophy and psychology. A philosopher, Henri Bergson, offers a fluid dynamic concept of time, exciting and appealing to many writers interested in this problem. Bergson feels that the mathematical concept of time takes no account of real "duration." He says, in a letter to William James, "I saw to my great astonisment, that scientific time does not *endure* . . . that positive science consists essentially in the elimination of duration." Positive science depends on cause and effect to give reproducibility. Any experiment, under a controlled set of conditions, should produce identical results, *regardless of time*. This view assumes that any one moment is like any other moment. Bergson denies this. Every moment has the benefit of every preceding moment. You cannot — no one can — isolate a moment.

The only real time for Bergson is "psychological time" or "duration." Duration involves intuition, and takes into account that time is a value viewed differently by each individual. This intuition consists of grasping reality, and reality appears, of course, different to each.

We cannot know an object independent of time, says Bergson. We remember, not by a catalogue of minutes, but through association of objects, smells, impressions of a moment. These impressions combine and fade, ebb and flow throughout our memory, constantly enriching our perspective, always making us a new person. We are always becoming. To know any person then, we must get inside him, discovering his essence. We can do so through knowing his memories and perceptions, but we ourselves can never know another, can never know anything without intuition, without the realization that we must only seek within duration and never through isolation . . .

Note: Bergson's views are taken from his "*Introduction to Metaphysics*".

The staff wishes to thank Dr. Calvin W. Lane, literary adviser, and Mr. Jerry L. Caplan, art adviser, for the advice and assistance they have given in preparing this issue of the Minor Bird. We would also like to thank the students who submitted their work to the magazine.

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"And of course there must be something wrong in wanting to silence any song."

A MINOR BIRD
—by Robert Frost

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

NATURE OF LOVE'S SEEDING *Gail Siegrist* 1
MISS ALBERT'S BATH *Nancy Beach* 2
GIFTS *Anna Crone* 6
SNOW BLOSSOMS, *Etta M. Mueller* 12
FUSION *Mary Elizabeth Meek* 15
GULL, *Mary Elizabeth Meek* 16
FLIGHT *Gail Siegrist* 17
SEARCH *Nancy Beach* 23
TREATISE ON BOYS OR MATERNITY DUTY *F. Darr* 26
A SMEARICAL BALLAD *Mary Elizabeth Meek*
Gretchen Wright 31
DUSK *Etta M. Mueller* 36
THANK YOU DOCTOR *Sheila Grobe* 39
THE SUN'S LINGERING LIGHT *Joanne Zweig* 43

Cover Design by Zoe Warwick '62

NATURE OF LOVE'S SEEDING

Gail M. Siegrist

Sun, sky bright, and velvet grass,
Hair on wind, eye on fire,
Spinning and whirling in time, out of bounds,
No place with man, in step now with always.

Fervent palms and fingers twining,
Soil beneath, sky above,
Nought between, all around, eager lips searching,
Not for now, bridging time, over space, then and ever.

Earth-beat pulsing, heart's blood rampant.
Two in one, life-seed sown.
Breeze-blow field with flesh now ruggled,
Blent nature, love's triumph, earth's unnatural bliss.

MISS ALBERT'S BATH

Nancy Beach

She stopped by the pantry and picked up the silver tray. This morning she had polished it so that the tarnish, like smears of grease, had been replaced by a glow that only the finest silver could muster. It was an antique like so much in that house. Now, with the tray in her hands, she glanced about and darted up the stairs to her room. The door was then carefully shut.

She put the shining tray on her dresser, and took the starched scarf from its place in the bottom drawer. The silver caught the light, and winked through the lace border of the cloth put on it. Then she took out several small boxes and vials and placed them on the tray. She went to the closet, took off her clothes, and retrieved the silk wrapper from its hook at the back.

How cool it feels, she thought. It is so beautiful and just the right color. Who gave it to me? Let's see. . . oh, yes—Robert when he came back from Japan. You'll look more beautiful than ever, Jennifer, he said. It's a pretty name. It's got character and beauty. Jennifer. Jennifer Whitehead perhaps, or Northrup. Or maybe Worthington. Yes, I like that. Jennifer Worthington.

She took the tray filled with the sweet-smelling mixture into the bathroom.

Bathroom—that's such a common word, she thought. I should like to say I am preparing my toilette. Yes, my toilette.

One slender white hand reached over to turn on the spigot of the white enameled tub. The tray was set on a low stool, and the wrapper draped over a chair.

Now I'm ready. I think I'll try some "Mystique" bath oil today. Lovely pink bubbles and that sweet-sweet fragrance. I must be careful of my skin—not too much. Just enough to—what do they say—pamper, that's it. Just enough to pamper my skin.

One long leg stretched out, and delicately pointed at the wall. The water now lapped softly at her shoulders, and a few perfumed drops sprinkled the white tile floor. She settled back comfortably. She could easily reach to the stool beside the tub. The slim fingers closed around a mirror and brought it to her face.

Hello, Jennifer, she said. My, my we are looking well. We don't look half our age.

Using her free hand, she stroked the cake of lilac soap. Slowly, she formed a sudsy film on her face. The creamy white lather found every indentation and line.

Sally Foote '63

"Lilac Air"—that's a good name for this soap. It's so soft and spring-like. Gently now.

The face was obscured as the mirror began to mist. She put it down, and then reached for a small bottle on the tray. Counting slowly, she released ten drops from the amber glass.

"Morning Dew," she said. A lovely name. It belongs to a Jennifer.

To freshen the skin, the directions explained. Now, all the ingredients were combined.

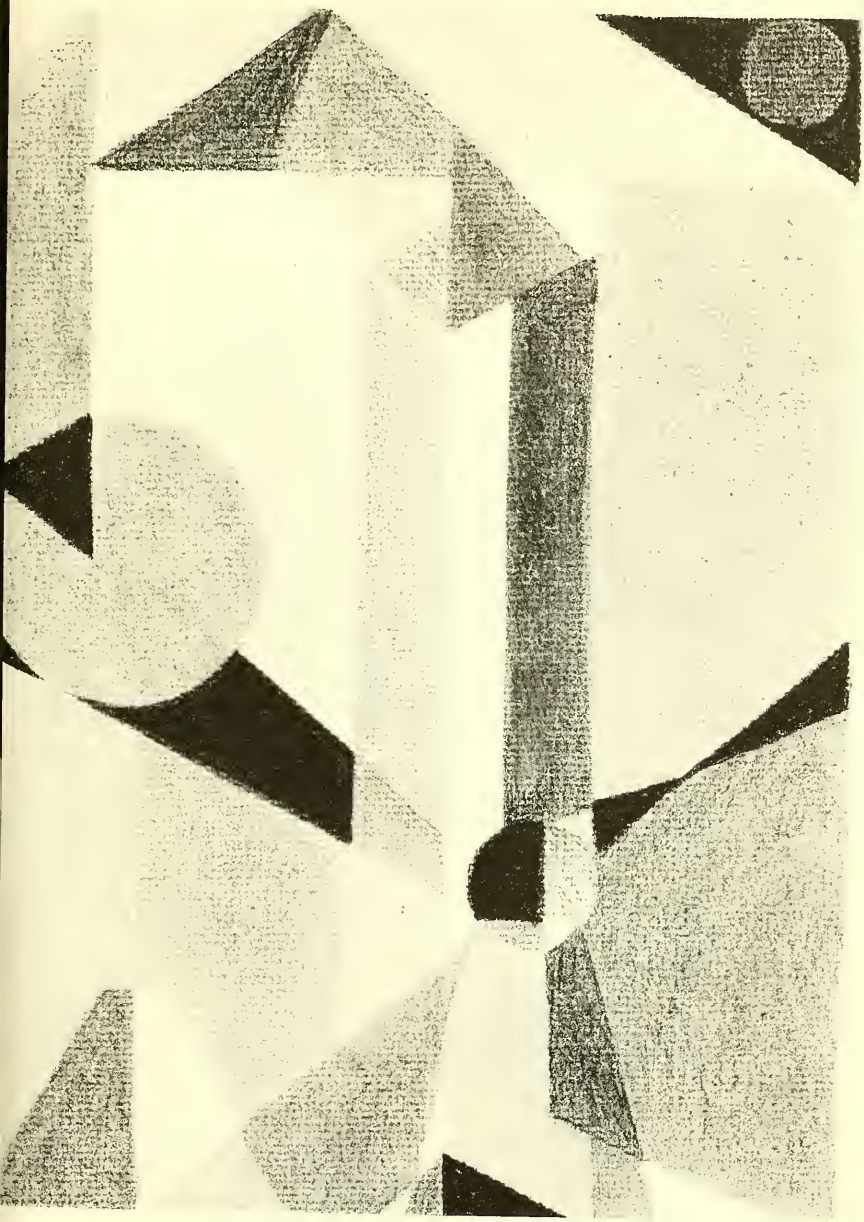
Today, I'll think about my honeymoon. Where shall I go? To Tahiti, or maybe India. Or Norway. No, I don't think cold places. Tahiti is better. Listen to the sea, Jennifer, he will say. Listen. The moon is full and white tonight, my dear. No, she thought. He would say my darling. The moon is full and white, my darling. The air is soft and fragrant. This mist will rise from the sea, and carry us...

"Jenny! Jenny! Do you hear me?" The sharp voice was at the door. "Jenny Albert. Are you locked in there?" Whatever are you doing? Dinner is ready, and the gravy is growing cold. Come out this instant, do you hear?"

"Yes, Momma. I'm coming." She got out of the tub, and reached for the white towel hung on the wall.

"Why you must lock yourself in there, of all places, I'll never know." Her mother's shrill voice penetrated the delicate cloud around the tub.

The tray with its precious packages was shoved under the chair. The steam had already wilted the starch in the scarf, and around the edge, the silver began to yield to tarnish once more.



Nan Hall '63

GIFTS

Anna Crone

Fidgeting on the too big, too soft chair, Jamie slipped off and darted over to Mother's piano and crawled under.

"You know better than to play under there," commented Mrs. McMillan as she passed through.

Jamie peered out to challenge but already she was gone. To the pantry perhaps to speak with Anne or more probably, up the back stairs to make the beds. He spied Patty on her stomach in the middle of the room turning the pages of "The Phantom."

"Do you want to play, Patty?"

"No."

"We could ride bikes."

"No."

"We could buy some candy."

"No."

Patty rolled over on her back and started up, examining the underside of the mahogany coffee table.

"You're no fun. You never want to do anything."

"I'm busy, busy thinking."

"When I feel like it, I like to do things."

"Tomorrow."

"Why tomorrow?"

Another turn back to her stomach and Patty propped her head on both hands and looked at her younger brother.

"It's Mother's birthday."

"So. . ."

"I want to buy her a present."

"Oh let's," said Jamie, scrambling out from under the piano."

"I've got my piggy bank."

Abandoning the comic book at page thirteen, Patty stood up and began rearranging the Cents in their refracting container.

"Don't be a silly. You've only got pennies."

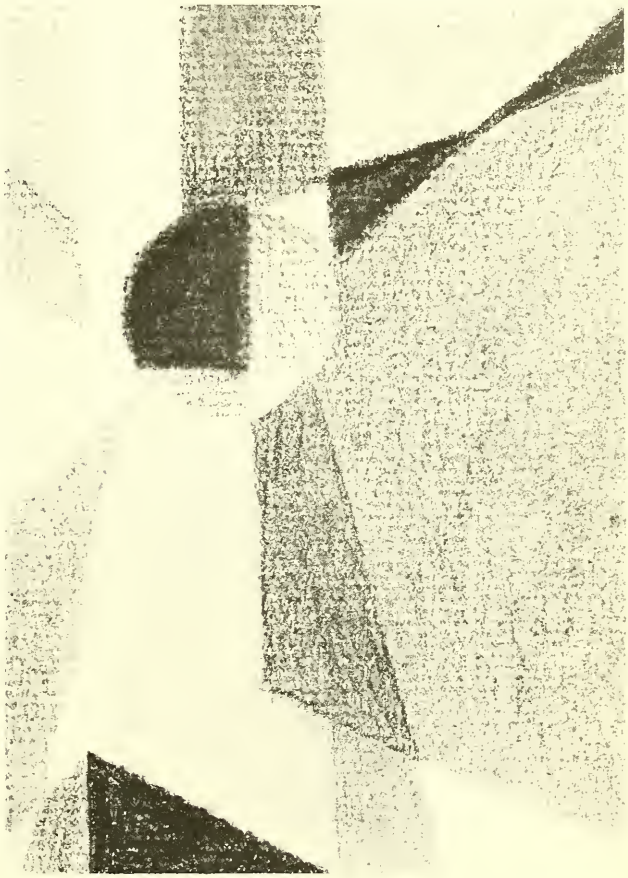
"We could ask Daddy for money," Jamie suggested.

"No, that's not a good idea. Then it wouldn't be our present. It would be Daddy's."

"We could earn some. Mrs. Mather gave me a nickle once for helping Ralph sweep the driveway."

The small bulb gave little illumination to the room, but there wasn't much to see. The bureau scarred but substantial, the bulky bed, and the kneeling boy in last year's pajamas.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake.
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
Thank you for the trees, the sky, and my mommy and daddy.
And God . . . tomorrow's my birthday . . I've been good . . .
Please God . . . I want a bike so much.



Nan Hall '63

A quick amen and he climbed into bed. The tossled hair found its place in the pillow. Mother, too old for only twenty-seven years, placed her kiss on his freckled forehead. And before the light faded into the night, he was dreaming, not of sugar plums and fairies, but of birthdays and bikes.

Patty and Jamie, noses pressed tight against the window, with fingers busily pointing and tongues oohing and ahing on the window's contents.

"Oh Patty, look over there."

"Over where?"

" In the corner . . . there, the red blouse."

"No. no. That wouldn't be right. It's not grown up enough . . . Ohh, see those orange beads, there in front."

"They're pretty."

"Do you suppose they cost a lot of money?" Patty asked hesitantly.

"We've got money. Let's go in."

In the shop, almost hidden on the opposite side of the glass counter, they whispered together waiting to be noticed. Finally a clicking young woman approached them, a cigarette still between her fingers.

"May I help you?"

"We want to buy . . ." began Jamie.

"We want to buy a birthday present for Mother," Patty said proudly, because she was the oldest.

"Well," said the woman smiling down at the. "Have you anything in mind?"

"Oh, yes," said Jamie, excited at the prospect. We want to buy. . ."

"We want to buy the orange beads in the window," interpreted Patty, as she coldly regarded her little brother.

The clicking woman moved towards the window and searched among the trinkets there until her fingers found the necklace.

"Is this the one?"

"Yes, yes. That's it."

"That'll be seven-fifty, plus tax."

Jamie's smile faded. "Do you mean seven dollars and . . ."

"But we've only got twenty-five cents," said Patty, her lower lip beginning to quiver.

"Perhaps you would like a nice card. We've got a nice assortment." Already the clicking lady had replaced the necklace in the front row.

Nervously Joe paced back and forth between the sofa and the corner cupboard.

"Dammit Helen, you know I didn't do it on purpose." He stuffed his hands into the denim pockets. "I wanted the kid to have his bike."

"I know, Joe, I know." The glassy eyes filled; the tears came. When they had ceased, she said, "Let's go over it once more. Isn't there some place else the money might be?"

"No Helen, I know it was right here," replied Joe as the fingers of the worn hand again searched the left hip pocket. "I walked through the park as usual. The kids were having a ball game. I just stopped to pick up a few grounders. Then it was gone. It must have slipped out."

"Well that's that I guess." Helen stood up, wiped her eyes for the last time, and picked up the purse lying on the table.

"He can have a bakery cake. That's good enough for a lad on his birthday. You'd better hurry, hurry down to the store and get it before they close up."

Blond today, brunette yesterday, Mother sat on the couch which she shared with tissue paper and ribbon. Patty and Jamie squirmed and tittered with excitment as the stack of presents grew smaller. Soon she would open theirs. Father lit another cigarette and glanced at his watch.

Nan Hall '63

Mother slipped off the ribbon, and the box fell to the floor. The top slipped off.

"Oh, Gordon, you shouldn't have, "Mother squealed as she hurried to the hall mirror with the silver fox thrown on her shoulders. Back again, she smiled and kissed her husband on the cheek.

Only one more package. A small one. To Mother. From Patty and Jamie.

"From Patty and Jamie . . .Why you dears . . . Where on earth did you get money for a present . . . from Daddy? . . . I hope you didn't ask Mrs. McMillan for money."

The two children grinned and shook their heads.

"We found it," they said, "found it in the park."

Another moment and the gift was opened. Effortlessly the contents were displaced.

" . . . Orange beads. Just what I've always wanted . . . How did you know?" Mother drew Jamie and Patty close with a quick hug.

"Gordon dear," she said through Patty's hair, "Hadn't we better be leaving?" As she rose to her feet, she gently shoved the two children aside. "You'll be good tonight, won't you. Daddy and I are going out for dinner. Mrs. McMillan has something nice prepared for you. Run along now . . . " She stamped them with an evening kiss and they were headed towards the kitchen where Mrs. McMillan would give them peanut butter and jelly or jelly and peanut butter.

With everyone gone, the big room was empty, but the cat was there. On the couch he laid on the soft silver fox pawing at the shiny orange beads.

Tonight the darkened room was cold. The boy knelt, snuggled in a blanket, and the tired mother stood in the doorway, listening.

"Now I lay me. . .

Thank you for the trees and flowers, for food and my parents.

Thank you for my birthday cake. It was good.

But maybe God . . . if I'm good . . . maybe I could have a bike for Christmas.

The boy reluctantly climbed into bed and the woman gently smoothed the covers. As she leaned over to kiss the freckled forehead, a tear fell on the ruddy cheek and then there were two.

Zoe Warwick '62

Judy Mitchell '62

SNOW BLOSSOMS

Etta M. Mueller

In clustered silence
Fragrant blossoms breathe
Their whiteness . . Wrapping
Guileless boughs with deep
And fragile sleep. A
Blanket spreading light
And warm. And cold the
Secret flaws filled
With groping petals.
Frail limbs in the web
Of tangled blossoms.
Frozen in the snow.

Helen Roesing '63

FUSION

Mary Elizabeth Meek

A burning vision strikes at night,
When flickering dreams are forged,
And comets streak in wild delight,
Their embered arcs unfold.
They flame in dark eternity,
In fleeting shafts of power
That pierce brief, dim mortality
And fuse man with the stars.
In radiant creativity,
This Roman Candle sky
Illuminates infinity
And sparks below the tempered wise.
In scorching splendor they descend,
Consume themselves in molten spheres
And dare undaring man ascend
To have his moment—undefined.

GULL

Mary Elizabeth Meek

I watched his idle flight
Until, near out of sight,
Sun-hazed and blurred
He wheeled about. I heard
His scorning cry
Deride the world; deny
Its reeling, grasping truths
That solace give and then abuse
The essence of mortality.
He hung there; prophet-white,
A visioned acolyte
Of unknown, nameless empires;
To share his lovely splendor,
His unity with grandeur.
Then on he flew through salty spray
And we in sandy churches pray
For glimpses of reality.

Nan Hall '63

FLIGHT

Gail M Siegrist

. . . . . lonely days stretched ahead, long and gray, exceeded in their monotony only by the longer, blacker nights. The alarm began its jangling at 7:30 sharp. There was no reason for getting up that early, but it was a habit, and she was afraid to let go of too many of the old habits. An irritable jab at the clock abruptly throttled the noise. Rolling over on her side, she gazed despondantly at the stained toes of her satin slippers, peeking mockingly from under an edge of the bed. Swinging her legs to the floor, she arose with a heavy sigh and shuffled over to the smooth pine door to reveal an extra large closet. Her half of the closet was as neat and ordered as her life had become: blouses clean and pressed, hung in precise rows, carefully tailored suits in plastic garment bags, brightly polished shoes lined against the wall. Disinterestedly selecting a servicable navy wool dress, she dressed slowly, ran a comb through her crisp blond curls and went off to the kitchen for her cup of black coffee and two pieces of whole wheat toast. The coffee perc'd slowly and the radio began sputtering as if to clear its throat of static for the eight o'clock news.

" . . . . . agreed that it was the greatest tragedy in the history of aviation. The death toll mounted to 135 last night when authorities discovered the bodies of two . ."

Sitting at a gaily tiled counter in the now quiet room, she munched her toast and stared fixedly at a filmy web-liked strand which seemed to have spun itself out from that tiny hole which Larry had knocked in the ceiling when he was trying to bring a ladder in through the kitchen so that he could paper their bedroom. Then they decided to repaper the kitchen too, but never had time.

A sharp ring from the telephone broke into her musing and dumping her cup and saucer into the sink, she hurried back to the bedroom.

"Hello . . . . . Oh, Hi Marion . . . .

No, of course I don't mind; I'd really rather walk today . .

It's a good thing he caught it before it got any worse;

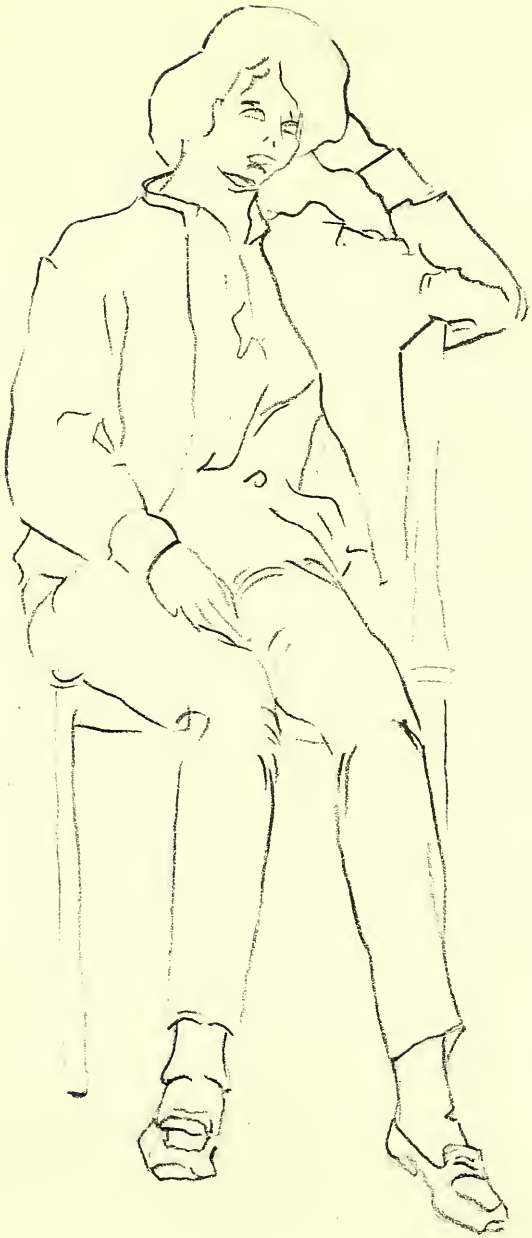
You'll be better off just taking care of him today . . . .

Please don't mind about me . . . . I like to walk . . . .

Certainly I'm all right. . . . Tell Frank I hope he feels better.

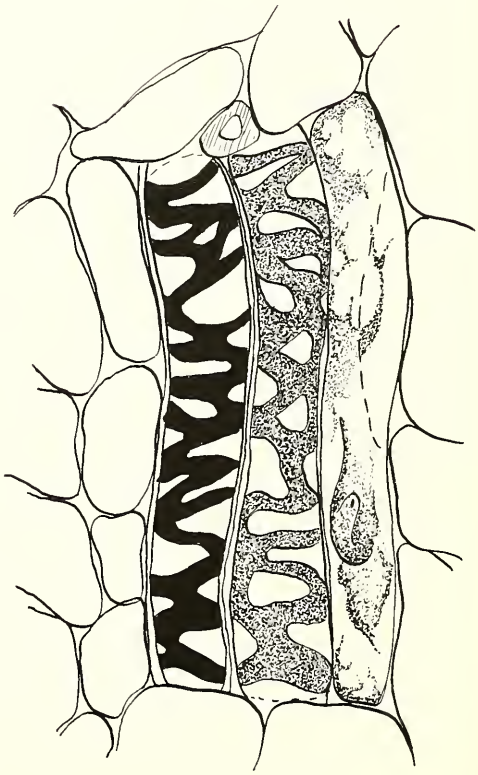
Fine . . . . Good-by . . . .

I'll meet you for lunch tomorrow if you decide to go in." Quickly smoothing the covers over the bed, she dabbed a touch of color on her mouth, picked up her bag and gloves and pulled a light sweater from the hall closet. In the kitchen she took a pork chop from the freezer to thaw for dinner, then going to the back door, she broke a velvet-skinned crimson rose bud from the picketed trellis which arched the doorway. The hall clock read 8:35. In the living room she stopped in front of a low pine table, tenderly brushed the top of a silver frame with the finger of her glove and flecked an imaginary speck of dust from a gold aviator's wing which sparkled at her from behind the glass. Placing the fresh rose in a small vase beside the picture, she stood up a little straighter and walked mechanically to the front door locking it behind her. The memories would stay inside until five o'clock brought the beginning of the longer, blacker nights . . . .



Nan Hall '63

Art i



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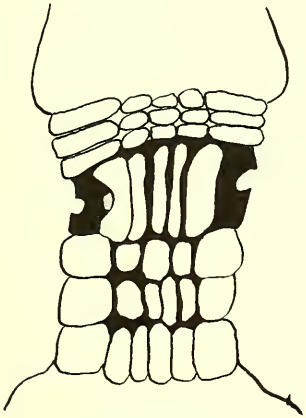
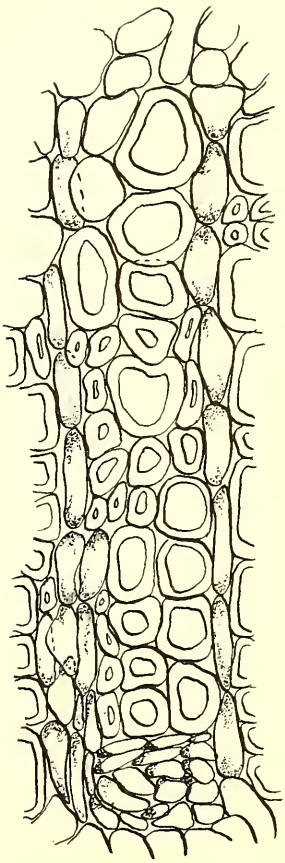




Jane Saunders '62

Merle Gothelf '64

THE SEARCH

Nancy Beach

A little boy cried,
and the world turned.
He went to the temple
Filled with shining uniforms
Worshipping the
Leader.
Ho! said the
Leader.
Are you come to worship?
Are you willing to believe?
Will you work in the temple?
And accept
Me.
(A little boy cried,
"How to live?")
But you must live with
Me.
And become a part of
The greater whole of
The glorious me.
No
Said the boy.
I wish to be me.
A little boy cried,
and the world turned.
He came to the mountain
Which shouted laughter and song
With all faced toward
The One.
Hail! said
The One.
Are you come to worship?
Are you willing to believe?
Will you shout on the mountain?
And glorify
Us.
(A little boy cried,
"How to live?")

But we are
The Chosen.
Your eyes are not clear enough
Your blood is not clean enough
To be
Us.
No
Said the boy.
I wish to be me.
A little boy cried,
and the world turned.
He stopped at the city
Built out of stones
Each like the other
Symbols of
All.
Greetings! said
The chief.
Are you come to work?
Are you with us in purpose?
To hold together
In the mighty
All.
(A little boy cried,
"How to live?")
But you must think
You must act
You must work
You must sacrifice
For the
All.
No
Said the boy
I wish to be me.
A little boy cried,
and the world turned.
He rested under the tree
With men sitting round
Talking,
Comparing
How to
Live.

Julie Helgesen '62

Welcome! said
The group
Are you come to discuss?
Are you with us in spirit?
To decide and
Work out
How to live.
But you must
Be a
Mind and heart and soul
Defending your right
To live.
The little boy smiled

...and the world turned.

Zoe Warwick '62

A TREATISE ON BOYS
OR
MATERNITY DUTY

Francie Darr

The maternity nurse having settled my wife,
I settled myself to personal strife.
"What if It should be a boy?
What hoy-faloy———to be a boy!"
Never, ever could I forgive my wife for such an indiscretion,
For such a degradation.
Boys, little ones, can be so abominable.
Perhaps it's something abdominal?
As babes, they scream and wet and are general nuisances;
As youths, they fight and eat and are general on-the-loosences.
Really, it seems a shame
That all babes aren't the same.
Heaven knows they look alike,
Why, Heaven, can't they be alike?
As a man, I defend the sex unto the death as strong, up-right and great,
But boys, I have found to be the start of all that's wrong, down-right unstraight.
Please, God, I'd rather have a toy;
Just don't make it a boy.
I've nothing against a baby as a boy, but once it's past a year,
It's then I begin to fear.
There'll be broken things and great complaints,
And I'll be the one that makes the pay'n'ts.
Oh why can't my inconsiderate spouse
Hurry up and have the mouse?
I'll take it like a man———
A boy's too much to stand.
The nurse made her entrance
To inform me on the enstance
My hopes fulfilled,
Our hearts lept us when we beheld
She'd had a girl————
I, my world no longer tainted,
I promptly fainted.

Zoe Warwick '62

Zoe Warwick '62

Zehban Kahn '63

A SMEARICAL BALLAD

Mary Elizabeth Meek
Gretchen Wright

It is an ancient professor
and she stoppeth two of few
"By thy long red hair and glit-
    tering jewels
Now what would you have us do?"
She holds them with her cultured hand,
"There was a course," quoth she;
Our hearts lept up when we beheld
Our ponderous destiny.
The students beat upon their breast
Yet could not choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient prof
In accents bold and clear.
"I'm new you know, this course to teach.
It's been a strain and task
With lazy scholars, wordy poems."
She reacheth for her flask.
With throats unslaked, with
    black lips baked
We could not laugh nor wail,
But envied her, her easy out
And thus began our tale.
We liked the course, we truly have;
Its been the best by far.
We rue its end, lament fini
And dasheth for the bar.

The purple, azured, silvered orb
Clomb upward to the sky;
With double draughts and merrie laughs
We cursed the inward eye.
Then settling down in serious vein
We analyzed our plight,
And decided to inform you
It's been a sheer delight.
T'was taught with great aplomb and verve
With beauty and with truth;
Perceptively we gained insight
Into melancholy youth.
Perhaps too much biography.
(For instance, *Literaria)*
In all attempts to read it
We ended in hysteria.
Farewell! Farewell! But this we tell!
To thee, thou ancient prof.
The final found us unaware
We guess We'll feel your wrath. (British pronunciation, please!)
Hour after hour, hour after hour
We sat nor thought nor motion;
As stupid as a mocking bird
That parrots back commotion.
It was a spot of time
When minds were blank and bare;
And yet we hope you comprehend
It was not lack of care.
Reflecting in tranquillity,
In humor and in fun;
It's these thoughts we'll remember
When all is said and done.
With carefree Burns among his doxies,
We "brewed" and "clinked" and froliced;
In chapel lofts and wooden pews
We merrily did rollick.
We too were peasants for awhile,
The noble savage—King.
In dialect we struggled on
Through Tammies' one last fling.
Then on to Blake, that mystic soul,
Concerned with lambs and tigers.

Of heaven and hell he tried to "Thel"
But we preferred the "lakers." (Cockney pronunciation!)
We turned to bulky Wordsworth,
That egocentric ass.
A self-styled prophet, dull and pure
He held his sylvan mass.
We wandered on through Solitude
With Michael, "Meg" and Ruth.
We passed by Tintern Abbey
And met up with the Recluth. (We lisped)
Then running round and nipping at
The famed Wordswordian heels
Our S. T. C. did come upon
The Real and the Ideals.
It took much concentration
To suspend our disbelief.
But Gertie finally proved the point

Helen Roesing '63

That dope was his relief.
Ah! To Byron did we turn,
A poet AND A MAN.
He gave us passion, fire and life
And left us haggard, pale, and wan. (Mispronouce, please)
In lonely guilt, with cutting bite,
He spoofed the world and love.
A titan in society
A (part) and still above.
Hail to thee, blithe Shelley!!
Poet thou never wert.
Li(cenci)ous, splashy, shallow
You're like an overrich dessert.
Bind up again Prometheus,

Judy Mitchell '62

Suffer Beatrice to endure.
We do not like your endings,
You insufferable boor.
Up bubbles all our amorous breath
For Keats and all his glory.
He was the finest of them all.
We wish we had read more(y).
Now we *Lamia* down to write
Of Nightengales and beauty's power,
He "urned" the right to be a bard
And build an ivory tower.
We looked around; she dozeth off,
We watched her sink in sleep.
But ne'er you mind, we've rambled on
And now our tale's complete.
Perhaps to you we've sounded sharp,
We meant it in good fun.
It's easier to criticize
And then turn "tale" and run.
Sadder but wiser girls are we
Who walk the lonely wasteland.
Defenders of Romantic faith
Upon our peaks in Darien.
In short, we're being honest when we say
The course deserves much praise.
We leave you now in hopefulness
Romantic voices raised.

DUSK

Etta M. Mueller

The trees branch leaner than the leafy day
When creatures blossomed on the latticed sky,
The hooked-rug fields of corn and wheat now lay
In muted stubble, threadbare to the eye.
At noon, a barefoot path the milkweed brushed,
And pods of laughter burst beneath the sun,
A careless ecstasy of life then rushed
And sprayed, before its sparkling course was run.
With golden hours now drowned in twilight's mark,
The fading vision shapes another sight,
Deep, musky shadows dome the pillared dark
With velvet, woven in the secret night.

Zoe Warwick '62

Julie Helgesen '62

THANK YOU DOCTOR

Sheila Grobe

Roni Heller was doing her best to install herself more comfortably on a wooden bench. Wriggling against the ramrod back only made her intensely conscious of three vertebrae which ground against the unyielding surface. She uncrossed her bronzed legs and demurely scooped one beneath her, straightening her white linin suit skirt with several prim tuggings at the same time. Straining forward, two expectant mascara-fringed eyes focused on a blur which evolved into J. M. Yost, M.D. inscribed on the opaque glass top of a door. A neglected cigarette, which had consumed three-quarters of itself without her help, was plucked from an ashtray, and, with the extension of one prim pump, pulverized on the tile floor. Three manicured fingers picked rhythmically at a leaflet with SO YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN GENERAL HOSPITAL FAMILY! bannered on its front. Simultaneously concentrating on breathing deeply and appearing poised, she crinkled her forehead.

She clearly didn't belong in this hideous catacomb of a clinic. In fact, she'd never been anywhere near one before. But then she supposed the hospital was hardly prepared to send its prospective summer help to a private physician. Heaven forbid. Still, it was annoying to have to wait, even if there wasn't a thing in the world to be tense about. And the damned physical would be over in a matter of minutes—Stick out your tongue. Say aah. That's fine. Next?

The J. M. Yost,, M.D. lettering moved. Instead of staring at the now familiar black characters, Roni was peering into the appealing eyes of one white-coated young man. She blinked back.

"Right this way, please." Disengaging her legs, she rose confidently and followed the wagging whiteness into his office. Perhaps this job was going to be more interesting than she had anticipated. And wasn't this a delightfully convenient way to meet the interns. She and he would have an engaging chat, get to know each other and . . .

"Any history of serious illness, Miss Heller?"

"No, Doctor," coyly.

"Recent operations?"

"NO."

"Strip to the waist, please."

Good God.

Now wouldn't it be ridiculous for her to be self-conscious, embarrassed, mortified about a purely medical examination. Besides, the nurse would be bringing her one of those hospital gowns and she'd just slip into the ladies' room and . . .

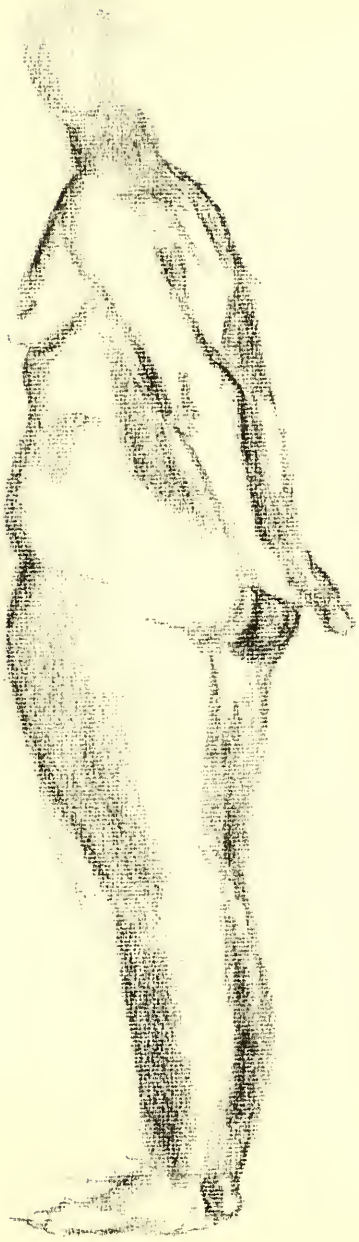
"Here. Would you mind getting into this quickly, Please?"

And there she was—a contemporary Reubens, set in all the disinfected glory of an examining room.

The last thing in the world she wanted to do was raise her eyes. Doubtlessly J. M. Yost, M.D. would be lounging easily in his swivel chair. On his lap was a sheaf of papers. He flung a terse scientific appraisal in her general direction and continued to page nonchalantly through her chart.

"Miss Heller, what a nice suntan you have," he commented.

She blinked. "Thank you, Doctor."



Sara Du Laurence '63

Pat Prycl '63

THE SUN'S LINGERING LIGHT

Joanne Zweig

The sun's lingering light reflects
on clouds low on the western horizon—
clouds like layers of parfait ice cream;
gold, orange, rose, violet, magenta,
soft, muted color, contrasting the icy wind.
Naked, black branches raise gnarled fingers,
stark ebony framed, a canvas of sun-kissed clouds,
a stained glass window of a church,
each color a polished jewel.
Thousands of cloud puffs move upward from the mother mass,
climbing the sky toward a silver sliver of moon;
leaving the source of warmth and light they turn
violet, grey, white;
renounce the sun,
reach the cold moon,
are eaten by it,
and disappear.

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"And of course there must be something wrong in wanting to silence any song."

A MINOR BIRD
—*by Robert Frost*

minor bird

the minor bird

VOLUME 24, No. 1
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"And of course there must be something wrong in wanting to silence any song."

A MINOR BIRD
—by Robert Frost

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Poem 1
Carroll Terry

Impression of an Afternoon 2
Shannon Smith

Submerged 4
Anne Smith

Day's End 8
Sara Lord Norris

The Quilt of Civilized Culture 10
Phyllis Fox

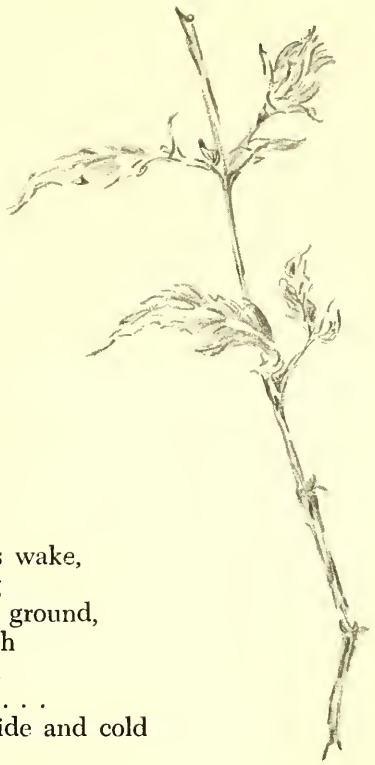
Sweet Rosy 14
Nancy Wright Beach

A City Street 19
Valerie Valentine

Poems 20
Ginny Eskridge

Too Much Time 24
Sandy Small

Nancy Redmond '64



A few brave crickets
creaking sadly at summer's wake,
a half-naked tree throwing
heavy golden apples to the ground,
stiff grasses sighing beneath
the sweet juicy globes . . . .
    Lonely night sounds . . . .
to remind me how very wide and cold
my bed was without you.

At last the wind blew me to sleep.

Then, a million dark years later,
I felt my heart begin to beat . . .
and the slow painful emergence,
like a butterfly, from a
cocoon of dreams and silent shouts.

All the candles of the world lighted
for a brief and brilliant moment
then sputtered
to blinding black with
a clap of Zeus's hands.

The rain kissed my pillow with dampness
and I was very much alone
without you.

Carroll Terry '64

IMPRESSIONS OF AN AFTERNOON

She had so many things to say to him
that nothing was spoken.

Only platitudes of acquaintance filled the void
Where once, long ago, Spring Love—warm and teasing
had played havoc with her heart.

Yet not as Spring now—only autumn.
For life between the leaf and the branch
was still certain, but it was such a frail thing
and so heavily burdened within the confines of the bark.

Some leaves, the inner voice whispered to her,
can endure the elements, but these are few—so few.

And borrowing a line from Robert Frost,
she yelled in defiance to the wind,
"We love the things we love for what they are."

Shannon Smith '65

Doris Damour '65

SUBMERGED

The cold rain beat down as it had all night, or was it still night? One could not tell the difference any more. The cold, gray stone house was impregnable, thought Henry Whittemore, as he made a crevice between the delicate lace curtains with his white hand. The water poured over the eavestroughs which no hand had touched for thee autumns.

Three autumns ago, Mattie had died. It had been a magnificent funeral, in keeping with Henry's position of prestige. Always it had been Mattie who had pushed on Henry to greater heights for he was not a man of drive. Since that day, a change had come over Henry and the house. Now the lace curtains had grown gray with dust. Henry had retired with the envy of those who would never achieve his position.

Of late, Henry had risen shortly before noon—for the days were too long even then. He shuffled out of the room and made a halting descent down the sweeping staircase. He thought of Mattie's Siamese which had wandered off the night before, or had it been two nights? Ah well, Perhaps it was just as well to have her gone. Henry snapped on the light which hurt his eyes. The flies crawling on the screens caught Henry's eyes—pathetic creatures. Bzzz—the doorbell. A man ought not to be disturbed from his routine even if he was late. As Henry opened the door, the fresh sunlight streamed in.

"Hi Henry, I thought I'd drop in and see how you were getting on. Are you doing anything today?" said the figure. Why did he always have to come around?

Henry looked into the man's gray eyes. He stood there motionless, seemingly a reminder of the rain which had so quickly vanished.

"No Frank, I got up a little late this morning. I think I'll take it easy today." Frank's eyes seemed to Henry to be glued upon him.

"Do you mind if I come in for a spell?" said the monotonous voice. Indeed he did not wait for an answer but seemed to blend into the shadows of the hallway which deepened as he closed the door. Henry had known him all these years and accordingly could hardly turn him out. But now he seemed to come around more frequently when Henry just wanted to be left alone.

Henry asked him to sit down, but Frank seemed impatient. Instead he wandered through the rooms. While his eyes flickered over the walls, he talked constantly about matters like his boredom and the death of his sister. Suddenly he seemed to light up and asked Henry if he'd care to take a walk after he had eaten and dressed. Henry looked out. He had better not; it was starting to cloud over. Still, the house was so dark. If only he could leave it all. Then as he started to speak, he turned to see Frank strolling away.

Henry shrugged his shoulders. He fixed himself a sandwich and made a brief attempt at straightening up the house. It was better to have things a little askew than to have those people underfoot. He ruffled through the dust-laden magazines whose subscriptions had lapsed in accord with his interest.

Later he would have a better meal. Back he went up the worn staircarpet. Back he went into the old tweed suit which was ageless, or so Henry thought if he thought about it at all. Was that rain beating on the window pane? No, the sun was shining. However, standing out by the wrought iron gate was Frank, just standing there staring at the house. Damn that man, what's his game? Perhaps he had been hurt when rebuffed about the walk. Although it was not his way, Henry abruptly strode downstairs and called to Frank. Frank came eagerly and yet with that odd look in his eyes.

He had always been a good, steady man, but he had not gotten the breaks as Henry had. Now it was necessary to keep working until the end. Henry reluctantly agreed to go for the stroll. There was something mysterious or pitiable about the man. Down the rows of mansions—in sharp contrast to the Whittemore place. The others were glistening as though they were not really lived in.

Frank suggested that they walk as far as the park and back. He told Henry he ought to get out and see people; there were plenty of people at the park. They walked over to the edge of the pond where an old woman was sitting, staring into space while she knitted as if from habit. The two men sat down on the bench next to her for there was no other place, and it had been a long walk. She became indignant at this as though she had been wakened from a pleasant dream and asked them, in no uncertain terms, to leave. Henry would gladly have obliged because the outburst unsettled him. However, Frank did not budge and indeed did not even look at her. She fussed and fumed and then ambled off to find another hideaway.

The afternoon had grown hazy, and Henry excused himself to Frank, who would not hear of staying but insisted on seeing his companion home. At length, Henry was able to get rid of him upon assurance that he would go tomorrow if it was sunny. Now that evening was coming on, Henry realized how hungry he was. He turned on the stove, but the gas failed to light due to the old dirty mechanism of the stove.

There was plenty of excitement in the ensuing weeks due to the reporters and the police. Finally too, that was all over.

Anne Smith '65

Niki Neese '65

Sue Cope '66

DAY'S END

The essence of things homing
Humming, winging down to day's end:
Gold-shot, dappled, dusty-drawn; a long-trunked
time.
Skittering, chattering squirrels rush off
Through leaved beds green-brown.

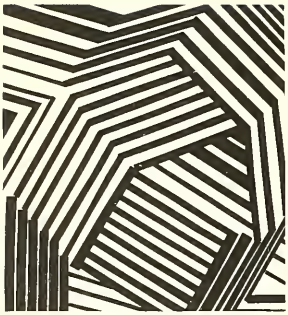
High, high across far suns, sons fly
Silver, silent with white long tails streaming
And never dreaming. On the ground
Cycling through day's end, sons come
(Supper's done) humming home.

Crossed far, along mountain lines, vapors
Shot, and now-pinked suns purple clefts
Where day dies. And so, done, some
Sons lie. Others off in silent
Silver streaming sent, go.

And all
Never dreaming.

Sara Lord Norris '63

Pat Prycyl '64



THE QUILT OF CIVILIZED NATURE

The American countryside . . .
patchwork quilt of the world
and every patch spoiled by civilized nature.

Life is not made of the stuff of old for there's
a rip in Nature's design.

Her quilt is not stuffed by seasons' splendor,
but sewed with electric wires and stuffed
with signs and superstructures.

The pattern of civilization is embroidered on
Nature in a dreadful broad-stich clutter

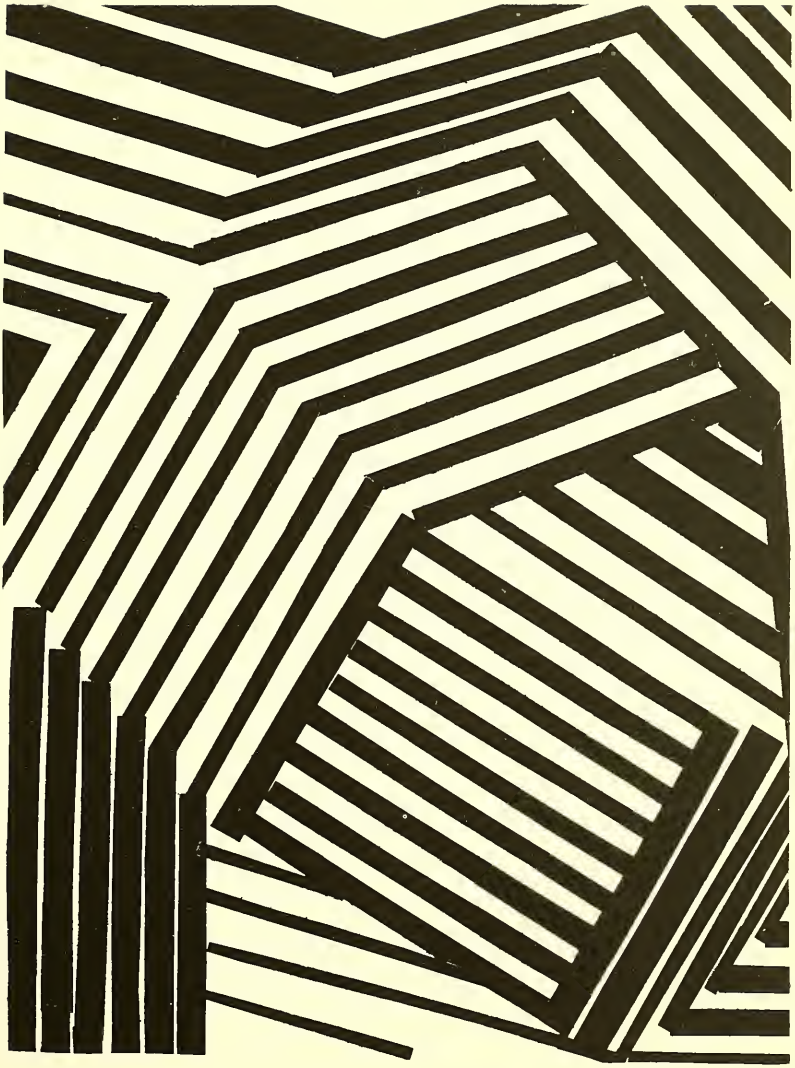
The colorified world (once embossed with flaming fall
leaves and green growing springtime)
is now dyed in neon.

The soft downy comfort of a daffodilled hill
is feathered with debris.

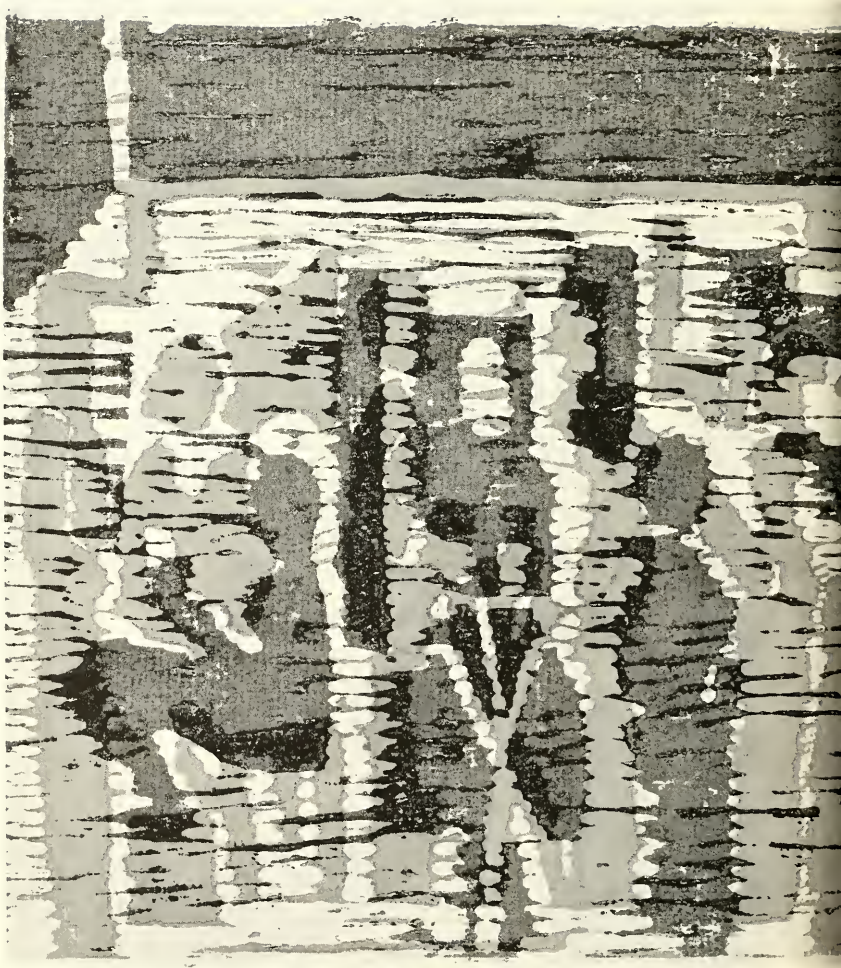
Sputtering motors, spattering sunshine, shattering
noise, fluttering leaves, towering buildings
—the stitched patches of CIVILIZED NATURE.

Fall flames in all her glorious might;
Never is the blemishing hand of civilization out of sight.

Phyllis Fox '64



Nini Lenz '63



Helen Roesing '63

SWEET ROSY

The sun was bright outside, and when Rosy walked into the hospital, she blinked a few times to get used to the change. The hospital was cool and silent; the only indication of life was the faint squeak of rubber-soled shoes in the distance. Rosy stepped over to the desk and the white uniformed figure looked up.

"Oh, it's you Rosy," the nurse said. "You're a little later today than usual."

"Yes,' said Rosy. "The bus was late. Any new kids?"

"Yes, Rosy. Andy Miller up in the ward. Bad case of asthma."

"Thanks," said Rosy.

She moved to the elevator and punched the button several times. The door opened and a young man in a white jacket stepped aside to let her in. Rosy smiled and nodded at him, but he didn't acknowledge the greeting and stared ahead. They don't know how to smile here, Rosy thought. Wouldn't hurt them to try.

When she got to the fourth floor she walked straight to the children's ward. She was greeted by a chorus of "Hi Rosy."

"Hi, kids," she said. "Hear there's a new member."

She went through to the still little boy in the last bed. "Hello, Andy. I hear you're not feeling well."

Andy looked up to see a smiling face with two bright eyes. She reminded him of his grandmother except that this lady's hair was all white. Her face was soft and wrinkled. The powder she had on made it look almost like a mask but for the sparkling eyes looking down on him.

Rosy sat down on the chair next to his bed. "I asked the nurse if I could bring you any candy, but she wouldn't let me," she said to the children around her. "It's too bad they are so mean. Well, I know how you all feel. All those horrible shots they give you, and things. It's too bad they don't know how to treat children. You poor dears. Even your mommas aren't here to help you. Well, I guess they're too busy. But Rosy isn't. Rosy's never too busy to help her kids. I remember when my little boy was sick. They filled him up with pills and medicines and it didn't do any good. The poor tyke died."

The children listened closely to every word she said. "Did he really die?" Andy asked.

"Yes," said Rosy. "And now I have all of you to protect."

Just then the ward nurse came in with a tray of tiny cups filled with pills. Some of the children began to cry. She placed each child's dose on his bedside table.

"Are you going to play your game with Rosy like good children?" she asked.

"Yes," said Rosy. I'll take care of it as usual."

"All right, but make sure everyone takes their pills," the nurse said as she left.

Rosy watched as the nurse went into the next ward. "Now we will explain our game to Andy," she said. "It's a secret. We pretend to take our pills, but we really hide then under the mattresses. Now remember, don't tell or Rosy can't come back to take care of you." She moved to the door and said in a loud voice, "One, two, three—down the hatch."

Rosy winked at the children and silently clapped her hands. "Very good," she whispered. We fooled them again. Nobody has to take those nasty pills when Rosy's here. Good-bye, I'll see you tomorrow."

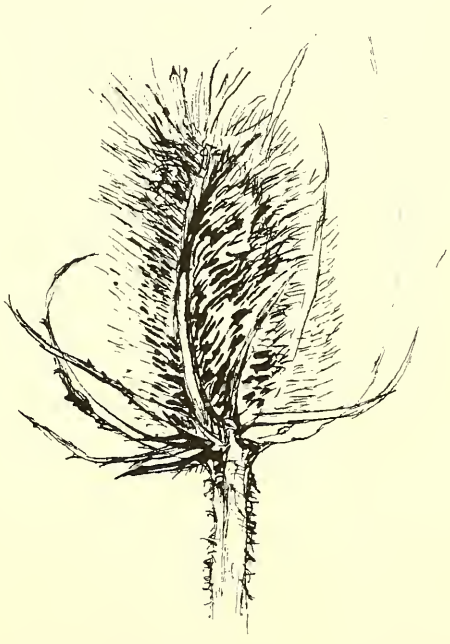
The nurse stopped Rosy in the hall as she was leaving.

"Rosy, I don't know what you do with those children, but I have to force them to do anything when you're not here. They cry and carry on so. You're very sweet to help out."

"I like children," Rosy said. "They need me to help them—poor things. I'll be back tomorrow."

She walked over to the elavator and smiled as she punched the button. "Poor kids," she muttered. "Poor kids."

Nancy Wright Beach '63



Barrie Karp '66

Nancy Beal '64

Vicki Smith '65

Zebun Islam '63

A CITY STREET

I do not see the vampires of tall steel and poised concrete
leaning, leering, feeding on the blood of my city, the people,
spitting out the dry, feckless shells of push-button men
from their revolving jaws of metal and glass.
Yet
I feel the silent treachery in the smothering earth-bound air and smoke that pushes, presses skyward;
that writhes pitiably and vainly,
seeking the fearless blue that alone is above the searing sorcery of the steel.
    The soundless atrophy of man.
    I hear it.
A sterile stillness piercing, provoking the city's voice,
    the musky grating of a million moveable parts.

I am blind.

I do not see the face of the creature who
    idly, coldly
flings the piece of silver into my cup.
That creature, that shape,
    that faceless face
    hissing with condescending pity,
    "Buy yourself some coffee now."
I clench my hand.
The rusted tin etches its grim outline
on my numb and ashen fingers.
My jaw is tight,
my forehead firm in the resolute posture of poverty.

But my soul is not so steady
nor my heart so stern.
In fear and rage,
In horror and shame,
    Trembling, myself,
    Inside I sob—
The guilt is mine.
I cannot choose; I cannot speak;
    It is not my place.
I close with pain my unseeing eyes
And shout to the bowels of my being:
    "My name—oh God—
        Oh God my name, my name . . .
    My name is MAN."

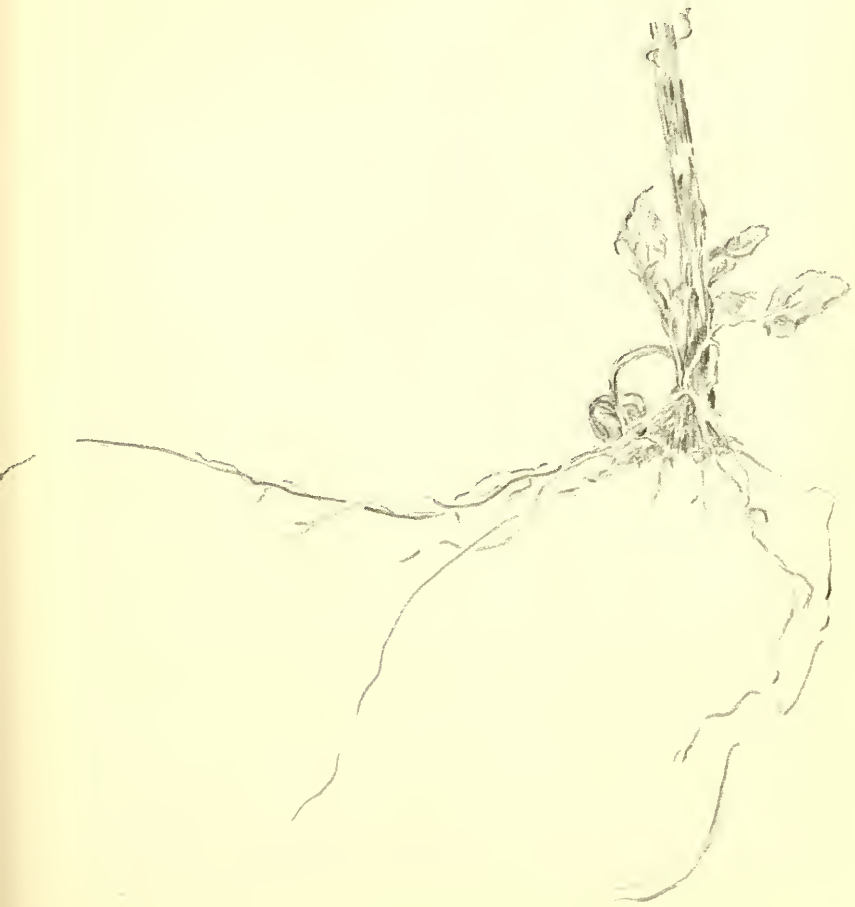
Valerie Valentine '64

A piece of white paper in a typewriter is
mildly frightening . . . .
purity is corrupted into staleness . . . words
with no vitality; juiceless and never searing . . .
pointed perhaps or apt . . . . not blinding and bright
but dull

Subdued by a plethora of words, sit, student,
and ponder . . . . exemplify the abstract and correlate
the basic which for you the great ones have
footnoted, annotated, explained . . . . .
Be still and realize that nothing is new . . .
Freudian dream-symbols in ancient Greece and atoms;
realize futility and absorb the ancient newness
which matures your dreams

muted laughter greets the revelation of a
confidence . . . tinkling sounds when breaking the milk-glass
pitcher . . . . but a promise is no more a promise.
Look around you—where is the promised land?
Just a word like dogfood or understanding . . . filling
a void not making a pledge . . . . and a good laugh
brightens up the evening
But I must go for I
have promises to break

Ginny Eskridge '65



Nancy Redmond '64

Nancy Beal '64

Mary Riley '63

TOO MUCH TIME

" 'The world is an unemptied ashcan where the larvae of life are born and die amidst the wealth that is squalor.' How'd you like that, Carrie?"

Brushing a tarnished strand of the once-Titian bob off her forehead, his wife nodded. Sensing more was wanted, she summoned up interest: "Who wrote it, Charles?"

"I did."

"It's very nice, dear. Say, that reminds me . . . ." And Carrie strode off purposefully in her Sensible Shoes to set out the garbage.

It's been like that ever since I took up writing, Charles sighed. I mean, since I became a Writer. Carrie's just jealous, has no creative talents. Yes, that's it.

And she's getting old. Good Lord, we're both old. Charles took inventory: thinning silver hair, and ever-expanding waistline, teeth in a dish. But not bad-looking— distinguished, that was the word people used. No one else in Happy Harbour looked as spiffy, not by a darn sight. None of these short pants for him. Why, that first week he had worn a suit to water the lawn, and his gold retirement watch had glittered in the sun.

He looked proudly at the hair-thin golden hands sparkling on the dial. It was noontime, and Carrie set out his usual pitcher of lemonade. By then, Charles had finished his short story, tenderly entitled "Number Three."

"This one is different; I'm gonna hand it in," the author announced triumphantly as the typewriter carriage gave a final marginal ring.

"Oh, to your writing class in the village? What do they do with it?" Carrie Asked innocently.

"What do you mean, do with it? Why we read it, of course, and criticize. Oh, good morning, Phil." Their Hawaiian-shirted neighbor slid easily and amiably into the handy rattan rocker.

"Hello, Charlie-boy, Caroline. How's tricks? No thanks, honey, no lemonade. Brought my own. Beer, that is. Join me?"

"Before lunch, Phil?" Charles was constantly amazed by the casualness of this near-stranger. After all, Phil must be fifty! Still, Phil's hair was raven black, and his carefully tanned body was as muscular and slim as a young fellow's. When around Phil, Charles always felt like such a cautious old man.

"Beer anytime in Florida. Man, you're retired! *You* are the boss. No office, no buyers, no clien-teel. Look here, Charlie, it's the same as these shirts," explained Phil, gesturing at a particularly vermillion poinsettia over his heart. "You gotta get used to being a Florida-ite."

"Floridian?" put in Carrie hesitantly.

"Year, sure thing, Caroline. Say, when did you folks move to Happy Harbour, anyway?"

Charles thought back. "Four months and two days." And he thought sadly, not a Florida-ite yet.

"I came down a year ago from New Rochelle. Just love it," Phil enthused to nobody in particular. Carrie could not believe Phil came from New Rochelle; Charles hadn't been listening. He was reviewing the hours he and Carrie had dreamed over that glossy brochure:

"Drop anchor at Happy Harbour, Florida's Paradise under the Palms . . . . "

A little home of their own. No more snow. Peace and quiet. It all seemed so impossible. And then came September third, and the speeches, and the watch, that lovely, inscribed gold watch. The presentation had been the happiest moment of Charles' life.

So they had come, Carrie eager to play bridge, Charles resigned to fishing. They did neither, for the other three matrons in the "tightly-knit community" did not play cards, and Charles and Carrie's aqua stucco saltbox was miles from the Happy Harbour pier. So Charles gave up on snapper for breakfast; he settled for his customary glass of frozen California orange juice, sipped slowly to help the morning pass. Carrie swept the oatmeal-flecked terrazzo floors and then swept them over again, against hordes of unseen trackers, the callers who never came.

"One of us must *do* something, dear," Carrie had finally stated after their first, completely idle, month. "I read in the *Harbour Lights* that some retired tea—that some teacher in the village is getting together a writing class . . . . "

So every Friday, Charles—Charles, who never read *anything* but the sportspages—went to mull over the merits of Happy Harbour's small but dedicated writing colony.

A sudden clink, the descent of an ice cube in his glass of lemonade, drew Charles back into the immediate present. "Say, Phil, would you like to listen to something I just wrote?

'The world is an unemptied ashcan where the larvae of life are born . . . . ' "

"Where'd you lift *that* from, Charlie-boy?"

"I thought so, Phil," the old man muttered slowly, rubbing his wrist thoughtfully. Then Charles set out over the sand. Carrie and Phil saw the silhouette of a tall, portly man, head bent over a crooked arm, pause by the seawall.

"Thirty-two years of faithful service . . . . "

Charles threw the watch into the sea.

Sandy Small '65

Pat Prycyl '64

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MINOR BIRD

"And of course there must be some thing wrong in wanting to silence any song."

A MINOR BIRD
—by Robert Frost

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

ON SEEING EURIPIDES' *TROJAN WOMEN*—*Carroll Terry* 2

POEM—*Mary MacConnell* 3

POEM—*Myra Hull* 3

THE BUSINESS OF LIVING—*Mary McConnell* 5

WINGLESS—*Lucy Hilmer* 7

WHERE'S THE GRASS BETWEEN MY TOES?
—*Hannah Gilman* 8

BITTER LIMES—*Patricia Turcotte* 9

SUSTENANCE—*Sally Terbush* 11

SPRING ELEGY—*Joanne Zweig* 16

BLACK NUN CHOIR—*Harriet Bass* 18

TO NO AVAIL REVENGE—*Carroll Terry* 19

ALONE—*Barbara Morris* 20

ERIC, THE PROUD PIRATE SHIP—*Harriet Bass* 21

REFLECTIONS—*Andrea Moss* 23

MARK—*Toba Schwaber* 24

DANGER AHEAD—*Lucy Hilmer* 25

THESE BEING DONE—*Katharine McCann* 27

Susan Vansant '65

ON SEEING EURIPIDES' *TROJAN WOMEN*

While Troy burns in devastating shame
Cassandra raves and waves her flaming torch
As if, alone, it were eternal light . . .
Profound insanity has seen too much
Of days and all the tragic ways of men . . .
And Hecuba, the fallen queen, has seen
Her sons and husband king in open graves
With thankless honor for their epitaphs,
Her daughters ravished under foreign hands,
And children dead;
The horror of a helpless child's cry
For hands and breasts which lie now cold as earth
And quite as cruel.
Such sorrow, and for what.
A paste and paper city on a stage
Is all it is and these brave women pass
As skilled imposters only mouthing words
They've never really known or felt or thought.
Who cares.
Applaud. The curtain's down, the act is done.
Forget this war, this ancient war. It's done.
We have our own, which hasn't been, to talk
Of time and fear and tears we never cried,
To speculate, to plan how best to kill,
How best to die
While in a grave some twenty centuries deep
Euripides despairs.

Carroll Terry '64

Lover no. Not while I'm here.
Let's not force that silent tear.
Time is short, I know not why.
But all too soon, the now will fly,
Echoing vainly what comes too soon:
The change as quick as rising moon.
A silence underlies my heart
—Absence nearing, fateless start.
And you, I know, will ne'er recall
This moment's peace before the fall.

To you the rain is fragrant mist,
Varied reference — sweet lips kiss'd.

This time, let's not so blur the haze
Mingling deeply through the maze
of you and I both silent grown,
While into fog, our love is blown.

Mary MacConnell '64

Delightful as ice-chilled lemonade on a hot and sunny day
Aromatic as a breeze of minted springtime
New and different . . . like a trip to ancient Alpine mountains
Gracious as a dinner set for two in a candle-lighted room
Enjoyable as a sleepy afternoon of a lazy Saturday
Relaxing.
. . . so relaxing
. . . laxing
. . . axing.

Myra Hull '65

Nancy Redmond '64

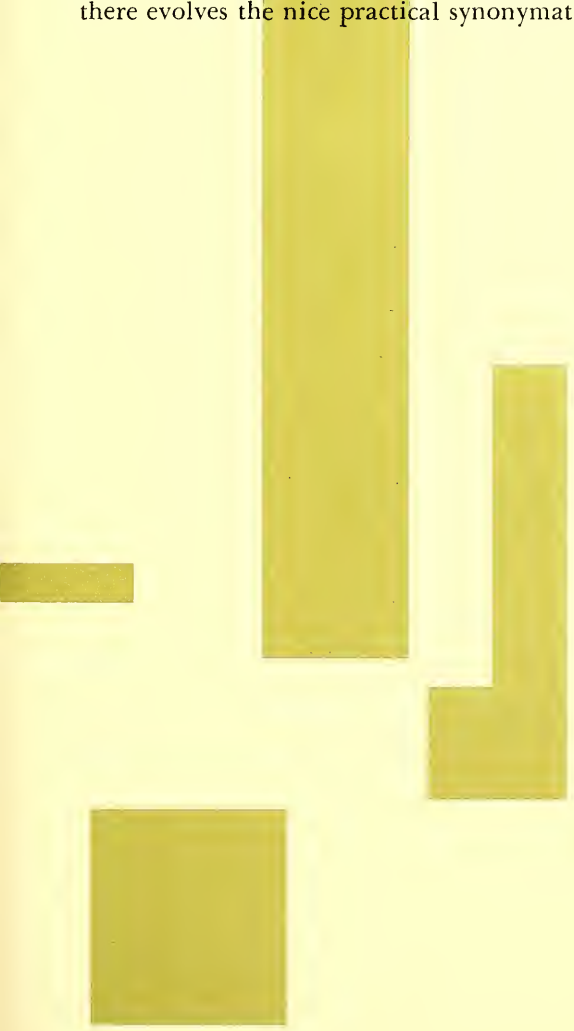
THE BUSINESS OF LIVING

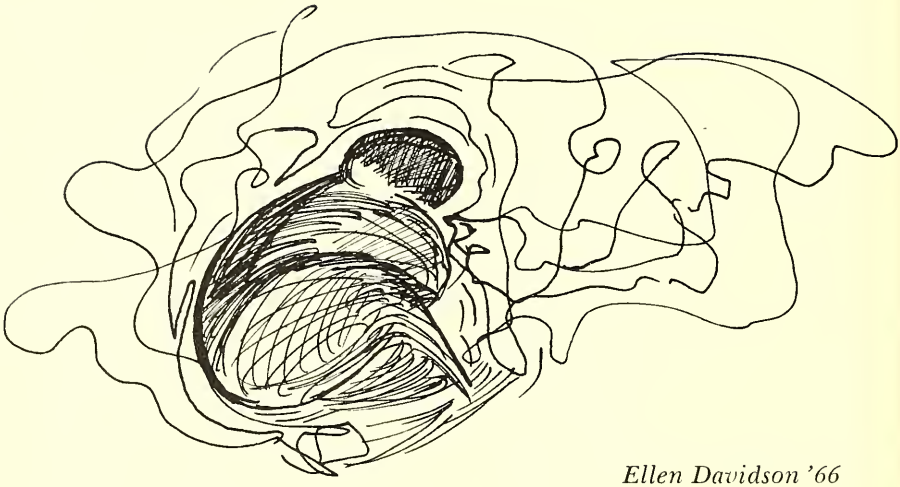
This business of living is really a gasser if you stop to think about it long enough—not that people ever do . . . it would take too much time, and if it's one thing we don't have plenty of (people, that is) it's time though the minutes haven't actually shrunk any since the time of the Egyptians, or at least not much. Anyway, it's a lot of laughs or should I say it's made out to be that way. Whether or not there's really anything in it still seems to be questionable what with everyone trying their damndest to kill it or them or anyone that happens to be convenient at the time . . . it being too much trouble if it's not convenient. Still according to the latest news broadcasts, there must be something in it or people wouldn't be in such a twit about them, it and everything. Practicality, that's what they call it. You must be practical . . . Dreams aren't worth as much as they used to be back in the time of Carnegie, Henry Ford, or for that matter, even Columbus, though then it was called insanity. Actually I guess it's the same thing today, only softened a bit to minor disturbance, slight neurosis or some equally vague and impractical term that's never actually defined except in multi-syllable synonyms which if you don't understand, you're ignorant and unsophisticated . . . "It's grown-up people's talk" and other convenient phrases like an aerosol bomb to go poof and get rid (momentarily) of some unpleasant odor. That's what everybody does nowadays . . . wanders around with some nice metaphysics in a flit gun to go swish and get rid of the all to near onion or garlic and restore the "touch of springtime."

Take me for instance. Not that I'm so god-awful normal, average and much less important but being the "most convenient" . . . it's more practical and anyway, I never was much good at analyzing somebody else and generally end up sticking the old foot way down my throat till I'm choking on my maternally efficient pelvis. I've been graced with an over-abundant imagination . . . slightly gross or should I say enigmatically below average, exceptional and otherwise. At any rate, it's gotten me through a hell of a lot of close misses . . . When in doubt, conjure up something that isn't at all related to reality and plunge, rather than dropping back three paces and punting. You do amazingly enough have the choice between the two but they both strike out one another and end in nothing, that is to say, reality so the effort is hardly worth it no matter what they tell you about sublimation and transference. Periodically someone pops up and says (out loud no less and then blushes like he let one during the three minutes silence for Peace) "What is reality?"

only to be patronizingly pushed back up the stairs like the kid with a balloon who paraded naked into mama's formal dinner party. Oh there's reality all right. Everybody running around trying to be bigger and better than the other . . . a lovely pliant (to fit all occasions) rubber orb that can be shrunk and blown whenever it's called for. There's only one thing missing . . . it's a gorgeous orb, even multicolored if you want to spend the extra four cents . . . but no one ever gets around to say what's that on the inside that everyone pushes around . . . spits into and deflates at whim but ignores otherwise . . . at least when it's not practical . . . otherwise they say what it's made of . . . what it does and what you can do with it . . . from which there evolves the nice practical synonymatic . . . "life is IT."

Mary MacConnell '64





Ellen Davidson '66

WINGLESS

Sitting alone in the crook of a tree,
I wink and laugh at the passing bee.
He flits and flirts along his path,
Not caring for the aftermath.

Happy and cocky, never shy —
He hasn't the time — this passer-by;
So he tastes the sweet and never the bitter,
While his mocking buzz arouses the sitter.

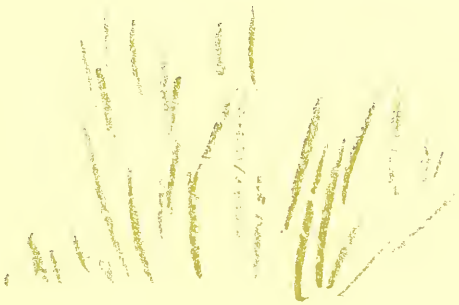
Not having his wings and being shy,
I sit and stare at the empty sky.

Lucy Hilmer '67

WHERE'S THE GRASS BETWEEN MY TOES?

It's winter now—I must remember.
I long to run barefoot and dirty my feet
But it's winter now, and I must remember
That the white frost spies and the bright sun cheats.
It does look warm when the sun's so high;
But the sun cheats, and the white frost spies,
And I can't go barefoot 'til Spring comes by,
And it's winter now. I must remember!

Hannah Gilman '66



Ellen Davidson '66

BITTER LIMES

"Rosalie!" she screamed, interrupting her own querulous thoughts. Where is that girl? I spend nine-tenths of my life looking for her and the other half avoiding . . . If it weren't for those green eyes . . . People can't tolerate that sort of thing. Well, she has to learn. Sometimes I think . . . But she *has* to learn responsibility. Always running off . . . all by herself . . . what could she possibly do? Green, just like poison. Maybe she'll change . . . Kevin doesn't look at people like that . . . I watch him all the time . . . He's so damn good. His father doesn't either. Same color green, though. What is the difference? She's so pretty and delicate and then she stabs you with those venom eyes. I'd like to slap her face when she looks like that . . . green poison. If there's anything people can't stand, it's being stared at all the time . . . like that. She really didn't care . . . I know she didn't . . . Her father likes dogs . . . so does Kevin . . . maybe they just pretend . . . sometimes I would have liked to kill him — when he ruined the carpet — but I certainly . . . Maybe she needs glasses

. . . they say people get funny looks in their eyes when they can't see right . . . Where could she be? I'm sure she killed that dog on purpose. You don't just call a dog when a car is coming. "OUCH!!" Oh, those damn roses. Cut them down right now and get them out of the way. How can they look so pretty . . . THEY'RE NOT!! I get so sick of run nylons. How can I find that kid and change these too? There just isn't time enough. I get so sick of everyone always coming . . . always butting in . . . WON'T LEAVE ME ALONE! "ROSALIE!!" How could that child run off like this? All alone . . . Oh god, just look . . . that house . . . everything always needs something done to it . . .

"Oh, hi Joan. I know; I walked right into the rose bushes and didn't even see them. New nylons too. Well, no, I don't think I need glasses; I was just sort of looking around for Rosalie and walked into them. Yes, they certainly are beautiful. Well, it takes a lot of care; but Gardiner and I love rose bushes. Yes, they were wild, we got them in the country. Domestic roses tend to look fake you know. I know they're not opened up yet, but I thought they'd make nice decorations for my company. Have you seen Rosalie by chance? She's always running off someplace by herself when she knows there are a million things she HAS to do. I guess that's the biggest job a parent has to do — teach their children responsibility. Yes, thanks, and if you do, tell her I said on the double. Bye-bye now."

Can't even walk into your own rose bushes without someone sticking their nose into it. If I want to cut my roses down now, I'll cut them down NOW; none of her business . . . Ugly things . . . Gardiner always insists . . . now they're spreading all over the yard. If he wants them, why can't he take care of them? Nice decorations . . . huh! Not worth the problem. Try to live in peaceful coexistence with your neighbors . . . somebody's always after you about something . . . . . "ROSALIE!!" If she gives me that green stare once more, so help me, I'll . . . I'll teach her to be nice if it kills her . . . Limes, just like two big bitter limes . . . "ROSALIE!!!!!!"

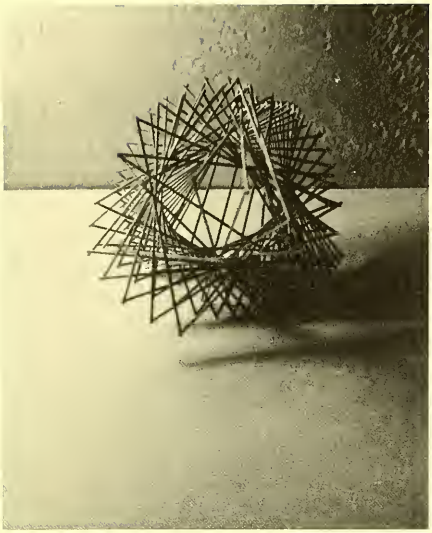
Patricia Turcotte '66

SUSTENANCE

A cafe; snow, a pot stove; intellects, athletes:
There was no setting in this cafe; there were no
people.
There was neither boy nor girl; there was knowing.
It was not conscious understanding; it was giving,
it was receiving . . .
The touch of creation.

The moon was not half green; it was eternal,
complete reflexion.
All sides, whole, absorbed the ray; it was the
eternal fire of Essence — of Creation.
Sun, moon, stars, earth on its axis . . . did not
move, yet, did not stop.
People died, humanity was born.
The touch gave faith, gave reason — took faith,
took reason . . .
And there was Sustenance.

Sally TerBush '64



Joan Reisner '67

Mary Vanderwart '67

Joan Reisner '67

Doris Anne Damour '65

SPRING ELEGY

Snow fills the sky, greyly driving down,
To meet the green earth, its tendrils feeble-hued,
And reaching there aborts.
Cold seeds, half-sown,
Languish there,
As Proserpine in her black garden does still.
Neither rain nor ice,
White wing-moths blunder,
Coming unbidden,
Locked between this and other realm obscured.

So I—grapple with flights of fancy,
Angels of darkness,
Grasping the feathery forms,
And yet not quite.
Their brief beauty melts
Upon the tepid face of reality,
And blossomed with rue
Is the garden in which they fall.

Joanne Zweig '64

Black nun choir . . . thin thread of song, sifting through ethereal silence . . . meandering stiffly through dusky mists and dancing candle-light. Sterile echoes in dark, moss-green depths of Gothic majesty . . . twining melody among cathedral columns of smooth, cool marble. Now soaring, reaching into musky, antique air . . . lost, lost in eternity through endless chapels and corridors . . . vibrating in stillness, mingling with vermillion, frigid blue, burnished gold of medieval glass. Sudden swelling into crescendo, like a triumphant blaze of light stinging the darkness with a shimmer of sun. Now softly sinking back into the deep shadows . . . purple-dark with ancient mystery . . . Cool tomb of sighing ghosts, resting from centuries of life-sufferings.

Harriet Bass '64

TO NO AVAIL REVENGE

Bring me bitter fruits from withered trees
If that should please you so
For I have heard the wind play tunes
In caves of brilliant ice
And tasted apple sugar once or twice
In orchards heavy sweet with fall.
And
Gather wilted flowers, sour grass
If they should catch your eye
For I have watched dark oceans crash
Quick diamonds on rocks
And crushed a field of daisies once
Just to hear them cry.

Carroll Terry '64

ALONE

Alone tonight

The onlooker

The outsider

Viewing the performers through a window

Bewildered . . . hurt . . . ignored

Alone with my thoughts

I wouldn't mind

If it weren't so

Cold

Barbara Morris '64

Ellen Davidson '66

ERIC, THE PROUD PIRATE SHIP

A long time ago, the sea was slippery blue on top, just as it is today. That was when Eric, the pirate ship, was King of the Ocean. He was fat and shiney black, with mean cannons peeking through his sides. And high above his square sails flapped his proud black and white flag with its scarey skull and cross-bones.

Very early in the morning, even before the sun dared to come up, Eric would sneak quietly out of his green hide-away behind an island. He would slide out into the sparkling ocean and wait for a big treasure ship carrying gold. When he saw a white sail in the distance, he would race after it as fast as he could. Sometimes he would have to chase it for hours, splashing through the waves and getting all soaking wet. But he always caught up because he was the fastest ship on the sea. Then he would aim a big black cannon ball at the treasure ship. BLAM! The cannon ball would go RIIIPP in the white sail, and the thick, grey smoke would smell just horrible. The treasure ship would always shake with fear and give up all its gold to fat, greedy Eric.

Eric was very proud of himself and boasted all the time to the other pirate ships about how mean he was and how much treasure he had stolen. He was sure he would always be the biggest, strongest, fastest ship on the sea. But the King of Spain was getting awfully mad because his treasure ships were always being robbed, and so he sent out a fierce Man-of-War to catch the proud pirate ship.

When Eric sâw the huge Man-of-War, he wasn't at all afraid. Instead of obeying the policeman of the sea, he foolishly turned around and fired a cannon ball right at the nose of the Man-of-War.

"You nasty little pirate ship! I'll show you who's King of the ocean!" BLAM! BLAM! The big Man-of-War shot right back at poor Eric.

For the first time in his life, Eric was surprised and scared. CRASH—suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his left side, and looking down, he saw water pouring into a large black hole.

"Oh, oh! I've been hit! Oh, Man-of-War, I'm really sorry I was so rude. Please save me. Help, help!" Eric was sinking faster and faster into the bright blue sea. It was too late to do anything for him, and all his pirates suddenly jumped into the water with a loud splash and swam safely away. Left all alone, Eric sadly watched the water covering himself up. Pretty soon the warm sun faded away above his wet sails and all he could see was dark green water all around. Down, down, down he sank, rocking and rolling around until he was dizzy. Beneath him it was all black, while far, far up he could barely see the blue ripples and sunshine. At last he felt a plop and a bump, and knew he had settled on the bottom. Now he was really frightened and felt terribly lost in the blackness.

"How will I ever get out of here? Won't I ever see the warm sun and the puffy clouds? And worst of all, I'll never, never be King of the Sea and scare all those silly treasure ships!"

Many, many years went by while Eric sat heavily on the dark bottom of the cold ocean, feeling very sorry for himself. Slowly, his

eyes got used to the dark and he could see strange things around him. But he didn't care—all he wanted was to be on top of the sea where he belonged, floating happily in the fresh air.

Then one day, something bumped into him. "Hey, who did that?" He was mad at everything because he was so unhappy.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said a tiny, squeaky voice, "I didn't see you because you are all green and covered with plants."

"GREEN! Why I'm shiney black with white sails!"

"Not anymore. You're slimey and have waving grass all over you, but you look quite pretty."

"Really? How strange I must look now—I must have changed a lot! But who are you?" Eric was becoming curious about this strange new world.

"I'm just a little fish named Timothy." And Eric had to squint hard to see the tiny, wriggling animal. He was surprised to see it was covered with bright colors—green, blue, and even yellow and red.

"You're pretty yourself!" cried Eric, and that was the first nice thing he'd said to anybody for years.

"Oh, thank you. May I come see you tomorrow?"

"Yes, of course." Eric was even polite now!

The next day, Timothy came back and brought all his hundreds of fish-friends. They all swished around in a big bunch, dancing in circles, in and out of the tall grass, back and forth, wriggling and swaying. Eric stared and stared. He had never seen anything so beautiful as those colored fish flashing in the green light.

He soon became friends with a flat sting-ray, who was very shy and peered up at him with two little eyes on top of his pointed head. He met a lazy, pink jelly-fish, named Max (he looked just like jelly too!). Max had some long strings hanging from his jelly, called tentacles, which he used to catch his food with. Sometimes some great black fish with rows of sharp teeth would swim quietly around Eric. They always came alone and weren't too friendly. An octopus or two would zip by, waving their eight wiggly arms at him. Crabs and green lobsters loved to play tag in the sand, running around sideways and backwards.

As more years went by, Eric began having a good time with all his new friends. He let the fish explore his insides and play hide-and-seek in all the dark rooms. He even let them look at his treasures, but all that gold didn't seem very important anymore. He told them stories about his pirate life on the sea, but even being King of the Ocean didn't sound exciting to him now. It was so peaceful sitting there in the soft, squishy mud, playing with his friends that he forgot all about being a big pirate king and decided he liked his green world better.

And there Eric still sits today, beneath the shiney blue sea. Someday, when you learn to swim, you can go down and visit him. Don't forget, he isn't black anymore, but covered with green, fuzzy moss, and very happy that way!

Harriet Bass '64

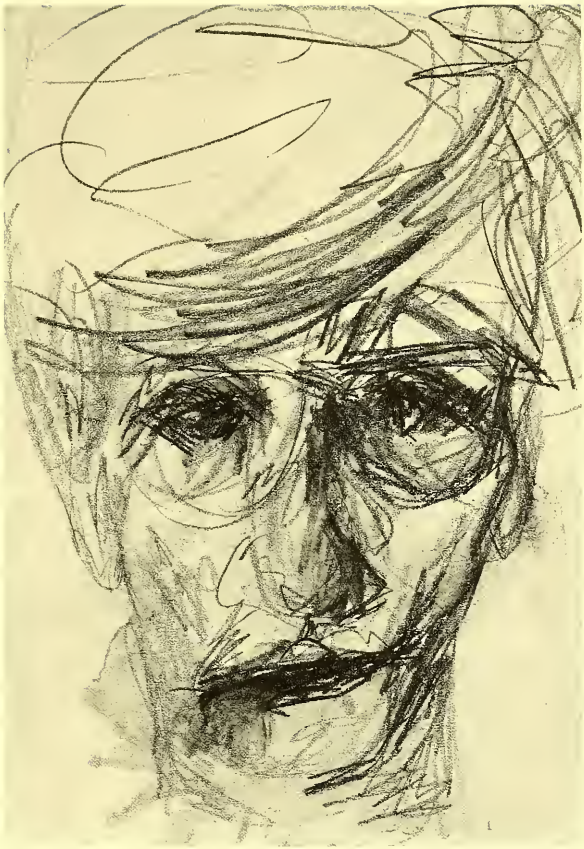
REFLECTIONS

A small, white pebble falling
Into a mirror of green-blue;
A lone splash
Heard by only one,
A boy.

Soft eyes watching;
First a single ripple,
Then elipse after elipse
Broadening and fading into the low lying mist.

A hush,
Save the purr of the autumn wind;
Then light, hurrying footsteps
Over fallen leaves,
Dissolving into silence.

Andrea Moss '67



Toba Schwaber '64

MARK

Mark is a friend . . . the kind one can battle with over anything and everything. A lover of wit and the possessor of a quick cutting kind of mind. Twenty-three . . . a junior in medical school, eager to understand the brain and all of its psychological ramifications. A *very* angry young man whose bony visage, wildly long hair, and huge horn-rims intensify (much to his satisfaction), the verve with which he feels.

He has tried to tear away everything in which he once believed (standing naked in the wind, so to speak), and smiles mockingly as he watches me try to patch together what he has shattered.

That's him, staring at you from behind the page. It's the way he looks at me when he wants to prove something . . . but doubts that I can.

Toba Schwaber '64

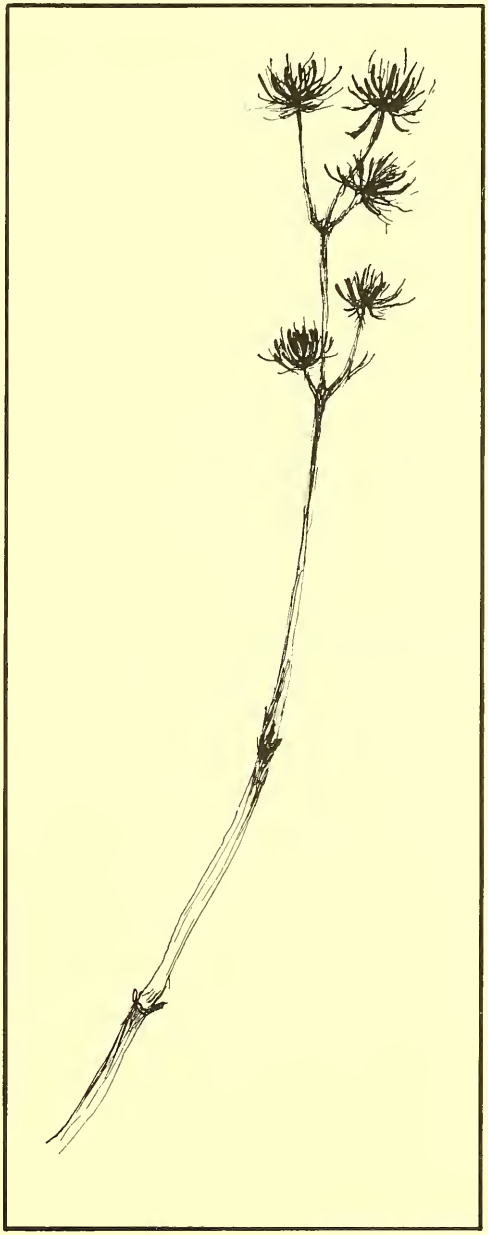
DANGER AHEAD

Thoughts racing —
Arrogant and cocky
They screech around corners.
So sure of themselves,
They ignore two wheels.
Stopping only for fuel
From a few books —
(Regular please and
Make it a dollar's worth)
They set out again
More sure than ever.

Meeting opposition along the way
They step on the gas —
But where's the power?
Side by side now
But speed will come —
In the wrong lane
But who cares —

Cocky are my thoughts
Until they crash
Into the glaring reality
Of ignorance!

Lucy Hilmer '67



Harriet Bass '64

THESE BEING DONE

These being done we may speak of them now,
That we looked and we laughed,
That we ran with hair blown,
That the view which we loved once is now overgrown . . .

These being done we may think of them now,
That we spoke once of us,
That we walked in the fall;
That birds started southward with lingering call . . .

These being done we may dream of them now,
That I loved you — too much,
That you strove—but in vain,
That flowers in spring have since died in the rain . . .

Katharine McCann '66

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minor bird

minor bird

or Minor bir

And of course there must be something wrong
In wanting to silence any song.

—Robert Frost, *A Minor Bird*

MINOR BIRD

The Chatham College Literary Magazine

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

AND BEWARE OF AUGUST—*Lory King* 1

SCULPTURE—*Susan Vansant* 1

ON MY SUMMER AS A SITTER FOR THREE-YEAR-OLD GEORGE—*Lucille Finger* 2

IN MY MIND'S EYE—*Elaine Hillman* 3

A POEM—*Mary Shaker* 3

THE NEW WAY—*Judy Haberman* 4

'THOSE/WERE THE LONG DAYS'—*Mary Eaton* 6

THRENODY—*Diana Wirsig* 6

CAUDILO BEFORE DAWN—*Diana Wirsig* 7

DATES WITH DIONYSUS—*Lucy Hilmer* 7

A L'INFINI—*Isabel Hausner* 8

I AND MY FACES—*Myra Hull* 9

APOLOGIA—*Hannah Gilman* 10

COLOR—*Nora Levy* 10

THE TOWN—*Rebecca Bennett* 11

SATYAGRAHA AND CIVIL RIGHTS—*Penelope Anderson* 13

DRAWING—*Doris Anne Damour* 17

SOUNDS OF INDIA—*Clare Stebbins* 18

TAMBOURA—*Heather Winwood Johnston* 18

CONFESSION—*Lory King* 19

'ACCEPT THIS LOVE THOUGH SIFT IT MUST'—*Lucille Finger* 20

DRAWING—*Patty Williamson* 21

'TEARS FLOWED SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY'—*Lee Macey* 22

BY DINT OF TINT—*Nancy Lippmann, Janet Walker* 22

'WORDS/SPOIL ON MY MOUTH'—*Mary Eaton* 23

STAFF 24

AND BEWARE OF AUGUST

There crouched a child at twilight
in secret. He poked fun at a choking fire
while summerthroated birds plunged in flight,
reminding the city to ignite
itself with lighted glass.
With the twig thin fingers of his angry hand
he ripped wrinkled skin from a branch
to make it bone cold for its firey bed,
until burned
powerless to resurrect a single thread
of the ropes that once held a swing
beneath the child who used to surge untiring
of feeling in his breath the fall
and rise.
Stooping to breathe an intoxicating haze
he swells and bloats a brazen blaze
which has for him more color
than an unresponding sun.

Lory King '66

Susan Vansant '65

ON MY SUMMER AS A SITTER FOR THREE-YEAR-OLD GEORGE

Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of
Life's longing for itself.

—Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet*

Sleep small boy your night has come
and sighs with dreams above your head.
I love you wholly, but your heart
is forever off on some whim of delight
like a twisting vine that follows the sun
around and around.

Something still is in your eyes
inhuman, akin to the wind,
your soul is young
and paused between two worlds.

I have seen you gaze at a violet sea
in perfect communion with its sway.

I am not your sun, nor the moon of your night;
My place can be filled by a butterfly
with yellow wings
or a sunny day.

And all of my caring is a seashell curved in your hand.

Lucille Finger '67

IN MY MIND'S EYE

In my mind's eye,
My center of a stormy universe
Sweeping across the land of man's living
Uncertain if it is the energy source that drives my course
Or the airy distillation of encircling experience,
I am.

I watch this eye dilate, convulse
Shrink and weaken
On its journey over time and space
Until the spiralling helix of life calms
And I am dispersed.

Elaine Hillman '65

A POEM

A poem contains my remembrance of
Whither I was going and
could not embark,

Of whither I was laughing
and could not cry
Of whither I arose and
could not sleep.

A poem is my comings and goings,
Stretching its embrace about a world
I cannot know.

I live to embark, to return
to join hands with a circle
That completes a radiant
Abundance of circumscribed
Detours, rebuffs, laughs and roses.

Mary Shaker '65

THE NEW WAY

The new way, Miss Teagarden decided smugly as she walked, was infinitely better. It meant two extra blocks of early spring sunshine and one less subway stop, and she could certainly use the exercise, not to speak of the fresh air. She paused at the corner to wait for a truck to pass before crossing the street, and rubbed her elbows with her gloved hands. The action, ingrained for so long that she was hardly aware of it, had appeared to mean several things. Her middle aged, soft-hatted "boyfriend," as she gaily called him, felt it was impatience, and was made uncomfortable by it. The other secretaries, however, saw it as frustration. "She'd love to get those hands on a *man!*" they agreed over coffee, their charm bracelets clinking against the thick white cups. If Miss Teagarden had ever thought about it herself, which was doubtful, she would have giggled and spoken almost aloud the words she mouthed at every opportunity, "Well, you know how old maids *are!*"

But this morning she felt very young, very peppy, and not quite virginal. She had awakened feeling especially good because Camille and Don, her twin Pekes (old maid *sans* cat, she repeated often) had not cried once during the night, and when she pulled back the curtains and let the wide stream of sunshine stretch in, the near, but not too near Greenwich Village apartments looked hazed in gold. She had dressed quickly, slipping into her brown Cuban heels halfway out the door to the kitchen. The dogs were usually good company as she ate, but today she drank her frozen orange juice standing up and left half her instant coffee in the cup. She forgot to kiss her "babies" goodbye. She even left without her umbrella, as she remembered about the new way to go to work.

Later she was glad the elevator boy had been rude to her. Otherwise she would never have bought the flower. "Oh, nasty," she had thought as the pimple-faced boy refused to answer her cheerful inquiry after his health, "nasty, nasty." But to feel sour on such a day was such a letdown, that Miss Teagarden doggedly crossed the street and entered a flower shop. "One of . . ." she paused, breathless, waving a pointed finger, "those!" she decided triumphantly, lighting upon a huge red dahlia. And once more feeling charged with spring, she pinned the adornment on her navy blue hat. It flopped slightly and pathetically, the hat pin sticking through the pale green stem.

Now, crossing the littered street, she was very conscious of her crown, and grinned at the truck driver, who looked questioningly in her direction, as he tried to avoid a manhole. She first saw them on the next block. "Time for school," she thought as she watched them, four boys of perhaps eleven or twelve years, walking slowly and reluctantly down the street, each carrying a book bag and lunch box. Miss Teagarden watched as they plodded along, and saw them stop, as if by previous agreement, near a parking lot.

"OK, Davy, your hitch is up. This town ain't big enough for you an' me both!" shouted one of the boys, in a mock sinister tone. Davy, a thin boy, stooped behind a car and emerged with a gun pointed at his would-be attacker. "Bang, bang," he yelled, "got you first!" A third one, a redhead, took his gun from his bookbag and aimed. The remaining outlaw played dead across the hood of a Ford convertible.

Miss Teagarden watched from down the block, fascinated. The emergence of the thin boy from a garbage can broke the spell, and she walked forward toward the "battlefield." "I'm gonna get you, lady!" It was Davy.

"Oh, dear, don't shoot!" she cried, smiling down at her small attacker. "Don't shoot an . . ." she began to say "old maid," but didn't, realizing that he wouldn't care.

"Hands up, lady!" She grasped her purse tightly in one hand, and raised both over her head, in the same TV style in which they were playing. Her arm brushed the flower and suddenly she remembered it. Its presence gave her courage to act the part even more completely.

"No, no," she whined, "I didn't do it, not I!" Her mock horror amused the others who gathered in a small circle around her. The sun was, by this time, high in the sky, and the last bits of grey-sooted slush in the gutter were trickling in rivulets to the sewers. A slight wind drove pieces of newspaper and silver gum wrappers at her feet. The gold aura of the buildings was gone, and in its place the colder morning light left grey. For a split second all was united by a thin film of dust mixed in with the light. She shivered, and went on playing. "Oh, no, don't shoot . . ." she begun, but as she looked down, she saw that the boys had run back to the parking lot, and left their victim. "Help," she uttered feebly. But they had gathered their books and disappeared for the schoolday.

Miss Teagarden turned back to the subway. Then she threw the flower down the sewer.

Judy Haberman '65

those
were the long days

those
were the days when we'd sit
and spell the weeks out
in green apples to red

these are the short days
already an hour ago
and
gone too soon.

Mary Eaton '67

THRENODY

When skies tilt and slide toward night
And the brazen scattered sounds of starlings
Freeze to crusts of sudden quiet

The streets run colder and the windows hold the light
Until the wet of crooked pavement
Tempts it downward to uncertainty

In some deep alley swept with dark and snow
The death of light begets a harsher silence
And a ragged listening:

Go and weave a cloth of broken stones
And pull a softer web of pallid leaves
Across the hunger
Of an empty street

Proclaim in some hollow marketplace
The luster of a frozen sparrow's eyes:
Await the dark rind of an older dawn
To learn the fall and rise of
Further emptiness

Go and still the restless undulation of the wind
If only with a gentler mourning

Diana Wirsig '66

CAUDILO BEFORE DAWN

Armageddon being here, I—
left with a rusty shield and one
withered apple,
feel not particularly warlike
Though torches claw at the mist lying chill
and dark against the plain and stallions
rattle deep through their nostrils, sweating,
strained toward the shadows that muffle
the enemy.

And men struggle with their armor in the darkness, veins
splashed red in their faces from the lurid flares,
Fear
in their mouths and in the curses they spit.

Across the valley the seas and shoals of men are
gathering, silent
And I—feeling not particularly warlike
betook myself to leave as
discretely as possible.
No one noticed.

Diana Wirsig '66

DATES WITH DIONYSUS

too often
i climb into
forget where the foam
leaves rings on
the glass
remembers me slip
down and
bump myself into
giggles

Lucy Hilmer '67

A L'INFINI

Tomorrow is today,
The sea froths,
The white foam licks
At the myriad dreams of innocence,
Eroding them,
Slowly,
Until the grand design is
Lost
Among the tiny specks of sand.

Tomorrow is today,
And past dreams
Are gently borne
On a gossamer web of hope,
To be dispersed,
Unseen,
And shifted harshly with the
Rest,
Preserved, alone, in dreamers' minds.

Tomorrow is today:
Future hope,
Forgotten dreams
Together merge, unknowingly,
And seem as one,
Still safe—
Until the rift of time is
Felt,
And nothing's left but memory.

Isabel Hausner '66

I AND MY FACES

I am faces of me.
What is the mask and what the wearer?
Where the wearer? the farer?
Seething, gone gliding, veiled in vapor.
Sonorous drone of organ's tone
Evokes a mysterious melancholy,
Arouses an arcane me
From deep within, within the hollow shell.

No! filled, crammed, jammed, packed,
The laugher, the mocker, the lover of men,
And the lover of women, too.
A tale of woe have you? I'll listen
A fling? I'll go.
Oh, life's such a breeze, such a joy, such a spree,
I'm discovered, the wonderful rollicking me.
What's this crack in the seaside shell?

Plangent, down-beating, sand-smoothing,
The sea and I merge into one.
Eternally restless, forever re-forming,
The sea and I are in league.
Si, si, senor, I'm so happy to please;
Let me drown your troubles in time.

Time, rhyme—quicksand and lime.
I lie a shattered shell on the sand,
And my faces are spaces in sand.

Myra Hull '65

APOLOGIA

I am the potter's clay which has not yet hardened;
Soft, damp, and but a draft or drop of water
Could change my form.

I do not want your wrought answers—
I have questions yet to ask, interrupting questions
Of myself and of you.

Do not attempt to fire me—
For I would rather be left to the chance drop or draft.

Do not try to lick me into form
For I will break out, and shatter clay
And conventions, and you.

Hannah Gilman '66

COLOR

I sought the greenness of the field
In the yellow of the day
And lay upon the golden earth
Till the blackness of the night.

Nora Levy '67

Rebecca Bennett

SATYAGRAHA AND CIVIL RIGHTS

The Nonviolence of Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King

In India a small group of devout Hindus knelt in prayer on the steps of a government building, refusing food for the third day. On the opposite side of the globe a group of demonstrators marched on Selma, Alabama's city hall protesting against unequal voting rights for Negroes. Though half a world and several decades apart, the fasting Indians and the protesting Americans shared a like philosophy, the practice of non-cooperation and civil disobedience. If someone were to have questioned an emaciated Hindu about Negro civil rights he *might* have had some vague idea of discrimination in the United States. An Alabama demonstrator would have twisted his face into a question mark at the mention of Truth-Force. But the leaders of the two separate movements are essentially in agreement in their beliefs. The battle for racial justice being waged by Martin Luther King and his followers is an adaptation of the successful Hindu philosophy *satyagraha,* which in turn has its roots in basic Christian ethics. A study of the elements of Mahatma Gandhi's movement for the independence of India sheds considerable light on its American counterpart.

By philosophical definition, truth is that which is thought or expressed in accordance with the facts as perceived by the individual.[1] Loosely transliterated into the Hindu context, truth *(sat)* is that which exists, *satya*—that which is in accordance with being. Of course truth is flexible by these definitions, since two people may examine the facts and perceive them in different ways. But in Indian thinking if one makes a genuine effort to seek truth, differences are unimportant, an idea illustrated by Indian unconcern for the differing Buddhist, Christian, and Hindu perceptions of God. To this fluctuating *satya* was added *agraha,* translated "adherence" or "insistence." Combined they mean an adherence to that which is true, or "Truth-Force."

Satyagraha provides both the philosophical and ethical guidance for fighting evil in its simple message "reply to evil with good." The characteristics needed to be able to produce "good" are rather specific. Effort is required to achieve truth, and since "truth sees truth," one must cleanse and sooth his mind to permit perfect reflection of Knowledge. Discipline, self-control, detachment, calmness, and courage aid in this self-purification and give strength to a true *satyagrahi.*

Once truthfulness is possessed by a person, he is truthful in thought. There are two outgrowths of this inward *satyagraha.* Truthfulness can also be *expressed,* as in a casual discussion with another or as a vow or promise, or it can be further manifested in truthful *action.* Included in this latter category is nonviolent action.

---

[1]R. R. Diwakar, *Satyagraha: The Power of Truth,* p. 17.

Mahatma Gandhi first conceived of the principle of *satyagraha* from the *Bhagavadgita* (a poem comparable to the Christian New Testament), and, building upon it from his acquaintance with Christ's Sermon on the Mount and Tolstoy's "The Kingdom of God Is Within You," he arrived at the three-fold Truth (Truth expressed in thought, speech, and action). Holding the belief that Truth fluctuates as does life, Gandhi never criticized another for thoughts unlike his own. In speech, Gandhi's strong faith made each promise unbreakable. The Indian leader was known throughout his life for teaching his ideals of truth, love, and nonviolence by practice and example.

How does Martin Luther King compare with the Gandhi image? Both are described as calm, composed, and optimistic. A liberal at heart, Dr. King is devoted to the search for truth, insisting always on open-mindedness, and refusing on any account to abandon reason. Like Gandhi, King combines resolution and action for social justice with a strong faith based on love.

The assumption in *satyagraha* that human nature is good and that there is oneness in all of life, brings the element of love into the doctrine of nonviolence. Love and charity extend to the masses, not just to the "elite." Gandhi, troubled by the double standard in a unified world, proposed his one code which guided all phases of existence. Martin Luther King has continually stressed not only consistency in attitude but also the realization of the mutuality of life, the interrelatedness of mankind.

Humanity's relatedness was emphasized by Gandhi's claiming the whole world as his family. Love in *satyagraha* is an extension of familial affections to all men until one loves others more than one's self. This law of love as applied to the principle of nonviolence does not aim at the harassment of one's opponent; rather, friendship and conversion are its goals.

At this point a distinction should be made between *satyagraha* and passive resistance. Gandhi's movement was first called "passive resistance," but Gandhi saw a distinction between his philosophy and the common conception of the passive movement. Passive resistance is a weapon of the weak, helpless, and unarmed. Its nonviolence results, not from belief in the power of love, but rather from a lack of means to violence or from sheer expediency. The aim of pacificity in this light is to force and harass the opponent, goals based on hatred and disgust, not love. Where this method of resistance is practiced there is no constructive activity or resultant philosophy, only bitterness and fear. The whole approach of *satyagraha* differs from that of passive resistance, as the name Truth-Force (or Love-Force) implies. Thus, criticisms leveled at Martin Luther King to the effect that nonviolence is cowardly evasion reveal a genuine lack of understanding of King's motives and means.

Although truth is the ultimate goal of life, simply having the

knowledge of truth and expressing this knowledge through speech is not always enough. Where *no* action constitutes a failure in duty, life and purpose, Right Action may be required. "Action" from the *satyagraha* point of view is more than a simple expenditure of energy. The motive is essential to its character and result. Thus strong belief in love as the root of peace makes nonviolence the most effective means of achieving ultimate Truth.

To both King and Gandhi nonviolence was not merely a tactic in their respective struggles, but rather a way of life for each. To King nonviolence demands that the means be as pure as the ends it hopes to achieve. To use immoral means to reach moral ends is as wrong as to use nonviolent means to support segregation or crime. Among the reasons why King chose Gandhi's *satyagraha* for application to the race problem is the fact that nonviolence does not seek the defeat or humiliation of the opponent. Instead it seeks to win over enemies by friendship and understanding; the end result is reconciliation. Nonviolence is directed not against individual people or groups, but against the forces of evil at work through human agents. Therefore, the basic tension shifts from racial conflict (black vs. white) to justice vs. injustice.

The scope of *satyagraha* as conceived by Gandhi extended into every phase of daily experience. Of its various forms—strikes, fasts, prayers, pledges, non-cooperation, picketing, civil disobedience, nonviolent marches—any one could be enlisted to resist injustice and to reform domestic, economic, or political institutions.

Martin Luther King's interpretation of nonviolence combines both the Christian tradition of *agape* love and the more inclusive social reform of *satyagraha*. His established pattern of first becoming convinced of the existence of injustice by collecting facts and then attempting to negotiate through competent leaders is comparable to Hindu discipline. To prevent as much undisciplined demonstration as possible, Dr. King has set up training programs for civil rights workers where volunteers are taught to "walk and talk in the manner of love, for God is Love," and to refrain from the violence of "fist, tongue, or heart,"[2] an adaptation of Gandhi's truth of thought, speech, and action. From a purely ethical viewpoint nonviolent action creates the tension needed to stimulate negotiation and dramatize the importance of the issues involved.

The psychological effects of nonviolence need to be mentioned. People committed to its cause, Indian and American alike, gain personal self-respect through devotion to the Truth-Force. In addition the strength and courage required for success are brought out in the character of the demonstrators. But most importantly,

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[2]Stephen C. Rose, "Test for Nonviolence," *The Christian Century*, May 29, 1963, p. 714.

nonviolence *reaches the opponent.* The helplessness which overwhelms one when faced with an enemy who refuses to fight, may be more easily understood, may be more realistic to someone who cannot comprehend the force of love. Organizations trained to deal with violence have been thrown into psychological confusion by such utter lacks of violence in demonstrations led by men like King and Gandhi.

The independent nation of India exists today because of the successful application of one man's beliefs to the problems of his country. Through a clear and vital knowledge of Truth and active expression of his faith Gandhi attained the goals of which he dreamed. Martin Luther King is a Negro, not an Indian; a Christian, not a Hindu. Whether he can bring total success to *his* movement does not rest on his race or religion. The same courage of conviction which stirred Mahatma Gandhi to action has inspired the integrationist. The ultimate result of his efforts, as with Gandhi's, rests in complete devotion of both leader and followers to truth, justice, and their source of being—God.

Penelope Anderson '67

Doris Anne Damour

SOUNDS OF INDIA

Incense burning . . . its crispness wafts through the air with the strains of the sitar. The strings evoke a plaintive melody while drums echo. A sound of despair . . . of acceptance. Raindrops slide along a windowpane, jutting out along separate paths. A steady pulse rises like the sound of running feet. The player of the tabla is lost in his realm of sorrow . . . oblivious and isolated. Reality is shadowed. Sharp clapping hands shatter his world . . . Still the incense burns.

Clare Stebbins '66

TAMBOURA

low twang chants no change will come as
plucked steel drone hangs on thick air
and three tones rasp the song they've
sung for birth and death since time was
young and still will sing when time is gone

Heather Winwood Johnston '65

CONFESSION—*Told To An Idiot*

Iced beneath enameled attire
By theater paints that stamp my skin,
I tremble to touch your fledgling fire.

The air you seek is higher
than clowning kings who are pinned in
ice beneath enameled attire,

their wit but a web of netted wire
and their scripts sealed fast within.
I tremble to touch your fledgling fire

as it wings a flapping of infant desires
for your oval laughs have not been
iced beneath enameled attire;

a well-fed brain would never tire
of squeezing your lips to a studied grin.
I tremble to touch your fledgling fire

even though the love that you require
is effortless to give. Don't ask me in.
Iced beneath enameled attire,
I tremble to touch your fledgling fire.

Lory King '66

accept this love though sift it must
through fingers turning
to catch its drops
over and over
as quicksilver rain.

and please and please
though globes be strayed
to last year's dust
hold it cupped
in the lee of time.

a love as long
as life can feel itself
but gentlest slip
to tear and fall
its breath of web

dewhung

silverspun

will melt without a trace
among the morning grasses.

Lucille Finger '67

Patty Williamson

Tears flowed silently and swiftly;
Down they rolled, softly,
As I thought of him.
For whom did I weep—
The dead or the lonely?
The lonely, I think—
For I have always loved him.

Lee Macey '67

BY DINT OF TINT

Her hair screeched
Bleached!
And cried
Dyed!
And quipped
Stripped,
And shrieked
Streaked!
And bellowed
Yellowed!
And crooned
Ruined . . .

Nancy Lippmann '67
Janet Walker '67

words
spoil on my mouth
silence
curdles in my throat
. . .
i
lay down my small sword
and
cannot feel
the rain

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BIRD

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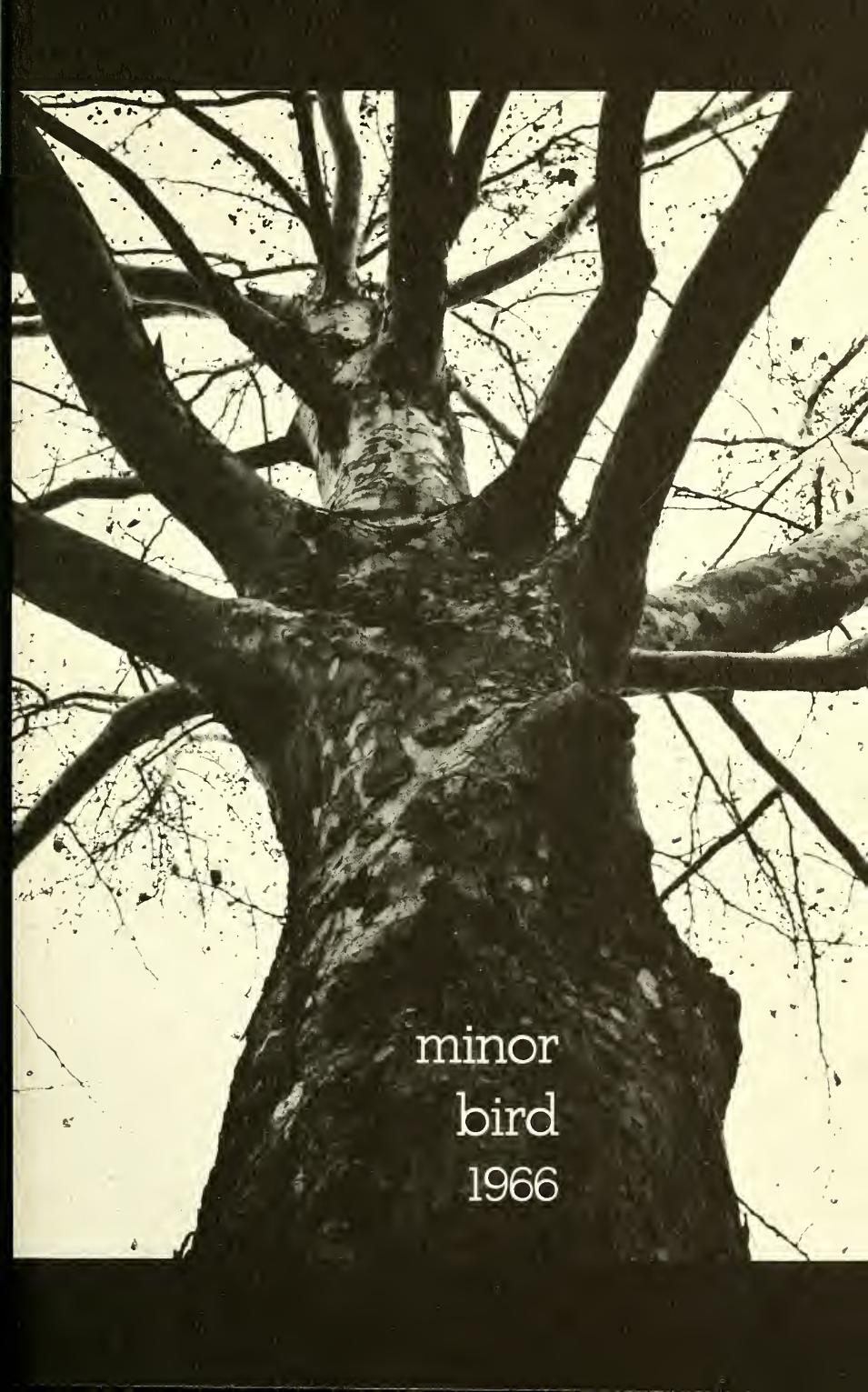

minor
bird
1966

"And of course there must be something wrong
In wanting to silence any song."

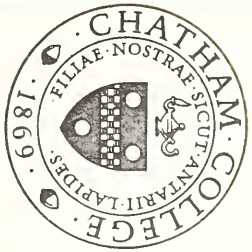
A Minor Bird
Robert Frost

Cover photograph by Lee Macey

minor bird

chatham college literary magazine

Volume 27
Spring, 1966
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania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1869

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Small Song	4	*Lory King*
Margaret	5	*Sherrie Smith*
Woodcut Border	6	*Pam Kipp*
Harlem	6	*Deborah Dobski*
Drawing	8	*Sonya Fox*
Malediction Allowing Morning	9	*Rhoda Gelfond*
Corrida de Toros	10	*Ann Quenin*
Drawing	11	*Sonya Fox*
Pantomime	12	*Judy Gilbert*
Summer Night 1959	14	*Lucille Finger*
Balloon	15	*Anonymous*
Twig	15	*Patty Williamson*
Drawing	16	*Sonya Fox*
Mad Ballad of a Soldier	18	*Lory King*
A La Dame	19	*Anonymous*
Nzima Days	20	*Lucille Finger*
86 Beach Street	21	*Betsy McGregor*
Tree (Etching)	22	*Carol Heinz*
Hypothetical Hypothesis	23	*Lory King*
W. D. Snodgrass: Poet of the Personal	24	*Faith Yoho*
Children of Darkness (Etching)	27	*Pam Kipp*
Icaralot	28	*Lory King*
Stephen	29	*Lee Macey*
To a Sister	30	*Lory King*

SMALL SONG

A rage is but the climax
Of a small song rising to a limitless sky, for
the inmost pulse of song
is very hard to hear,
mad seeming melodies,
locked
deep within the ear.

Lory King

Sherrie Smith

HARLEM

A Study of the Negro Race

I. Their Basic Savagery

Fat capped cops keep time with swinging billies,
Seething sewer streets subdued by stench,
A nauseous nembied negro sleeping on a bench,
Sleeping on a bench
In the heart of Needle Park, dying for some ready
cash,
His vein's thirst to quench.
Boom, boom, BOOM,
From a moth-holed pocket a zip gun flash,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.
Once he had religion, once he had a vision,
But now to get a fix he'll make any rash decision.
AND OVER THERE IS HARLEM, STEEPING CREEPING
BLACK,
NEVER TURN YOUR FACE OR MR. BONES WILL KNIFE
YOUR BACK.
Long ago a jungle breathed
A simple savage song
Never to return, but never to have gone;
Then was heard the BOOM that now echoes in the
West,
Boom, boom, BOOM, a ceaseless vulgar fest.
And "Blood" screamed the rivers and the
undergrowth of jungle,
"Blood" screamed the taut-faced black-faced
tribesmen,
"Hiss hiss voodoo coo
Kill de white man or he'll kill you.
Hey jump up, or jump down low,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BO.
BOOM, kill de white man,
BOOM, kill de colored,
BOOM, kill all men who ain't yo' brothas."
Listen to the song from apartment forty-two,
First line's a "Hiss" that ends with a "coo."
AND OVER THERE IS HARLEM, STEEPING CREEPING
BLACK,
NEVER TURN YOUR FACE OR MR. BONES WILL KNIFE
YOUR BACK.

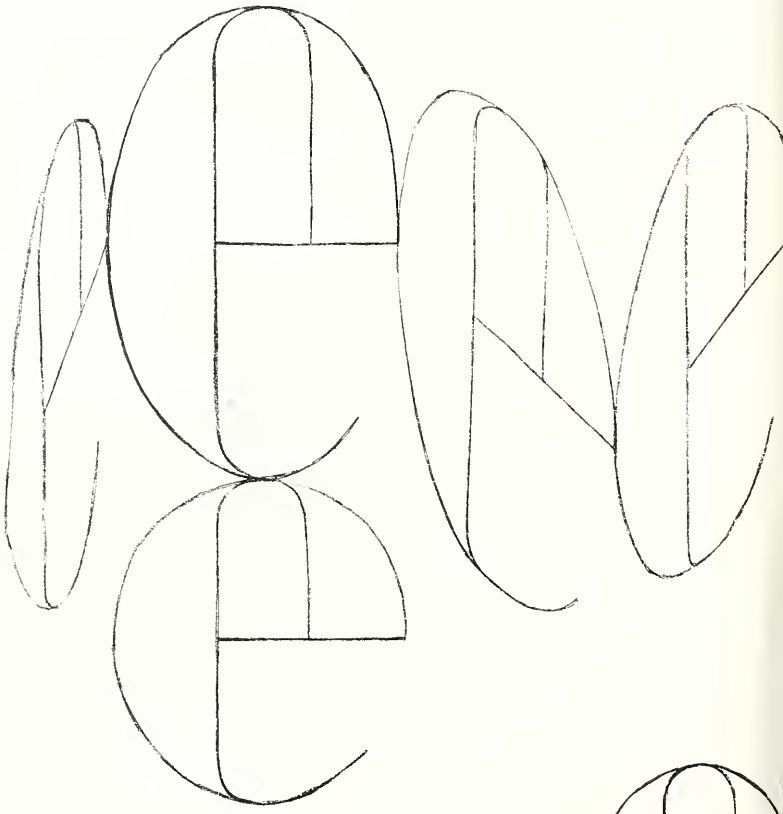
II. Their Irrepressible High Spirits

Harlem starts to dance with a whoop and a call,
On a Saturday night with a good street brawl.
With a boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.
"Move over white man, there ain't no room."
AND OVER THERE IS HARLEM, STEEPING CREEPING BLACK,
NEVER TURN YOUR FACE OR MR. BONES WILL KNIFE YOUR BACK.
A Negro paradise is easy to view,
Have white man's money
And wear white man's shoes.
A purple Cadillac and a white chauffeur,
And a store sign that reads, "No White Man Served."
A dream breeds in Harlem faster than the flies;
A dream is the future in a beautiful disguise,
But a dream is penny-worthless
In a boomlay town
Where a cop thrives to beat you and a junkie rolls you down.
The coal-faces laugh and underneath the smile,
Beyond enamel glitter that stands in rank and file,
A tune finds a way to seep between the teeth,
Revealing thoughtful centuries given to bequeath.
"Hiss hiss voodoo coo
Kill de white man or he'll kill you."

III. The Hope of Their Religion

"Jesus saves an' all that jazz,"
Speak ragtime preachers with razzmatazz.
Pass the basket,
Hear nickels plink,
A five cent heaven 'stead of a five cent drink.
Down the street with a boom, boom, BOOM,
A cop and a boy with a gold teaspoon;
The boy stops running, throws up his arms,
"Don't shoot sir, don't do no harm."
Boom, boom, BOOM,
Boom, boom, BOOM,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.
"Jesus saves who?
De white man only
'N' leaves de nigga cold 'n' lonely?"
BOOM, kill de white man,
BOOM, kill de colored,
BOOM, kill all men who ain't yo' brothas.
AND OVER THERE IS HARLEM, STEEPING CREEPING BLACK,
NEVER TURN YOUR FACE OR MR. BONES WILL KNIFE YOUR BACK.

Deborah Dobski

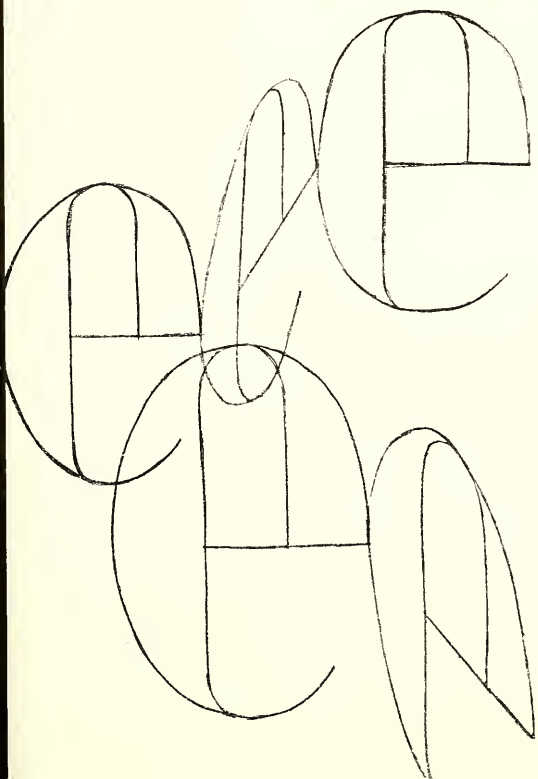


MALEDICTION ALLOWING MORNING

First-quoted thirst the poet unquenches
Perhaps during lapses
Of still black cat naps
On dark double-parked benches
With the pause
That refreshes.
The night cat claws
At many the squelches of similar belches.

How I long to yawn out
Curative curses
At my dry verses.
It should have dawned
On me: a cracked coke-bottle joke
In coming white of night wets better.

Rhoda Gelfond



CORRIDA DE TOROS

The trumpet cries "Come! It's a morn meant
For sun, glory, and a bull's great heart;
For tragedy without adornment."

Darts in his neck, regally borne, hint
That the love affair with death should start.
The trumpet cries "Come! It's a morn meant

To be tasted, drained, torn, rent,
Shredded with cheers as befit an art."
For tragedy without adornment

Is sword reflecting a red horn's glint,
Using the movements to gauge and chart
The trumpet cries. "Come! It's a morn meant

To sit watching beauty, reborn, sent
To a fitting death. All this, in part,
The trumpet cries. "Come! It's a morn meant
For tragedy without adornment."

Ann Quenin

That was the first Christmas since Tony and I had stopped believing in Santa Claus, and it seemed about the dreariest Christmas Eve I could remember. It was cold, and snowing just enough to be uncomfortable without being pretty. Tony walked slightly ahead of me down the sidewalk. His hands were in his jacket pockets, and his back and shoulders were sort of hunched forward against the cold.

He stopped in front of the ice cream store. It was just starting to get dark and the neon sign stood out against the gray sky with its proud claim: "28 Flavors."

"Ice cream, Sammy?" He had turned, and was facing me against the cold.

"Sure" I said.

The store was empty except for the two of us, and one of the counter boys was mopping the floor for the close-up. The man said, "Hurry it up boys, we're closing in 15 minutes," and Tony put a quarter on the counter. "Two," he said, "of anything." We waited while he scooped up our "exotic ices." Tony leaned against the wall and started to blow on his fingers. "Merry Christmas," he said between his teeth, "Mer-ry Christmas."

"Hear you are, boys. Don't take too long to eat it."

"Yeah. Thanks. We won't."

The boy with the mop started clearing off the tables, then locked

PANTOMIME: A SHORT

the door. It was 9:20. "We can't let any more in tonight," he said. "You guys can stay 'til you finish." He went back to clearing his tables.

We stood facing the doorway, licking rapidly on our ice cream cones. Suddenly we heard a tapping on the glass door and turned to see two noses pressed against the glass, two sets of pleading eyes above them. It was a fellow and his girl. They were waving to us, and their lips were moving. Tony pressed his ear against the glass, and his face brightened. "Oh. Oh, 'Pistachio.'" He gave a little laugh. "They want us to order for them, because they can't get in." I nodded, and called "One pistachio" to the man at the counter.

"And one . . . wait a minute. 'Sip.' Sounds like 'sip.' First syllable sounds like 'sip.'"

The fellow behind the door was pantomiming frantically, shaking his head, and pointing desperately to the nothing below his chin.

"Straw!" said Tony triumphantly, "One strawberry." The fellow behind the door blew us a kiss, Italian-style, and jumped straight into the air. Tony clapped his hands and bowed.

We turned triumphantly to the man at the counter, both of us laughing like kids young enough to still believe in Santa Claus. But we stopped suddenly. They were tapping again, and waving.

"Stop!" I called to the man at the counter. "Forget that order, they've changed their minds." The man at the counter sighed and

shrugged, and put down his scooper.

Tony and I turned to the couple at the door. The girl was playing now, pretending to ram her head against the glass.

"Bang," said Tony, "sounds like 'bang.' First syllable sounds like bang. No. She's shaking her head no."

"Ram," I said. "No. 'But.' 'But!' Yes! She's hopping up and down. She's clapping her hands! 'But.' 'Butter.' Yes. Yes! Butter —what's this? Butter crazy? Butter crazy?"

"Nut," said Tony, "sounds like nut. Tastes like nut. Kind of nut."

"Butter Pecan!" I shouted, and the couple at the door went crazy, jumping up and down, hugging each other. They were laughing now, too—almost as hard as we were.

"Give us one butter pecan," Tony called to the man at the counter, and the man picked up his scooper for the third time.

Now the fellow was playing again. He was running.

"Run," said Tony.

"Trot," said I.

"Energy."

"Zip. Sounds like zip."

"Pep," said Tony. "Peppermint!" The fellow gave us an A-O.K. signal and spun around on his heel. Tony and I started hopping up and down. The fellow was pretending to shiver now, and Tony

STORY BY JUDY GILBERT

called "Snow. Peppermint Snow." "There is no such flavor," I squealed, holding my sides from laughing. Tony banged his head with the palm of his hand and said "Ice, of course. Peppermint ice." The couple in the doorway were nodding vigorously and laughing away.

"Give us a Peppermint ice," I called, and the man at the counter picked up his scooper for the fourth time.

Tony and I walked out of the ice cream shop, beaming. He was carrying the butter pecan and I had the peppermint ice. We handed them both to the fellow and he held out a quarter.

"Gee thanks, fellas. That was a lifesaver. It's 12 cents each, isn't it?"

But Tony was starting to twinkle and I could feel his feeling spreading into me. "No, it isn't," he said. "It didn't cost a thing."

"But you paid him, I saw you."

"No. Nothing," said Tony. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," I echoed.

Tony and I turned and started up the street.

"But—"

"Nothing," Tony repeated. "Merry Christmas."

And the couple laughed and called back, "Then Merry Christmas to you, too."

Tony was still twinkling, and I started to skip. Tony followed. Then he laughed and I laughed back and we both broke into a run, laughing all the way.

SUMMER NIGHT 1959

Tall streets, tall darkness
velvet puddings filled in the spaces
And all the silvered lawns lapping
at sidewalks so fragrant
they dizzy my feet.

I will swim home tonight.

Past little things that sing
behind the shadows

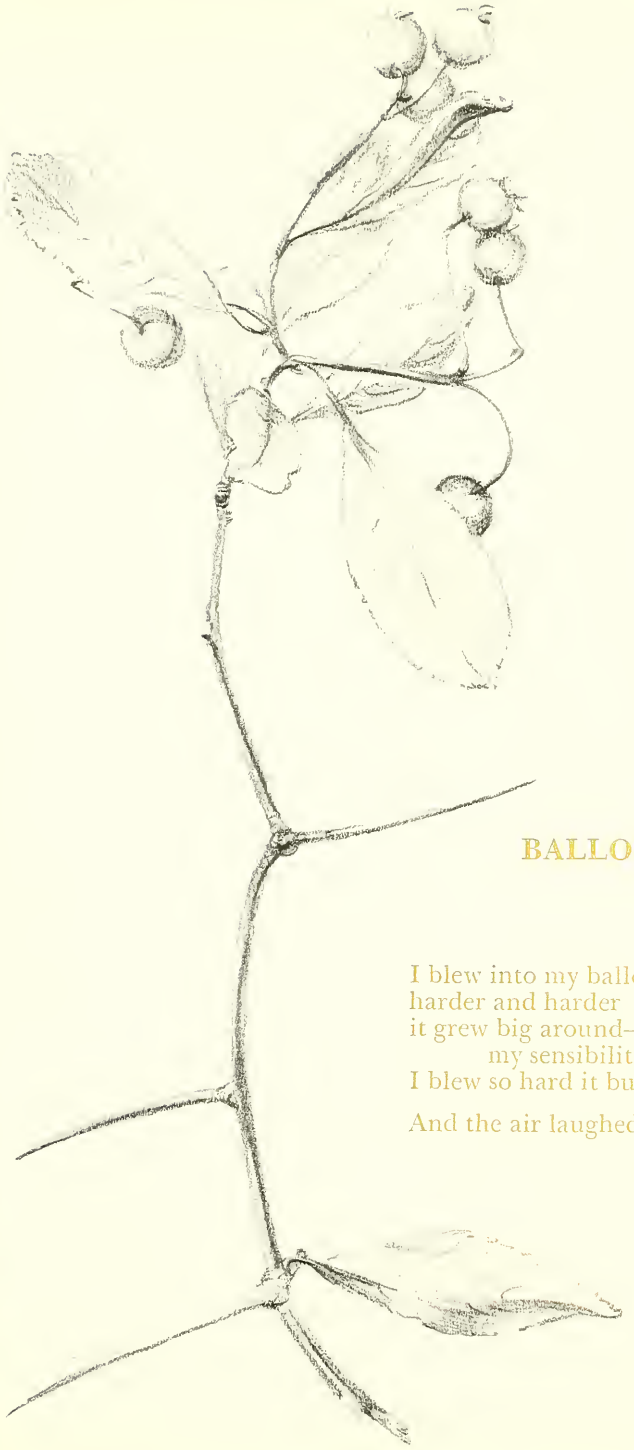
And birds switching feet above me
(busy with musty-smelling rearrangements)

I will swim home tonight.

Over waves of spring-peeper notes

and katy-did squalls.

Lucille Finger



BALLOON

I blew into my balloon
harder and harder
it grew big around—bigger than
my sensibilities
I blew so hard it burst—

And the air laughed.

Anonymous

Sonya Fox

MAD BALLAD OF A SOLDIER

Victor Charlie is the name given by some American soldiers to the Viet Cong, "But after the strange fashion of modern armies the enemy has to have an endearing nickname, so just 'Charlie' will do."
—Manchester Guardian, Feb. 17, '66

Onward Christian Soldiers. No sympathy
For the enemy. A people's liberty to win.
Sorry 'bout that, Victor Charlie.
No time to kick about original sin.

The dammits of destruction
Pound hard. No good to speak
Of front-line madness or salvation.
Better to cool it. Tongue in cheek.

K.I.A. means killed in action.
K.B.A. means killed by air.
It's short and sweet. No satisfaction
Seeing dead guys. Here and there.

I'll laugh. Abbreviate the tragedy.
Choke the fear. Pipe down.
No drippy phraseology. I don't cry
Like a woman. Or I'd drown.

Lory King

A LA DAME

here in the window
me I sit
wrapped in black clothes
like a Buddhist misfit

it is Paris outside
(it is raining too)

and I am here
who couldn't believe it
I am here who couldn't receive
the every-night garlic stringer
and concert and lights
and daytimes non-foraged
and fashionable rites of becoming become

I am here
without a balloon

they wanted to come
and I most of all
they all jumped off but
I made the fall

it is raining again
(did it stop, did it stop?)

it is Paris outside
outside on the top
of city of cities

umbrellas hump by
in lethargical bargicals
I stand like a lump
in the side of the sidewalk
and (Scream):

It Is Paris Outside
(it is raining too.)

It Is PARIS Outside
or it is this interlude.

Anonymous

Patty Williamson

86 BEACH STREET

We almost slept the summer away,
Captured by the ancient, screened-in porch,
With crickets and frogs and the old dog
For our company.

Rainy-moist mornings we lolled for hours
Sipping from chipped coffee cups
Smoking stale Tareytons,
Our laughter rising with the dew.

Or the mornings we were startled awake
By the bursting magnificence of the sun
Racing across the bay and crashing
Its brilliance on the rocks,
And the yard was swept green.

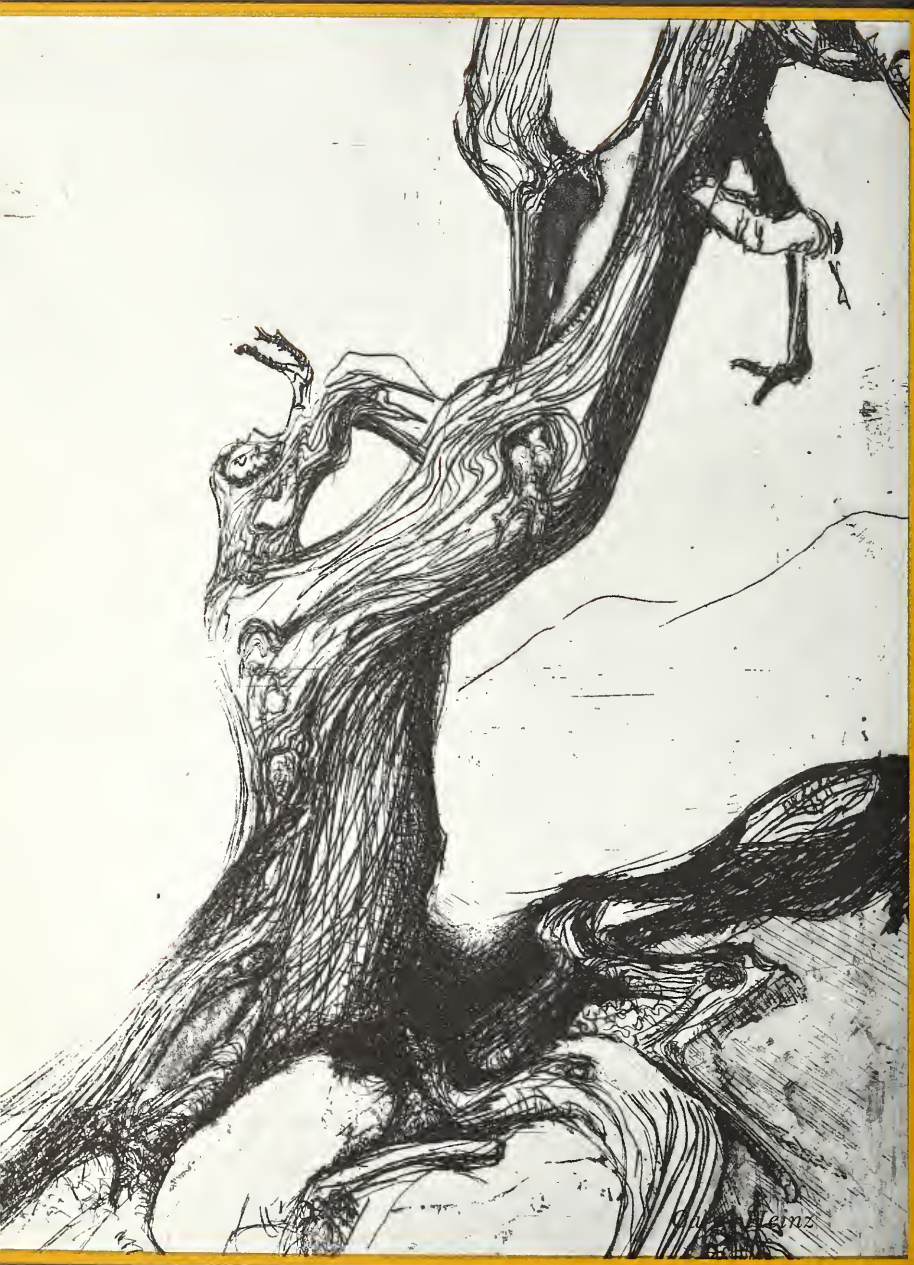
We were lazy
As we languished in the lap of that summer
Unwilling to move.

Betsy McGregor

NZIMA DAYS

every mintslippered dewdraped dawn
your father rises to meet the sea's
elusive edge in one small hollowed log
carved bravely.
freely unbound your mother's breasts
rise and fall in the afternoon
with the sound of her pounding fufu for an
evening's meal.
and you small slender naked boy
dance down the beach's tide-turned path
spraying footprints in the sundrawn sand
too joybound for my steady steps.
i, spent with heavy humid air
paused to rest beneath an arc
of watchful palms—and you small slender naked boy
offered me a sandcrab in your
outstretched hand.

Lucille Finger



HYPOTHETICAL HYPOTHESIS

Religious symbols may burst like bubbles
When empirical instruments trouble
To poke at spiritual rocks of ages.
Will the Eternal Why of sages
Stop divining lofty solutions
To the problems of our institutions
When adequate Proof is not at hand
To placate Scientific demand?
If, in gathering up the Words and Script-
ures of Wise and Mad men, we admit
That parallel lines can meet in Cosmic Space,
Then God's High Point may rise from earth's low base.
Truth, if squeezed in tight interpretation,
Shrinks when proof demands an ultimatum.

Lory King

W. D. Snodgrass: Poet of the Personal

The style of William D. Snodgrass, recipient of a Pulitzer Prize in 1960, is a product of the poetic mastery of a philosophy of personal responsibility by disciplined technique. The poet employs his craftmanship skillfully to maintain a balance between "the suppression of feeling"[1] of some modern writers and "a sentimental simplication."[2] Snodgrass is a poet of straightforward emotion yet subtly of expression; he has a "sure hand for his kind of poem."[3]

The determination of what constitutes Snodgrass' "kind of poem" is held by specifics, with his characteristic usages of language, rhyme, and meter. Snodgrass writes almost without exception in a language as opposed to a diction. He has "an easy control of contemporary idiom, natural speech."[4] In "Home Town" he characterizes memorably youth of a town with very simple language:

> Boys swagger just the same
> along the curbs, or mutter
> among themselves and watch.
> They're out for the same prize.
> And, as the evening grows,
> the young girls take the street,
> hard, in harlequin clothes,
> with black shells on their feet
> and challenge in their eyes.

On another level than type of language are its figurative qualities. The images which occur most frequently in Snodgrass' poems also are simple, deriving from the familiarities of nature. The "symbolic landscape"[5] recurring throughout his poetry is one example of imagery resulting from a combination of his penchant and skill for detailed description and his use of natural language. This symbol is used variously to describe his young daughter's innocence, in Part 1 of "Heart's Needle:"

> All those days we could keep
> Your mind a landscape of new snow
> Where the chilled tenant farmer finds, below
> His fields asleep . . .
> And thinks: Here lies my land
> Unmarked by agony . . .

or to represent our commercial, impinging civilization in "The Cardinal:"

> I tromp off to the woods
> the little stand of birches
> between golf course and campus . . .
> Inside this narrow campus
> I crash through underbrush,

beer cans and lovers' trash
in search of my horizons
of meadowlark and thrush.

Another recurring figure is the season or seasonal change. For example, in the sphere of the individual, these lines from Part 1 of "Heart's Needle:"

Child of my winters, born
When the new fallen soldiers froze . . .

employ season as both a symbol and a means to surprise. As applied to the world, the figurative use of winter creates a highly original image in "September in the Park:"

The world is going
to leave the furnitures
of its unsheltering house
in snow's dustcovers.

The poet's interjections of humor, whether for sheer fun or comic relief, seem most frequently to occur with that figure of speech called the pun, or a close turn of meaning. He seems to play an almost outrageous word game with "cardinal" and "ordinal" in "The Cardinal:"

Old sleek satanic cardinal —
you get your bellyfull,
maintain the ancient Law,
and celebrate this ordinal
of the red beak and claw.

In the more sombre vein of "Heart's Needle," Part 8, the poet's humor is pathetic, as he speaks of a relationship with a daughter whose mother he has divorced:

Assuredly your father's crimes
are visited
on you. You visit me sometimes.

Although most of Snodgrass' poems have a regular end rhyme scheme, he also uses the device of partial rhyme frequently. For example, in the first verse of "September in the Park,"

The pinched face of the moon
all afternoon
spies through the hanging smoke
that glows where maples, turning,
recall for one
more hour the tarnised sun
in rust of their last burning.

the unusual word "pinched" is emphasized because the other vowel sounds are long and rolling. Approximate rhyme, such as "all afternoon/recall for one" connect the lines. Consonantal rhyme is also important, the many "m" and "n" sounds contributing to the long, rolling effect with which the poet emphasizes those last few days of fall before the turning of the season.

There appear to be three general tendencies in the meter of Snodgrass' poetry: syllabic meter, frequent line breaks, and accent groupings.[6] In this passage from "Heart's Needle," Part 7,

By Faith Yoho

I lift you on your swing and must 1
shove you away, 2
see you return again, 3
drive you off again, then 4

stand quiet till you come. 5
You, though you climb 6
higher, farther from me, longer, 7
will come back to me stronger. 8

the first four lines achieve a rocking motion by placement of stresses at the beginning (2), end (3), beginning (4). Line 7 is slowed considerably by the pauses; then, line 8 has eight successive monosyllabic feet to suggest the hard backward motion of a swing.

The manner in which the poet's techniques of versification relate to his philosophy is the relationship on which success or failure of his poetry rests. In Snodgrass' work, the basic, the ordinary, of language is stated in an original manner; also in his work, ordinary experience, including the domestic, is transformed into a decisive act of imagination.[7]

He writes of a genuine subject and with genuine feeling.[8] The subject and feeling are both his own; the universal understandings at which the poet arrives are derived wholly from intensely personal experiences. Snodgrass is not a social poet; within his philosophy, society is merely a background for acts of individual responsibility. "The Cardinal" declares to the world

The world's not done to me;
it is what I do; . . .
and what I tell is who
in all the world I am.

Even in poems influenced by his experiences as a soldier, the poet is not concerned with moral censures, rather the effect on the individual.

The poetry of Snodgrass is perhaps best characterized by the sophistication of the simple through its interweaving with the complex, the dignity of the individual through the perception of the universal. "Snodgrass is walking through the universe" with the honesty of self-revelation.

[1] Louise Bogan, "Verse," *The New Yorker,* October 24, 1959, p. 196.

[2] Janet Fiscalini, "New Patterns," *Commonweal,* August 14, 1959, p. 429.

[3] John Holmes, "Enriched by All the Pasts," *Saturday Review,* May 23, 1959, p. 43.

[4] Fiscalini, p. 429.

[5] *Current Biography,* XXI (1960), 391

[6] *Current Biography,* p. 391.

[7] Stanley Kunitz, "Process and Thing: A Year of Poetry," *Harper's Magazine,* September 1960, p. 100.

[8] Hayden Carruth, "Three Poets," *Poetry,* XCV, (November 1959), p. 118.

ICARALOT

Inscribed sharply on the pock-marked branch
Of a Sycamore tree:
'Icaralot.'

Once, on a sad-day
It had been carved there,
Perversely,
A child's sly way of saying
'I care a lòt'
Without being censured for sentiment.
It seemed like Camelot,
And Lancelot,
A distant fanciful spot.
And camouflaged behind twisted limbs and leaves
It was,
Like the inside of a cocoon,
Shyly
Kept secret.

Lory King

Lee Macey

TO A SISTER

What devil's nerve-cramp keeps you shut
Inside the house
Where you cannot meet, awake
The secrets
Which you dream at night?

Not yet twenty years old
And loose upon the world, your husband
Tries to master the shiftless days and nights
On a motor-bike, like
A bat upon a flying carpet, playing
With paper stars.
You keep home-vigil, alone,
With needle and thread
To sew up the holes in the silence.

Yet, your wedding day
Was once a pocket in which to keep the moon.

Time locks a woman's brood of wish
Into the drawers of some
Other day.

Lory King

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